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a Tragedy.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

Written by an Eminent Hand.

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V O L. I.

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M.DCC.LXXVIII.





## iv: : D E D I C A T I O N.

ble, Sir, but some undeserving in their kind, should slip in by accident, and for a time profane the blessing which ought only to be purely and without mixture enjoy'd by persons of standard worth. Yet, even these incidents (may it please your Grace) arising from your own generosity's being so extensive, shall, with the wise men of future times, be so far from diminishing the lustre of the favours devolving from the patron down to the patroniz'd, that they shall heighten and augment it with regard to them both.

When those successors and lawful heirs in genius, those true and genuine sons of wit and judgment, that are yet unborn, and are destin'd in their several turns to adorn the coming ages; when they, I say, shall read the various dedications written by different hands, that have  
aspir'd

## D E D I C A T I O N:

aspir'd to the glory of offering up incense to your Grace; then shall they consider you ador'd as an earthly deity by the universal consent of mankind: then shall they look upon you as one in whose breast a kind of divinity inhabited and reign'd, and whose goodness and bounty was as it were your very being: and truly when afterwards they shall wisely distinguish between the merits of so many different authors, they shall distinguish likewise a world of different excellencies, and qualifications, that must subsist in the universal benefactor and common father to them all; and they shall (when they set apart, in their thoughts, the troublesome panegyricks which you patiently permit, from the just addresses which you graciously receive) discern your great humanity and goodness, from your judgment of, and your justice to merit.



vi DEDICATION.

From hence your pardon and clemency to the unlearned, shall be as great an attribute to you by way of applause, as your justice in rewarding the really learned.

But besides these two sorts, there is a third which may (if I may humbly crave leave to say so) lay a lawful claim to the approaching of your Grace with their offerings.

This sort consists of those persons who are happy in the possession of the works of polite and learn'd men that are deceased; but whose works have a right to live the eternal age of fame; because, when they can make such valuable presents to the world, they may without any scruple usher them into it in the best manner possible, and that must be under the patronage of your Grace; I should say,

## D E D I C A T I O N.

say, they could not without a scruple pretend to recommend the most valuable writings to the public, as they deserve to be by any other name, than your own.

When the works of the polite dead are publish'd, they belong of right to your grace, who in the field of literature art lord of the manor, and whom nature has made, and the general voice of mankind acknowledges to be the Mæcenæ of universal learning.

Your Grace, better than any body, knows the lowest officer is not unwelcome to the presence of his monarch, when the illustrious person, whom he conducts thither is a desirable and agreeable companion to him.

It is with a like happy view that even a bookseller may, and therefore does,

viii DEDICATION.

venture into the presence of your Grace ; but 'tis with the choicest collection of some celebrated works which made their author, when language, sense, and learning, flourish'd in a most particular manner at the English court, the belov'd companion of those who made the best figure there: he was, may it please your Grace, the admired friend of Sir John Denham, Sir Henry Savil, Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, Mr. Dryden, &c. the dear intimate of the Earls Roscommon Orrery, Rochester, Dorset, Cavendish ; the valued companion of the Marquisses Hallifax and Normanby, the late Duke of Buckingham, &c. and to crown the whole, he was the man the most esteem'd for wit in that bright age, by a sovereign who deserved the title of monarch of wit too, King Charles II.

This gentleman's character, therefore,  
in

in wit is what your Grace is, in all the parts of life, unconfin'd; and neither the one nor the other can be more fully describ'd in words, than by setting down the names of the persons to whom the characters belong, and leaving the world to their own free and unbiass'd thoughts concerning them. To sum up all, therefore, it is Sir *Charles Sedley* that I have introduc'd to the *Duke of Chandois*; and after saying that, I withdraw with pride and pleasure, having nothing to ask pardon for, but the freedom which I am oblig'd to take, of first setting down my name; but with this addition, that I am, with the profoundest duty,

*May it please your Grace,*

*Your Grace's most Devoted,*

*Most Obedient,*

*Most Humble Servant,*

SAM. BRISCOE.





SOME  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

IT would be a task few men of modesty would undertake, viz. To write the life of this person. His family, person, age, and history, might indeed be performed in a tolerable manner; but, as was written under the picture of a late eminent lady of sublime parts, must be said of his with far more justice,

The painter's art is done, the features hit,  
Of Sedley's face.—No art can shew his wit.

As the brightness of his parts, the elevation of his genius, and the vigour of his performances, were things not to be hid almost  
A 6 in

## xii     Some Account of the LIFE of

in any age whatever ; so the age he lived in, which was peculiar for the encouragement of wit and gallantry, could by no means pass over a person whom nature had furnished for the conversation of princes, and even from his cradle, adapted him to be great, and to be admir'd.

He appeared in public much about the year 1667, when the court of King Charles II. having tasted the sweets of the restoration about seven years, it began to appear, that they had not cultivated the genius of the English gentry to no purpose ; but that there appeared at court, men of such perfections in wit, language, sense, and learning, and that among some of the highest rank, as no age of the English court had ever seen before. Among the nobility were reckoned, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Dorset, the Marquis of Halifax, the Lords Roscommon, Ormery, Rochester, Cavendish, and others ; and among the gentry, Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, Mr. Godolphin, afterwards Lord Godolphin, Sir Henry Savile, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, Mr. Butler, Sir Charles Sedley.

I stop at his name ; not but that there were men of genius which adorn'd that polite age ; but after him, no climax can be formed, for nothing could rise above him.

The

The fire of his fancy began to spread itself to such a degree, and so early, that tho' he was but a young man, King Charles the second, a prince whom all men allow to be a judge, singled him out for the best genius of the age, and frequently told his familiars, that Sedley's stile, either in writing or discourse, would be the standard of the English tongue.

He was for some years so much applauded in all conversation, that he began to be the oracle of the poets; and it was by his judgment every performance was approved, or condemned, which made the king jest with him, and tell him, nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. My Lord of Rochester bears his testimony to this very thing, when he sets him foremost in the judges of his performance, in these famous lines about censure, viz.

I loathe the rabble, 'tis enough for me	
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shepherd, Wycherley,	
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,	
And some few more whom I omit to name,	}
Approve my sense, I count their censure fame.	

He was particularly inclined to dramatic poetry, and yet we find only three plays that bear his name; tho' 'tis said he had the chief hand in composing several others. Whether



xiv' Some Account of the LIFE of

his modesty, or his indolence made him decline them, and leave them to others to finish and father we know not.

It happened by him in respect of the king, as is said of the famous Cardinal Richlieu, viz. That they who recommended him to the king, thereby supplanted themselves, and afterwards envied him; but with this difference between the Cardinal and Sir Charles, viz. That the latter was never ungrateful.

When he had a taste of the court, as the king never would part with him, so he never would part with the king; and yet two things happened to his damage in it. first, his estate was never the better for court; and secondly, his morals much the worse.

The king delighted in him to an excess, and he pleased his majesty in one thing, in which he eminently differed from all the rest of the wits of the court, viz. That he never asked the king for any thing, and they were always a begging of him. It's true, he by this means impaired his fortune; and the generosity of that court had this misfortune attending it, that tho' it liked the virtue of not asking, yet it did not reward the modesty of it. Whether it was the bold importunity of others that exhausted that prince, who could  
not

not learn to deny a craving hand, tho' he hated the forwardness, nor could remember the silent indigence of his friend, tho' he applauded the kindness of it.

However, Sir Charles had some taste of the king's bounty, tho' not equal to Shepherd, Buckhurst, Savile, and others, and far from equal to his merit.

Sir Charles had a masterly genius in poetry, an exuberant fancy in composing, and a happiness beyond most men in expressing himself. It is to be observed, that in all he wrote, we find nothing indecent or obscene, tho' that was the fashionable vice of the poets in that day; In the most wanton of his verses, we find him mannerly and modest; tho' in words inimitably soft, and in expressions, passionate beyond the reach of the brightest capacities of the age. This made my Lord Rochester give the character of his poetry in those excellent lines, which are a lasting testimony to what I have said above.

For songs and verses mannerly obscene,	}
That can stir nature up by springs unseen,	
And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;	}
SEDLEY has that prevailing, gentle art,	
That can with a resistless charm impart	
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;	}

Raise

xvi      Some Account of the LIFE of

Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire  
Betwixt declining virtue, and desire,  
'Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This the Duke of Buckingham called Sedley's witchcraft. It is true, it was an art too successful in those days, to propagate the immoralities of those times; nor did it at all assist to protect the virtue of the readers, whether of one sex or another. But it must be acknowledged, he excelled Dorset, Rochester, and those superior poets, who, as they conceived lewdly, so they wrote in plain English, and took no care to cover up the worst of their thoughts in clean linen; which scandalous custom, in a word, has assisted to bury the best performances of that age, because blended with profaneness or indecency. They are not fit to be read by people whose religion and modesty have not quite forsaken them; and which, had those grosser parts been left out, would justly have passed for the most polite poetry that the world ever saw.

But Sedley's poems shall live for ever: No divine will stick to espouse them; no rigid government will forbid their publishing; what recommends virtue, is strong; what is merry, is extremely polite; what is amorous, is always clean.

It

It was at the acting of his play, called *Bel-lamira*, that the roof of the playhouse fell down. But, what was particular, was that very few were hurt but himself. His merry friend Sir Fleetwood Shepherd told him, There was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house, and all. He told him again, No : The play was so heavy, it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish.

We need enter no farther into this part of his history ; he knew as well how to conceal his own excellencies with modesty, as the rest of the world knew how to value them.

Besides his wit, he outdid almost all his contemporaries in another thing ; and that was, he outlived them. If I remember right, there were but three of his original companions in mirth and flourishing parts, viz. The late Duke of Devonshire, the late Earl of Godolphin, and the present Duke of Buckingham, who has married his grand-daughter that outlived him.

Sir Charles seemed to dislike the town, as he grew into years ; and especially after King Charles the second's death. Their might perhaps be something in the chagrin he conceived

xviii    Some Account of the LIFE of

at the court, in the next reign, on some family accounts, which I need not mention.

At the revolution, he appeared warm on the side of King William; and particularly, he stuckled hard for voting the throne vacant, as also, for filling it up: Upon which, it was said, he pass'd that bitter jest upon King James, alluding a little to the resentment I have hinted above, when coming out of the house of commons the day they voted King William and Queen Mary into the throne, Sir Charles mentioning it to a friend, "Well," says he, "I am even with King James, in point of civility: For as he made my daughter a countess, so I have helped to make his daughter a queen."

He lived after this, to the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, and died at the age of near ninety, the youth of his wit and humour continuing to the last. He left but one legitimate daughter; and his grandchild by that daughter, is the present Duchess of Buckingham, daughter of the late King James.



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T H E  
W O R K S  
O F  
*Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.*

---

*A Prologue to The WARY WIDOW; or Sir  
NOISY PARROT.*

ENVY and faction rule the grumbling age;  
The state they cannot, but they shake the stage.  
This barren trade some will engross, still hoping  
From our poor port to banish interloping,  
And like the plodding Lawyers, take great care  
To elbow blooming merit from the bar.  
In every age there were a sort of men,  
As you do now, damn'd all was written then;  
Thousands before 'em less provoke their pride  
Than one poor rival straining by their side.

B

Such

Such vermine critics we expect to find,  
 For nature knows not how to lose a kind,  
 The stinking pole-cat, or the mole that's blind.  
 But against old, as well as new to rage,  
 Is the peculiar phrenzy of this age.  
 Shakespeare must down, and you must praise no  
 more

Soft Desdemona, nor the jealous Moor,  
 Shakespeare, whose fruitful genius, happy wit,  
 Was fram'd and finish'd at a lucky hit,  
 The pride of nature, and the shame of schools,  
 Born to create, and not to learn from rules,  
 Must please no more. His bastards now deride  
 Their fathers nakedness they ought to hide;  
 But when on spurs then Pegasus they force,  
 Their jaded muse is distanc'd in the course.  
 All that is now, hath been before, 'tis true,  
 But yet the art, the fashion may be new:  
 Tho' old materials the large palace raise,  
 The skilful architect deserves his praise.  
 If nothing please, you are not nice, but sick,  
 'Tis want of stomach ever to dislike.

On our past poets, petty judges sit,  
 The living sink beneath your present spite,  
 As if they were the doomsday of all wit.  
 But beaux, and ladies, be you not too nice,  
 You'll break our lott'ry, if none draw a prize,  
 Then down goes half th' artill'ry of your eyes.  
 For this one night, do as kind lovers use,  
 Tie up strict judgment, and let fancy loose.

## AN EPI TAPH.

HERE Sir Henry Leigh is lying,  
 With his doxy kneeling by him,  
 When he was alive, and had his feeling,  
 When she lay down, then he was kneeling;  
 But now he's dead, and has lost his feeling,  
 Now he lies down, she is kneeling.

---

## TO CELINDA.

CELINDA, think not by disdain  
 To vanquish my desire,  
 By telling me, I fight in vain,  
 And feed a hopeless fire  
 Despair it self too weak does prove,  
 Your beauty to disarm,  
 By fate I was ordain'd to love,  
 As you were born to charm.

---

## A SONG.

## CELINDA.

PRITHEE tell me, faithless swain,  
 Why shou'd you such passion feign,  
 On purpose to deceive me?  
 So soon as I to love began,  
 Then you began to leave me.

## D A M O N.

Celinda, you must blame your fate,  
 Kindness has its certain date,  
     E'er we the joys have tasted ;  
 Had you not then with feigned hate  
     Love's kindest hours wasted.  
 Then weep no more, nor sigh in vain,  
 But lay your baits to catch again  
     A more deserving lover ;  
 For know, a slave who's broke his chain  
     You never can recover.

---

## A P O E M.

**P**HILLIS, men say that all my vows  
     Are to thy fortune paid ,  
 Alas ! my heart he little knows,  
     Who thinks my love a trade.  
 Were I of all the woods the lord,  
     One berry from thy hand,  
 More solid pleasure would afford,  
     Than all my large command,  
 My humble love hath learnt to live  
     On what the nicest maid,  
 Without a conscious blush can give,  
     Beneath the myrtle shade.  
 Of costly food it hath no need,  
     And nothing will devour ,  
 But like the harmless bee, can feed,  
     And not impair the flow'r.

A spotless innocence like thine,  
 May such a flame allow,  
 Yet thy fair name for ever shine,  
 As doth thy beauty now.  
 I heard thee with my lambs might stray,  
 Safe from the fox's pow'r,  
 Tho' ev'ry one becomes his prey,  
 I'm richer than before.

---

## A F A B L E.

IN Æsop's tales an honest wretch we find,  
 Whose years and comforts equally declin'd ;  
 He, in two wives, had two domestic ills,  
 For both had diff'rent age to diff'rent wills.  
 One pluck'd his black hairs out, and one his grey,  
 The man for quietness did both obey ;  
 Till the whole parish saw his head quite bare,  
 And said he wanted sense as well as hair.

## M O R A L.

*The parties, henpeck'd W---m are thy wives ;  
 The hairs they pluck, are thy prerogatives.  
 Tories thy person hate, the whigs thy pow'r :  
 Tho' much thou yieldest, still they tug for more,  
 Till thou, and this old man, alike are shewn,  
 He without hair, and thou without a crown.*



*To a LADY who said she could not love.*

**M**A D A M, tho' meaner beauties might  
 Perhaps, have need of some such flight ;  
 Who, to excuse their rigour, must  
 Say they our passions do mistrust,  
 And that they would more pity shew,  
 Were they but sure our loves were true :  
 You should those petty arts despise,  
 Secure of what is once your prize.  
 We to our slaves no fraud address,  
 But as they are, our minds express.  
 Tell me not then, I cannot love,  
 Say, rather, you it ne'er can move,  
 Who can no more doubt of your charms  
 Than I resist such pow'rful arms ;  
 Whose num'rous force that I withstood  
 So long, was not thro' any hope I could  
 Escape their pow'r ; but thro' despair,  
 Which oft makes courage out of fear.  
 I trembling saw how you us'd those,  
 Who tamely yielded without blows :  
 Had you but one of all them spar'd,  
 I might, perhaps, have been ensnar'd,  
 And not have thus, ere I did yield,  
 Call'd love's whole force into the field.  
 Yet now I'm conquer'd, I will prove  
 Faithful as they that never strove.  
 All flames in matter, where too fast  
 They do not seize, the longer last .

'Then blame not mine for moving flow,  
 Since all things durable are so.  
 The oak that's for three hundred years  
 Design'd in growing, one out-wears :  
 Whilst flowers for a season made,  
 Quickly spring up, and quickly fade.

---

A S O N G.

AURELIA, art thou mad  
 To let the world in me,  
 Envy joys I never had,  
 And censure them in thee ?

Fill'd with grief for what is past,  
 Let us at length be wise,  
 And the banquet boldly taste,  
 Since we have paid the prize.

Love does easy souls despise,  
 Who lose themselves for toys ;  
 And escape for those devise,  
 Who taste his utmost joys.

To be thus for trifles blam'd,  
 Like theirs a folly is,  
 Who are for vain swearing damn'd,  
 And knew no higher bliss.

Love should like the year be crown'd,  
 With sweet variety ;  
 Hope should in the spring be found  
 Kind fears, and jealousy.

## The WORKS of

In the summer flowers should rise,  
 And in the autumn, fruit,  
 His spring doth elie but mock our eyes,  
 And in a scoff, salute.

---

C U P I D ' s *Return.*

**W**ELCOME, thrice welcome to my frozen  
 Thou long departed fire, [heart,  
 How could'st thou so regardless be  
 Of one so true, so fond as me,  
 Whose early thought, whose first desire  
 Was pointed all to thee ?  
 When in the morning of my day,  
 Thy empire first began,  
 Pleas'd with the prospect of thy sway,  
 Into thy arms I ran :  
 Without reserve my willing heart I gave,  
 Proud that I had my freedom lost,  
 Contending which I ought to boast,  
 The making thee a sov'reign, or my self a slave.  
 Still I am form'd to execute thy will,  
 By me declare thy pow'r and skill,  
 My heart already by thy fire  
 Is so prepar'd, is so refin'd,  
 There's nothing left behind  
 But infinite desire.  
 O ! would'st thou touch that lovely maid,  
 Whose charms and thine I have obey'd)

With such another flame,  
 The heav'n that would appear in me,  
 Wou'd speak such goodness dwelt in thee;  
 Thy bow, thy art,  
 No more need guide thy dart,  
 No art so stubborn but at that would aim.

---

## A S O N G.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat  
 One evening on the plain,  
 And saw the charming Strephon wait  
 To tell the nymph his pain;  
 The threat'ning danger to remove  
 She whisper'd in her ear,  
 Ah ! Phillis, if you would not love,  
 This shepherd do not hear.  
 None ever had so strange an art,  
 His passion to convey  
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,  
 And steal her soul away.  
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give  
 Occasion for your fate;  
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,  
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.

*A Farewell to LOVE.*

**O**NCE more love's mighty chains are broke,  
 His strength and cunning I defy,  
 Once more I have thrown off his yoke,  
 And am a man, and do despise the boy.  
 Thanks to her pride, and her disdain,  
 And all the follies of a scornful mind:  
 I'd ne'er possess'd my heart again,  
 If fair Miranda had been kind.  
 Welcome, fond wanderer, as ease  
 And plenty to a wretch in pain,  
 That worn with want and a disease,  
 Enjoys his health, and all his friends again.  
 Let others waste their time and youth,  
 Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish maid,  
 And learn too late this dear-bought truth,  
 At length they're sure to be betray'd.

---

*To PHILLIS.*

**T**HOU, Phillis, your prevailing charms  
 Have forc'd me from my Celia's arms,  
 That kind defence against all pow'rs,  
 But those resistless eyes of yours  
 Think not your conquest to maintain,  
 By rigour and unjust disdain:  
 In vain, fair nymph, in vain you strive,  
 For love does seldom hope survive.

My

My heart may languish for a time,  
 Whilst all your glories in their prime,  
 Can justify such cruelty,  
 By the same force that conquer'd me.  
 When age shall come, at whose command  
 Those troops of beauties must disband.  
 A tyrant's strength once took away,  
 What slave so dull as to obey !

---

*An Epilogue on the Revival of EVERY MAN in his  
 HUMOUR.*

**E**NTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,  
 To make me speak in such a play's defence :  
 A play, where wit and humour do agree  
 To break all practis'd laws of comedy -  
 The scene (what more absurd ! ) in England lies,  
 No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise,  
 No captive prince, from nameless country brought,  
 No battle, nay, there's not a duel fought.  
 And something yet more sharply might be said,  
 But I consider, the poor author's dead ;  
 Let that be his excuse----now for our own,  
 Why---'faith, in my opinion, we need none.  
 The parts were fitted well : but some will say,  
 Pox on 'em rogues, what made 'em chuse this play ?  
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,  
 It was not choice, but mere necessity.  
 To all our waiting friends in town we sent,  
 But not a wit durst venture out in lent.

I have patience but till Easter term, and then  
 You shall have jig and hobby horse agen.  
 Here's Mr. Matthew,\* our domestic wit,  
 Does promise one of the ten plays h'as writ  
 But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just  
 Know, we have merits, and in them we trust.  
 When any fasts, or holydays defer  
 The public labours of the theatre,  
 We ride not forth, although the day be fair,  
 On ambling tit, to take the suburb-air,  
 But with our authors meet, and spend that time  
 To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.  
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we late,  
 Till after many a long and fine debate,  
 For divers weighty reasons, 'twas thought fit,  
 Unuly sense should still to rhyme submit.  
 This the most wholesome law we ever made,  
 So strictly in it is Epilogue obey'd  
 Sure, no man here will ever dare to break ;

*Enter J O H N S O N's Ghost.*

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak ;  
 Can you encourage so much insolence,  
 And add new faults still to the great offence  
 Your ancestors so rashly did commit  
 Against the mighty pow'rs of art and wit,  
 When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,  
 Scjanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline ?

\* Mr. Matthew Medburn the Comedian.

Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall  
 The curse of many a rhyming pastoral,  
 The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,  
 And with the London-'prentice conquer Spain.  
 All the dull follies of the former age  
 Shall rise and find applause upon this stage;  
 But if you pay the great arrears of praise,  
 So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,  
 From all past crimes I first will set you free,  
 And then inspire some one to write like me.

This Epilogue is among the Works of the Earl of Dorset.

---

*Epilogue to TARTUFFE, a Comedy, written by  
 Medburn.*

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit  
 Against the still-prevailing hypocrite.  
 Once, and but once, a poet got the day,  
 And vanquish'd Busy\* in a puppet-play,  
 But Busy rallying, aim'd with zeal and rage,  
 Possess'd the pulpit and pull'd down the stage.  
 To laugh at English knaves is dang'rous then,  
 While English fools will think them honest men:  
 But sure no zealous brother can deny us  
 Free leave with this our *monfieur* Ananias.  
 A man may say, without being call'd an atheist,  
 There are damn'd rogues amongst the French and  
 papist,

A Character in Ben. Johnson's Bartholomew Fair.

That



That fix salvation to short band and hair ,  
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a pray'r ;  
 That use t' enjoy the creature, to express  
 Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness,  
 And in a decent way perform them too,  
 As well, nay better far, alas ! than you ,  
 Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,  
 We godly phrase it, gospel-propagation,  
 Just as rebellion was call'd reformation. }  
 Zeal stands but sent'ry at the gate of sin,  
 Whilst all that have the word, pass slyly in ;  
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,  
 You march, and take damnation by surprise.  
 There's not a roaring blade in all this town  
 Can go so far tow'ards hell for half a crown  
 As I for sixpence, for we know the way ,  
 For want of guides men often go astray ;  
 Therefore give way to what I shall advise ;  
 Let every marry'd man, that's grave and wise,  
 Take a Tartuffe, of known ability,  
 To teach and to instruct his family ;  
 Who may so settle lasting reformation,  
 First get his son, then give him education.

\* \* \* This Epilogue is given to Lord Dorset by the Editor of the  
 Works of celebrated Authors.





## P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*The* HAPPY PAIR; *or, a* POEM *on*  
MATRIMONY.

W H E N first the world from the black chaos rose,  
And infant beauty did the frame compose,  
When heav'n and man possess'd one state of mind,  
And the pure globe, like its CREATOR shyn'd:  
When free from sin the noble mortal strove  
To rival God in his return of love;  
When damning RAJES, that architect of hell,  
Made not, as yet, his tempted soul rebel,  
When plunging avarice no birth had found,  
Nor tore the precious entrails of the ground;

Then,

Then, then, the new inhabitant was blest,  
 Ease watch'd his heart, and peace secur'd his breast :  
 No earthly thought tainted his gen'rous mind,  
 That world th' Almighty gave him, he declin'd ,  
 His God-like image made him upwards move ,  
 He liv'd below, while his soul dwelt above.  
 Riches were things too weak t' enslave his sense,  
 The daz'ling di'mond wanted influence ,  
 Pearls, like the common gravel, he contemn'd,  
 And what we count a god, he thought no fiend.  
 With heat of love he flam'd up on his mate,  
 And on the green swarth without downy fate  
 Circling her snowy neck, he sought her heart,  
 A fiery lover, free from fraud, or ut  
 The object of his restless thoughts, was bliss,  
 And that he found in one embrace, one kiss  
 One clasp, one hug, one eager glance was more  
 Than worlds of pearls, or heaps of golden ore.  
 He prais'd his priz'd affection next his God,  
 And thought his wife the second choicest good.  
 Th' heaven-born dame brought to his longing arms  
 Her soul, her beauty, and resistless charms.  
 Her breast an equal active fire did move,  
 She lost the thoughts of empire in his love.  
 The splendid stile of empress she despis'd,  
 The world a cypher to the man she priz'd :  
 Her crowding wishes *him* alone pursu'd,  
 No sep'rate greatness cou'd her love delude :  
 Her *intellectuals* pure, knew how to scan  
 That great and independent monarch, man :

That

That little, but more weighty would refin'd,  
 More *apt*, and suited to her heav'nly mind.  
 She understood, that all that good we name,  
 Was nicely wrapt and folded up in him.  
 Oh Fate ! from whence proceeds the hidden cause,  
 That we at *LOVE*, that glorious Passion, pause ?  
 Was it with Adam's innocence betray'd,  
 O !, by his lapse, a malefactor made ?  
 O ! have our own acquir'd excesses been  
 So daring, to determine it a sin ?  
 What shou'd at once proclaim us blest and great,  
 We fly, and court the land-mark of our fate .  
 Like murm'ring full-mouth'd Isra'elites we stand,  
 And run on rocks, to shun the holy-land.  
 From hence the baffled world has been invert'd,  
 Princes involv'd in war, and people curs'd ;  
 Friends to their confidants estrang'd, and those  
 Whom fathers got, to tender fathers foes.  
 Hence, lands united to themselves, divide,  
 And cease their strict alliance, tho' ally'd.  
 Hence, hot debates grow in domestic pow'rs,  
 The man's unkind, the cheated woman low'rs.  
 Man, like the sordid earth, from which he sprung  
 Corrupts his soul by a base heap of dung ;  
 Forgetting the celestial form he bore,  
 He values not the woman, but her store -  
 Extends his treach'rous pledge to golden charms,  
 And joins his hands to none but spangled arms.  
 He weds her jewels and her amber-chains,  
 But her rich self (that merits all) disdains .

Her face he praises, but he counts her ears,  
 Catching the glitt'ring pendants that she wears.  
 Each eye no longer he esteems a star,  
 Than flaming rubies hung upon her hair,  
 And judging love, without her gold, a curse,  
 He stoins her virtue, and adores her purse.

The woman too, no less debas'd than he,  
 Gives not herself, but for *gratuity*;  
 Soothes like a merchant, with inveigling art,  
 Demands her *jointure*, and keeps back her heart;  
 On *terms* and *articles*, with pride proceeds,  
 And seals her cold *affections* to her deeds,  
 Stands off and treats like an imperious state,  
 And baulks her happiness to be made great;  
 Proclaims her fortune of a goodly size,  
 And he that offers most, obtains the prize.

Both sexes now deprave their noble kind,  
 While sordid Avarice corrupts the mind;  
 Never consult poor virtue when they chuse,  
 But for a painted cloud, the goddess lose:  
 Divine content they count a finer cheat,  
 A dish for ornament, but no true meat;  
 A mere romance, an idle dream of those,  
 Who wanting wealth, think to disguise their woes;  
 A *mountebank*, that only boasts of cures,  
 But cannot work th' effect his cant assures.  
 The vain deluded atheist thus denies  
 A supreme essence, hid from human eyes;  
 Because his sense can't apprehend a God,  
 Religion's sottish, and her zealots mad.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

But look a marry'd and a happy pair,  
Are now like revelations, *strange and rare* :  
But if we reason from the ages gone,  
There scarcely was a happy match, but one.

We mind not now the merits of our kind,  
Curious in gold, but to the persons blind.  
The man ne'er minds his love, for money still  
Is the base-thrusted object of his will.  
Upon conditions of a promis'd store,  
He'll hug a thing that crawls upon all four.  
Bring him an old rich corpse, with grim *Death's head*,  
He'll swear she's young, and her complexion red ;  
Or if you cou'd bring one without a face,  
He'll praise her conqu'ring eyes, and charming grace.  
The *woman* too, by such affections led,  
Contemns the *living*, to embrace the *dead* ;  
And rather than not covet, basely bold,  
Would wed a coffin, were the hinges gold.  
Nature's apostate active youth she scorns,  
Will long for oxen, if you gild their horns.  
Say he's deform'd, has neither eyes nor nose,  
Nay, nothing to bespeak him man, but clothes ;  
Strait she replies, *he's rich*, so passes down :  
There's nothing ugly, but a poor baboon.  
Thus might she clasp a loathsome toad in bed,  
Because he bears a pearl within his head.  
And gilded pills, tho' bitter, may delight  
The liqu'rish lust of wav'ring appetite :  
But still tho' wealth their griping senses feasts,  
At most, they're but concatenated beasts.

## The W O R K S of

For as they scorn all consonance of soul,  
A mutual hatred must their peace control.  
And this stands fix'd, what with my love won't suit,  
Appears deform'd, and stiait commences brute.  
To various climes of tempers each are thrown,  
The frigid coupled to the torrid zone,  
Like curs of diff'ient nature, in a chain,  
They're link'd in fear, and wear their bonds in pain.  
Perhaps, a cold respect they both may shew,  
As unpius men to a kind dæmon do,  
Who, when some skulking wealth he does unfold,  
Honour and dread him for their new-found-gold.  
But view, unrobe the bosom of disguise,  
Observe the strange aversion of their eyes :  
With palpitations of regret they twine,  
Like oil and water their false loves combine.  
With feign'd embrace they seem love's joy to crave,  
But with their bed, converted to a grave,  
And whilst their backward hearts like loadstones meet,  
They wish their linen were their winding-sheet.  
He, like the bear of love, her body clips,  
Instead of pressing, bites her glowing lips.  
She, like a wounded otter, flings and rails,  
Fires with her tongue, and combats with her nails.  
Hell and confusion seize the place around,  
Nothing but mutual phrenzy's to be found.  
They both launch out into a sea of strife,  
A clam'rous husband, and a brawling wife.  
The whole armado of their thoughts combine,  
On each side summon'd, they in concert join.

He

He arms revenge, she meets him with disdain,  
 And to't they rush, like storms upon the main.  
 She, to her shrill loud clamours takes recourse,  
 Stamps, and invokes the clergy for divorce,  
 Detests the light by which his face she saw,  
 Curses the bands, and execrates the law,  
 Directs to heav'n her folded hands with pray'rs,  
 And pouring down a flood of bawny tears,  
 Hopes that kind justice wou'd her grief behold,  
 Pity an injur'd lover, tho' a scold,  
 That death wou'd snatch him from the loathsome bed,  
 And heav'n restore the will which she betray'd.  
 He, with distraction, and with rage grows blind,  
 Curses the sex, and damns all women-kind,  
 Accuses heav'n that such a monster made,  
 A fury in deceitful masquerade,  
 A gaudy phantom, that deludes the sight,  
 A devil, with the coverture of light,  
 Blasphemes, and by his passion cast so far,  
 Destroys himself by persecuting her,  
 Abjures his faith, sworn to a legal bed,  
 Hates her, and lays another by his side,  
 Profusely lavishes her right, each kiss,  
 And racks her with the sight of wrongful bliss.  
 She grows provok'd upon the dismal change,  
 And turns dishonest to retort revenge:  
 The breach of chastity she makes her plea,  
 Plagues him all night, and cuckold's him all day.

This must be then the issue, where our love  
 Does not together with our nuptials move.

Possessions



Possessions can't for fickle joy provide,  
 When love, the end of living, is destroy'd.  
 Alas ! we're all mistaken in the kind,  
 A happy man is measur'd by the mind  
 Suppose him born to all the pomp of life,  
 Admit he's match'd to beauty in a wife ;  
 These are but pageants, which a while may please,  
 They may divert him, but procure no ease.  
 That grandeur is no compound of our bliss,  
 The rugged bosoms of the great confess.  
 The gilded monarch's sables stand within,  
 His glory to his troubles, but a shine  
 His cares, his jealousies, nocturnal frights,  
 Imbitter all his joys, and false delights.  
 His toiling head, with grief, a crown must bear,  
 Whilst he still starts, and grasps to hold it there.  
 And thus all princes to this hell we trace,  
 They reign without, and are but kings by place.  
 But lest ambitious maids in scorn relate,  
 This is the utmost tyranny of fate ;  
 That such seditious disagreeing pairs,  
 Are scarcely known in centuries of years.  
 We'll grant, (which yet no less misfortune breeds)  
 The woman loves the golden man she weds ;  
 We'll think she brings with her estate a mind,  
 Pure as her sterling, from its dross refin'd ;  
 Yet this is so unlikely to succeed,  
 It murders what it first design'd to feed.  
 He strait concludes her passion a pretence,  
 Condemns her soul, and lays the crime on sense ;

Argues

Argues, she only chose to be his bride,  
 To serve and gratify her costly pride  
 But still we'll give this topic larger law,  
 We'll say an equal passion both does draw ;  
 We will suppose them both inclin'd to love ;  
 We'll call her Venus, and we'll stile him Jove :  
 Yet thro' the tides of business in his head,  
 He must neglect, and at length slight her bed.  
 His peeping passion like a feeble sun,  
 Mingled with show'rs of rain, will soon be gone.  
 And if, perhaps, there's left some poor remains,  
 Like northern gold, 'tis in penurious veins  
 Diffus'd and scatter'd o'er the barren land,  
 Amidst vast heaps of lead and worthless sand.  
 This must be then a sad reward of love,  
 When he thus senseless of her choice does prove.  
 Her am'rous courage ne'er can long be bold,  
 That finds herself out-rivall'd by her gold.  
 Both their affections to the deep are sent,  
 He sinks through weight, and she through discontent.  
 Their riches then shew their defect of pow'r,  
 That can't create what want does oft' procure.  
 In thought of wealth, he can't intomb his smart,  
 When fullen love preys on his stubborn heart.  
 If clouded chests and glutted coffers can  
 Restore contentment to the anxious man,  
 Possess'd of those, if he from pain is free,  
 A troubled, may be call'd a quiet sea ,  
 Because there's pearl and amber on the shores,  
 And thus it's strangely silenc'd when it roars.

But

But 'twere, methinks, an easy task to prove  
 There's no such cure, as mercenary love  
 True fire the hearts o'th wealthy seldom breed,  
 They may through care, but not affection bleed.  
 Their tenures, lands, then rents, and quarter-days,  
 In then distracted heads strong factions raise,  
 And whensoever poor simp'ring love peeps in,  
 He's by that boist'rous crowd beat out again  
 Cræsus is still perplex'd to guard his store,  
 Fears 'twill be less, and strives to make it more :  
 Thus what he hoards up by th' excess of gain,  
 Starves his lean joy, but feeds his pamper'd pain.  
 When love, with kind caresses, he should please,  
 He forms indentures, draws a cautious lease  
 On nasty acres all his speeches run,  
 His heart's a tumult, like a market-town.  
 And when in bed he shou'd embrace his spouse,  
 Like a dull ox, he's still amongst the cows .  
 Chews all the night upon the next fair day,  
 How much this horse will bring, or cost new hay.  
 No thought but that of cattle, yokes his heart,  
 His soul's the driver, and himself the cart.  
 Nothing; but buzz and noise his fancy raise ;  
 His head's the hive, his busy thoughts the bees.  
 In vain the wife does for the husband moan,  
 Whilst she's the burthen, and her love the drone.

Love, like a cautious fearful bird, ne'er builds,  
 But where the place silence and calmness yields .  
 He flily flies to copses, where he finds  
 The snugging woods secure from blasts and winds ;

Shuns the huge boughs of a more stately form,  
 And laughs at trees tore up with ev'ry storm.  
 The pleasant nightingale can ne'er be won  
 To quit a temp'rate shade to scorch i'th sun :  
 In some low grove he sings his charming note,  
 And on a thorn tunes his sweet warbling throat.

We'll take a rustick couple for our scenes,  
 Who love, and know not what ambition means;  
 Who such an even competence possess  
 As may support, but not disturb their bliss.  
 See, how unmov'd they at all changes stand,  
 Shipwrecks at sea, and earthquakes on the land :  
 The fraud of courts, the knavish toil of clowns,  
 A monarch's favour, or ~~his pointed frowns~~  
 Concern them not, they but themselves abuse,  
 In valuing that they ne'er intend to use.  
 Each to the other proves a solid bliss,  
 Rich in themselves, no want of happiness.  
 Like Ægypt, in whose land all plenty grows,  
 Each other's bottom is their best repose.  
 When clam'rous storms and pitchy tempests rise,  
 Cheek clings to cheek, and swimming eyes to eyes :  
 When jarring winds and dreadful thunders roar,  
 It serves to make 'em press, and love the more.  
 Immortal beings thus themselves cajole,  
 Spurn stinking sense, and feed upon the soul.  
 Here let us leave them, bathing in pure joy,  
 Whom envious man nor fate can e'er destroy.  
 Here let 'em live to share all wealth and pow'r,  
 As greatness can't love less, they can't love more.

To the divinest state of things they drive :  
 Like pilgrim angels on the earth they live :  
 Kind nature gave them, fortune bore no part,  
 Love join'd their souls, and heav'n seal'd each heart.

*The Fourth Book of VIRGIL.*

**N**EXT I will sing ethereal dews refin'd,  
 The heav'nly gift of honey to mankind :  
 Let not Mænus this small part despise,  
 Nature is always wonderful and wise  
 But mind while I the laws, birth, wars relate,  
 And sing the leaders of this winged state ;  
 The subject's humble, but not so the praise,  
 If any muse assist the poets lays,  
 Or invoc'd Phœbus his small labours grace.  
 First, for your Bees a seat and station chuse  
 Shelter'd from winds, and where no cattle use ;  
 For they, in winds, cannot bring home their food  
 Nor let the dew from off the flow'rs be trod  
 By sheep or goats : Let no young heifer in,  
 With wand'ring feet, to crush the rising green.  
 Suffer no greedy wood-pecker to live,  
 Nor spotted lizard, near your fruitful hive.  
 Nor Progne's race admit, who long since stain'd  
 Her feather'd bosom with her bleeding hand ;  
 Lest in their bills they bear the swain away  
 To their devouring nests a cruel prey :  
 But let clear fountains, mossy pools be near,  
 And a small brook his murm'ring passage wear

Between

Between the grassy banks · Let the hives be  
 O'ershaded by some palm or olive-tree,  
 That when new kings first lead their troops abroad,  
 And the glad youth forsake their dark abode,  
 They on the neighb'ring banks may shun the heat;  
 Or find from shady boughs a cool retreat.  
 Whether the sluggish waters make a pool,  
 Or in weak streams with gentle murmurs roll,  
 Throw in some boughs and stones where they may stand,  
 And to the summer's sun their wings expand.  
 If by east winds dispers'd in their short flight,  
 They headlong on the water's surface light,  
 Let Cassia's spicy shrub be ever nigh,  
 With verdant thyme and fragrant favory:  
 And near some fountain, on well-water'd beds,  
 Let early violets raise their purple heads:  
 And let your hives, whether of barks of trees,  
 Or bending osier, have small passages,  
 Lest cold condense, or heat the honey warm,  
 For both extremes may equally do harm.  
 Nor is't in vain, so artfully they line  
 Their cells with wax, herbs, leaves and flower's join,  
 Closing with certain glue their outlets, which  
 For that small use excels Idean pitch  
 If fame say true, sometimes they under ground  
 Make themselves nests, sometimes their swarms are found  
 In the dark vaults of hollow pumices,  
 Or in the rotten trunks of aged trees.  
 To stop the gaping crannies of their hive,  
 Of leaves and mud a yielding paste contrive:

Let no dire yew her baneful shadow spread  
Near their small house, no filthy crabs, grown red  
In crackling flames, infect the neighb'ring air :  
No odious smell of mire, no fen be near :  
Eccho, that babbling nymph, be far away,  
And hollow caves that with last accents play.  
When under ground the sun makes winter fly,  
And with his fruitful light expands the sky,  
They spread o'er ev'ry forest and dark wood ;  
Sip of each stream, and taste of every bud .  
Then back with vernal sweets refresh'd they come  
New-build and people their beloved home.  
Next in their artful combs flesh holes they drill,  
Which with tenacious honey soon they fill.  
When thou look'st up, and seest them all above,  
In a thick cloud before the weather move,  
Thro' yielding skies cutting their liquid way,  
No more they mean in their own homes to stay ;  
But fly to the next water or green wood ,  
For there they'll swarm, if not by art withstood ;  
Picks then each herb of grateful smell and taste ;  
Before them mint and honey-suckles cast.  
Let brass and old Cyhile's cymbals beat,  
Till to their med'cin'd hives they all retreat :  
But if advent'rous kings for empire strive,  
Or civil wars divide the fictitious hive ;  
The vulgar's hearts thou early may'st perceive  
Trembling for rage ; and through the buzzing hive  
A broken noise like that of trumpet's sound,  
Till the hoarse warlike call the camp go round :

Then

Then shine their wings, and each bold warrior  
Whets in his mouth, and shakes his brandish'd spear,  
About their king and his pavilion all  
The bravest flock, and for the battle call.  
At his command in early spring they fly  
Out of their hives, and in the open sky  
Meet in thick living clouds, headlong they fall,  
Not faster from a freezing cloud the hail,  
Nor drops the acorn from the shaken oak -  
The kings their camp and squadrons overlook;  
Distinguish'd by illustrious wings they go,  
And mighty courage in small bodies show;  
So brave, to fly no king was ever found,  
Till half his host lay breathless on the ground:  
These tempests of their mind, this mighty rage,  
A little dust thrown up will soon assuage:  
But if both kings return the vanquish'd slay,  
The conqu'ring monarch let the swarm obey:  
One, bright with various spots, shining like gold,  
(For of two sorts there are) this best and bold  
In looks and courage, gay with glitt'ring scales;  
Deform'd with sloth, the other poorly trails  
A gross inglorious paunch, as of the kings,  
Their nations, shape are diff'rent, and their wings;  
Those foul and rusted, like the dust, appear  
New spit on by some thirsty traveller;  
These are all bright like lumps of shining gold,  
And equal spots their painted backs unfold.  
These are the noblest kind, from such thou may'st  
Sweet honey press, and of the smoothest taste;



Not only sweet and clean, but such as may  
 The roughness of unpleasing wines allay -  
 But when the swarms fly wanton in the air,  
 And to forsake their empty hives prepare,  
 Thou may'st with ease the wanderers recall,  
 Clip their king's wings, the labour is but small,  
 No great attempt, if he once lag behind,  
 No airy march, no flight will be design'd.  
 From various flow'rs let grateful odours rise,  
 And place the garden's god before their eyes -  
 Plant thyme and pines, from lofty mountains torn,  
 About their house. let hinds, to labour born,  
 Set deep and water well the fruitful shade :  
 And now, did not my ending task persuade  
 To slack my sails, as to my port I steer,  
 Perhaps the art of gard'ning I'd declare,  
 And rosy harvests of the Pœstan year ;  
 How their broad leaves new water'd endives rear,  
 Green parsley-beds, flow daffodils ; and how  
 The bended cumbers to belly grow :  
 Nor the Achantus wou'd in silence pass,  
 Yew, myrtles, nor th' ivies due embrace ;  
 For I under Tarentum's lofty tow'rs,  
 On yellow fields, where slow Galus pours  
 Her fruitful stream, remember to have known  
 A good old man ; some acres of his own  
 He did possess, but neither fit to breed  
 The useful heifer, nor the flock to feed -  
 No purple vines his naked elms adorn,  
 But his poor soil was overgrown with thorn :

Roots he preferr'd, and pot-herbs of his own,  
To all the pomp and riots of a crown.  
When late returning from his work abroad,  
He did with unbought fare his table load -  
In the new spring he crop'd the earliest rose,  
And the first apples ripen'd on his boughs.  
When even rocks with cold fierce winter cleaves,  
And ev'ry stream his icy chain receives,  
He the soft springs of yielding bearsfoot binds,  
Chides the late summer, and slow western winds :  
He first made fruitful bees his early care,  
Had many swarms whose combs much honey bear .-  
As many blossoms as the spring display'd,  
So much ripe fruit his grateful autumn paid :  
He cou'd transplant large elms and make 'em grow,  
And to a tasteful plum improve the flow,  
And plants remove , such as might then afford  
A grateful shade to his small chearful board.  
To treat those things at large I here want room,  
And therefore leave 'em to some muse to come ;  
And now proceed the natures to declare,  
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer  
As a reward, for following the shrill  
Sound of Cybèle's priests on Ida's hill,  
Till by their tinkling cymbals they were led,  
Where heav'n's new exil'd king they found and fed :  
Their offspring they alone in common rear,  
And their small city in like houses share :  
Under eternal laws they wisely live,  
Each knows his little cell, and loves his hive :

Mindful of winter, in the spring takes pains  
 To swell the public stock with private gains :  
 Some food provide, and by appointment scour  
 O'er ev'ry meadow and each op'ning flow'r .  
 Others at home their industry employ  
 Tears of Narcissus, the too lovely boy,  
 And lightest gums from barks of trees they take,  
 The firm foundation of their combs to make .  
 Those form the wax, while these brood o'er the young ;  
 Others the cells with liquid nectar throng ,  
 Some watch abroad, and of the gates take care ;  
 Observe clouds, rains, and tempests in the air ;  
 Of the returning swarm the loads receive,  
 Or force the idle drones out of the hive ;  
 Hotly the work is ply'd thro' all their cells ;  
 Fragrant with thyme the new made honey smells ;  
 And as the cyclops, when they thunder mold  
 Of melting wedges, some the bellows hold,  
 Draw in the winds, and force 'em out again  
 From the dark womb of the bulls ninefold skin :  
 Others dip hissing metals in the lakes,  
 With their huge massy anvils *Ætna* shakes :  
 In tuneful strokes their high-raised hammers fall :  
 Some turn with nimble tongs the glowing ball ;  
 So, if small things I may with great compare,  
 Cecropian swarms in their close work-house fare :  
 Desire of gain solicits all degrees,  
 And makes 'em ply their several offices :  
 Care of the town and comba the elder take,  
 And with Dædalian art new houses make :

The younger, late at night with labour worn,  
 And laden thighs, from their day's task return :  
 Among the wildings, and fat teils they feed,  
 Pale vi'lets, and the osier's bending reed .  
 All the same labour, and same rest partake :  
 Soon as 'tis day out of their hives they break :  
 And, when the ev'ning calls 'em from abroad,  
 Alike refresh themselves with rest and food  
 The house is fill'd with their returning hum ,  
 But, when into their inward rooms they come,  
 A sacred silence reigns throughout the hive,  
 And all with sleep their wearied limbs relieve.  
 In threating show'rs from home they will not fly,  
 Nor trust, when east-winds blow, the low'ring sky,  
 But from their walls, safe, short excursions make,  
 And from the nearest spring their water take :  
 With little stones they poise their airy flight,  
 As reeling barks by ballast are kept right .  
 'Tis strange this sort of life should please 'em so,  
 Where kindly joys of sex they never know  
 To Venus never sacrifice, nor bleed,  
 With glad short pangs, the youth that must succeed ;  
 But gather from sweet herbs and flow'rs their young :  
 Choose kings, and such as to his court belong .  
 Their little cells, and realms of wax repair ;  
 Sometimes on flints their lab'ring wings they tear .  
 Under their load some gen'rously expire,  
 Of flowers and honey, thro' too great desire :  
 Tho' their lives seldom seven years exceed,  
 Their kind's immortal, deathless is their breed

The ancient house and families survive,  
 And a long faithful pedigree derive  
 Not Ægypt, Lydia, nor Hidaïpis' shore,  
 Then monarch more obsequiously adore :  
 While he is sile they all are of one mind,  
 But if he fail faith laws no longer bind ,  
 On their own stores tumult'ously they fill,  
 And of their combs destroy themselves the wall :  
 He keeps them all in order, and in awe ,  
 Him they admire and guard, his will's their law :  
 Oft bear him on their shoulders thro' the air ,  
 And a brave death pursue in arms and war  
 Some, by these signs and these examples taught,  
 Bees to partake of th' eternal mind have thought,  
 And of ethereal race, Jove runs thro' all,  
 High heav'n, deep seas, and the earth's massy ball :  
 Hence cattle, men, all animals receive,  
 When they are born, the souls by which they live ;  
 And, when dissolv'd, to him return, none die ,  
 To their first elements the grosser fly ;  
 Th' ethereal parts ascend their native sky. }  
 But, if their little stores thou can'st to seize,  
 And force the sacred treasure of thy bees,  
 First from thy mouth large draughts of water spout,  
 Then, with thy hand extended, smoke 'em out .  
 Twice they have young , two harvests in a year,  
 One when the lovely Pleiades appear,  
 And their new light above the ocean show ;  
 The other when those stars feel winter's blow,  
 And to moist northern Pisces leave their place,  
 Finding in stormy seas their sullen face .

When

With the least hurt provok'd, they arm for fight,  
 And dart a painful venom where they light.  
 Fix'd in the veins their sting and soul they leave,  
 And often perish by the wound they give.  
 But, if thou see'st a cold hard winter near,  
 And their low minds their sickly state declare,  
 Who doubts to spare them stores, or will delay  
 To burn fresh thyme, or cut some wax away?  
 Oft on their combs the unseen lizards light,  
 And buzzing moths disturb them in the night;  
 Or sluggish drones, on others toil that thrive  
 Or waips with their unequal arms arrive.  
 Some filthy worm gets in, or spider sets  
 At their hive's mouth her loose and deadly nets:  
 The more they are exhausted, still the more  
 Their wasted stock they labour to restore:  
 But if, perhaps (as life will on the bees  
 Bring out distempers) with some new disease  
 They languish, which no doubtful signs declare,  
 A hoarse paleness will their looks impair,  
 And dusky colours their sick bodies wear.  
 Then bear they out great numbers of the dead,  
 And in long pomp sad fun'rals they lead;  
 Or dully hang, clinch'd in each others feet,  
 At the hive's mouth, or to their cells retreat,  
 Thro' cold or hunger, for their work unfit -  
 Whispers and murmur'ing rise, as when a breeze  
 Of southern winds breathe on the bending trees;  
 Or troubled seas in ebbing tides retire,  
 Or forges labour with imprison'd fire.

}

}

To burn Galbanean fumes I would persuade,  
 And thro' flesh pipes let honey be convey'd;  
 So to restore 'em to their strength and food,  
 To mix the juice of galls perhaps were good;  
 Dry'd roses, and new wines half boil'd away,  
 Clusters of raisins, thyme, and centaury.  
 There is a flow'r which we in meadows find,  
 And call'd Amello by the country hind,  
 By those that seek it easy to be known,  
 Each single root's with many branches crown'd;  
 Yellow the flow'rs, but to the num'rous leaves  
 The darker purple of the violet cleaves  
 With it the altars of the gods are crown'd:  
 Rough to the taste, in fruitful vallies found  
 By shepherds that near winding Mella dwell,  
 Boil this found root in gen'rous white-wine well,  
 Then offer pipes with the new diet fill.  
 But, shou'd the whole stock fail, and none remain  
 Whence a new progeny might rise again,  
 'Tis time the fam'd invention to unfold  
 Of the Arcadian shepherd; how of old,  
 From the blus'd blood of heifers new slain, bees  
 Have taken life, and swarm'd out by degrees:  
 Here the whole story shall at large have place,  
 While the long fame to its own author trace.  
 For where the people of Canopus dwell,  
 And fruitful waters of fat Nilus swell,  
 On whose smooth bosom painted vessels ride,  
 Where-e'er it borders on rich Persia's side;  
 Or with sev'n mouths does the plain country drown,  
 As far as from parch'd India, rolling down

}

Egypt's green soil, with fruitful slime to mend,  
 All the vast region on this art depend.  
 A place contracted for that use they choose,  
 And the low house with narrow walls inclose  
 Of well-wrought tyles · four windows they contrive,  
 To the four winds expos'd, that may receive  
 The light obliquely, then they choose a steer  
 Whose bending horns proclaim his second year,  
 On him they sieze, and stop his struggling breath  
 At mouth and nostrils, beating him to death ·  
 With his bruis'd entrails his wum hide they fill,  
 And, thus inclos'd, they leave him for a while  
 Fresh boughs, thyme, cassias on his side they throw,  
 Eie western winds first on the waters blow;  
 Eie nature with fresh colours paints the fields,  
 Or on house-tops the airy swallow builds:  
 The clotted blood and dissolv'd bones mean-while  
 Ferment, and into wond'rous creatures boil,  
 Who, without feet, at first their voices try,  
 And with new wings in little parties fly;  
 Till they at last break forth, as when a show'r  
 Hot summer's clouds on the parch'd mountains pour;  
 Or as the arrows from the Parth'an bow,  
 When twanging strings first send 'em on the foe.  
 What god, my muse? Who first this secret taught?  
 Or was it the high flight of human thought?  
 The shepherd Aristæus (as fame says)  
 Losing his flock thro' famine and disease,  
 Forsook Thessalian temple, and, dismay'd,  
 Ran to the sacred river's utmost head,  
 And thus his moan to his bright parent made:

}  
Mother!



Mother ! Cyrene ! mother ! who dost keep  
 Thy wat'ry court beneath this crystal deep,  
 Why dost thou say I am of heav'nly race,  
 And sprung from great Apollo's hot embrace,  
 Since fate pursues me thus ? Is this thy love ?  
 Why dost thou bid me hope a seat above,  
 Since in this life that little fame decays,  
 Which I by herds and gardens thought to raise ?  
 With thy own hand my thriving woods destroy,  
 Devouring fire against my stalls employ,  
 Burn my full bays, if I too much enjoy,  
 Cut down my vines, and blast my coming years,  
 Since my small fame offends a mother's ears.  
 His voice Cyrene thio' her waters heard,  
 While round her nymphs Milesi in fleeces card,  
 Drymo and Xantho, Ephyre the fair,  
 Her neck half cover'd with her flowing hair ;  
 Cydipe and Lycoris, one a maid,  
 The other rising from Lucina's aid ;  
 Cho and Beroë, both ocean-born,  
 Whom well-wrought gold and painted skins adorn ;  
 Bright Deiopea, Aethusa, now  
 No more a huntress with her spear and bow ;  
 To these Clymene sings of Vulcan's care,  
 Defeated by the am'rous god of war  
 From Chaos she the loves of gods relates,  
 Pleas'd with these tales, while the soft flax abates  
 From their swift spindles, the nymphs hear again,  
 Nearer and nearer, still her son complain ;  
 All rise astonish'd from their green abode,  
 But Aethusa first above the flood  
 Lifts her bright head : the crystal waters bow'd,

 }  
 And

And, spying him afar, 'twas not in vain,  
Sister, she said, we heard a voice complain;  
Sad Anistæus, once thy care and joy,  
See at thy father's spring the weeping boy.  
By name he calls thee cruel and unkind,  
Fear and amazement seiz'd Cyrene's mind  
Let him, she said, he may behold th' abodes,  
And tread the threshold of his kindred gods.  
At her command the wond'ring rivers spread,  
And a new passage for his entrance made -  
The waters, like a mountain, stood on heaps,  
While he into their yielding bosom leaps  
Down to the bottom, where amaz'd he sees  
His mother's realm and crystal palaces  
And, as he goes, admires the founding groves,  
And hidden lakes, thro' which the water moves  
With such amazing force; and under ground  
Beholds the rivers that our world go round;  
Phasis and Lycus, and the facied head  
Whence the deep waters of Enipeus spread:  
Whence Aniena and fam'd Tyber flow,  
The stony Hypanis, Myfus and the Po,  
Than which no river runs a swifter race  
To his old father Neptune's moist embrace -  
Into her inmost seat while they withdrew,  
And of each other took a nearer view,  
The nymphs clear fountains for their hands prepare,  
And curious towels of the finest hair  
Some with full cups, with banquets some attend,  
While in rich smoke Panchæan gums ascend.

Take this full bowl of wine, Cyrene cries,  
And to the ocean pour the sacrifice .  
To Neptune first, father of all, she prays ;  
Then nymphs inhabiting the woods and seas .  
Pure nectar thrice upon the fire she throws,  
And thrice th' auspicious flame up to the cieling rose -  
Embolden'd by the omen, thus she spake ;  
A prophet dwells in the Carpathian lake,  
Green Proteus, whom a wond'rous couch conveys,  
And scaly horses draw thro' yielding seas :  
His own Palene on th' Enathian shore  
He visits now him, all we nymphs adore,  
And aged Nercus' self; for well he knows  
What is, what was, what fate will next expose ;  
So Neptune has decreed, whose herds and flocks  
He feeds beneath the ocean's craggy rocks .  
Him thou must seize, my son, and bind him well,  
Till thy misfortun's cause and cure he tell  
For uncompell'd he nothing will declare ,  
Nor can his heart be touch'd with human pray'r.  
When thou hast seiz'd him, chain, or use him worse,  
His shifts will fail before thy god-like force .  
My self, when the sun climbs the middle sky,  
Plants scorch, and cattle to their coverts fly,  
Will bring thee where the aged prophet lies  
Dissolv'd in sleep and sloth, and easy for surprize ;  
When thou hast seiz'd and bound him, ev'ry shape  
And frightful form he'll vary, to escape ,  
One while he'll seem a dragon; or tusk'd boar,  
Then shake his yellow mane, and like a lion roar ;

Then crackle like a kindling flame, or slide  
 Out of thy chains like a declining tide  
 The more he varies forms, my son, the more  
 Urge thy success, and never give him o'er,  
 Till vex'd thro' all his forms, that shape he keep  
 Which first he wore when he lay down to sleep.  
 This said, she with Ambrosia scents the room,  
 And 'noints his body for the time to come ;  
 The steam divine on his loose treffels dwells,  
 And ev'ry nerve with active vigour smells.  
 Worn in a mountain's side, there is a cave  
 Where, beat by ceaseless winds, the waters rave,  
 And into crooked bays the currents glide ;  
 Of old a port where vessels us'd to ride .  
 Within lies Proteus, with high rocks inclos'd ;  
 In ambush here her son the nymph dispos'd :  
 For her retreat a distant cloud she wove .  
 Now Syrius scorch'd the Indians from above,  
 And thro' the middle sky swift Phœbus drove :  
 Herbs wither'd at his touch, and, to the mud,  
 His thirsty beams drank up the boiling flood ;  
 When Proteus rising from the waves repair'd  
 To his old cave ; on him the wat'ry herd  
 Of sea-born monsters their attendance pay,  
 And in glad leaps shake the salt dews away ;  
 Around the shore the sleepy sea-calves lay .  
 He, like a herdsman on some hill that lives,  
 When night the lazy cattle homeward drives,  
 And bleating lambs the hungry wolf provoke,  
 Reviews, and tells 'em over from his rock :

Seeing

Seeing his time, the bold youth on him rush'd  
 And with new chains the aged prophet crush'd.  
 He, on the other side, tries every shape  
 And dreadful form whereby he might escape.  
 One while a monster, flame, and then a flood.  
 Finding himself thro' all his shifts pursu'd,  
 We need, o'ercome, his former shape he took,  
 And with a human voice at last he spoke  
 Bold youth, who bid thee to our cave repair ?  
 What wou'dst thou learn ? he said, what mak'st thou here ?  
 Proteus, thou know'st no man can thee deceive,  
 Deceive not others by the gods high leave,  
 Ruin'd, undone, I come to know of thee  
 What was the cause, what is the remedy.  
 Here the green prophet cast a dreadful look,  
 He staid, he gnash'd his teeth, and big with fate thus spoke:  
 Some pow'rful god with no light wrath pursues  
 Thy fatal crime, now injur'd Orpheus shews  
 His fierce revenge, he this contagion sent,  
 For his lost wife too small a punishment.  
 Unhappy nymph, who, while she headlong fled  
 Thy foul pursuit, on a loath'd serpent's head  
 Trod unawares, which then she could not see  
 For the long grass, and for worse fears of thee :  
 For equal nymphs, the Dryades with shrill  
 Complaints and shrieks the neighb'ring mountains fill ;  
 The towers of Rhodope, the Gætian race,  
 The rough inhabitants of warlike Thrace ;  
 Pangæum, Hebrus, Orithyia, all  
 With them united grief lament her fall :

He on bleak sands, soothing his vain desire,  
Wanders alone, and with his mournful lyre  
Feeding his grief, pining himself away,  
With her begins, with her he ends the day.  
The jaws of Tænarus' infernal gates,  
Dark groves he past, where dismal terror waits;  
To ghosts, and their dread king, does fearless sue,  
And minds that never yet compassion knew;  
Charm'd with his voice, the airy people throng  
About the youth, and listen to his song  
Thick as small birds to their dark coverts fly,  
When th' evening comes, or the tempest'ous sky  
Pours down a storm.

Mothers with husbands, and the breathless shades  
Of once great heroes, boys, and riper mads;  
Unmarry'd youth whom their fond parents mourn'd,  
Before their face t' untimely ashes turn'd;  
All these with filthy mud, rank ugly weeds,  
Such as alone infernal water breeds,  
Styx does nine times surround the house of fate,  
And snake-hair'd furies in amazement fate.  
Cerberus' three mouths were dumb, Ixion's wheel,  
And winds that move it at his song were still.  
Now he returning had all dangers past,  
And freed Eurydice beheld at last  
Th' upper sky again, following unseen,  
So far obeying the infernal queen.  
Here love, rage, joy, to a short madness drive  
Th' impatient lover: (could not gods forgive,

So small a fault ! here fatally he staid,  
 Rashly forgetting the agreement made .  
 With the first glimpse of fresh ethereal light,  
 On his dear wife he turn'd his longing sight  
 Here vanish'd all his labour, and then law  
 Those unrelenting pow'rs neglecting saw.  
 Thrice peals of thunder shook th' infernal coast,  
 Orpheus ! she cry'd, was ever love so cost ?  
 How are we both by thy rash passion lost ?  
 Fate puts me back, and my declining fight  
 Feels the cold hand of death and endless night.  
 Farewel, farewel for ever, now I go,  
 Plung'd deep in darkness, to the world below ;  
 Stretching to thee, (dear cause of all my harms)  
 No longer thine, alas ! my helpless arms .  
 And at that word from his distracted sight,  
 Like smoke mix'd with thin air, she took her flight  
 Ne'er to return again. At the dear shade  
 In vain he catch'd, and much he would have said,  
 Too late ; for surely Charon wou'd no more  
 Permit his passage to th' Elysian shore.  
 His wife twice lost, ah ! whither shou'd he move ?  
 With what soft pray'r invoke the pow'rs above ?  
 Or with what tears the shades ? cold in the boat  
 On the dark lake she did already float.  
 'Tis said sev'n months he did his loss deplore  
 On the bleak rocks of Strymon's desert shore ;  
 Singing this sad event of too much love,  
 He soften'd tygers, and made forests move.  
 As in some poplar shade, the nightingale  
 In mournful strains does her lost young bewail,

Whom

Whom some coarse hind has newly torn away  
 From their warm nests, unfeather'd as they lay;  
 Night after night, upon some bough she sits,  
 And her sad note no moment intermits,  
 Which ev'ry field and echoing grove repeats.  
 Nor love nor marriage charm'd his restless mind;  
 Alone he wanders, where the northern wind,  
 Beats upon snowy Tanais' chilling shore,  
 Where ice ne'er fails, and ceaseless tempests roar;  
 There his lost wife he mourns in doleful strains,  
 And of the gods and their vain gift complains,  
 The fierce Sithonian women thus despis'd,  
 As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,  
 Full of their god, and boiling with disdain,  
 Scatter'd his bleeding limbs through all the plain.  
 From his firm neck his gory head thus torn,  
 Down the swift stream of rapid Hebius borne,  
 Shriek'd out, ah, poor Eurydice! and dy'd;  
 The echoing banks Eurydice reply'd.

This said, he plung'd into his wat'ry world;  
 About his head the foaming billows curl'd.  
 Her anxious son divine Cyrene cheers;  
 Here end thy grief, she said, and needless cares:  
 This was the cause of all thy woe, the crime  
 For which the nymphs, companions of her prime  
 Whom she in facied dances us'd to lead  
 Among the bees that due contagion spread.  
 With play'rs and sacrifice their wrath appease:  
 Naxæan nymphs invok'd forgive with ease.

Take



Take four curl'd bullocks of thy largest breed,  
Whom now the hills of green Lycæus feed,  
As many untam'd heifers, and for these  
Four altars in their facied temples raise.  
Then from their wounded throats let out the blood,  
And leave their bodies in some shady wood:  
Soon as the ninth Aurora gilds the skies,  
To Orpheus drowsy poppies sacrifice  
With a black lamb then view the grove again;  
Eurydice, with a calf newly slain,  
Thou shalt appease.---Without delay he goes;  
All she commands immediately he does  
Comes to the temple, does the altar raise;  
Four mighty bulls of wond'rous bulk he slays,  
As many heifers that ne'er felt the yoke,  
When from the east the ninth Aurora broke:  
He worships Orpheus, to the grove he goes,  
When, lo! a strange and wond'rous sight arose:  
From the bulls entrails bees were found to hum,  
And met in swarms from out the putrid womb:  
In moving clouds to the next tree they go,  
And hang like cluster'd grapes upon a bending bough.  
While thus of plants, tillage, and herds I sung,  
With Cæsar's thund'ring arm Euphrates rung  
Just laws he for the willing world ordain'd,  
By god-like acts his claim to heav'n maintain'd.  
He all that while proud Naples did embrace,  
Fam'd for th' inglorious arts of lazy peace:  
Full of the loves of shepherds, bold and young,  
Under the beechen shade the Tityrus sung.

*A Pastoral Dialogue between THIRSI S and STREPHON.*

THIRSI S.

**S**TREPHON ' O Strephon ' once the jolliest lad  
That with shrill pipe did ever mountain glad ,  
Whilome the foremost at our rural plays,  
The pride and envy of our holidays  
Why dost thou sit now musing all alone,  
Teaching the turtles yet a sadder moan ?  
Swell'd with thy tears, why does the neighb'ring brook  
Bear to the ocean what she never took ?  
Thy flocks are fair and fruitful, and no swam,  
Than thee, more welcome to the hill or plain.

STREPHON.

I could invite the wolf, my cruel guest,  
And play unmov'd while he on all shou'd feast .  
I cou'd endure that ev'ry swain outun,  
Out-threw, out-wrestled, and each nymph should shun  
The hapless Strephon.---

THIRSI S.

Tell me then thy grief,  
And give it, in complaints, some short relief.

STREPHON.

Had killing mildews nipp'd my rising corn,  
My lambs been all found dead as soon as born ;

Or

Or raging plagues run swift through ev'ry hive,  
 And left not one industrious bee alive ·  
 Had early winds, with an hoarse winter's sound,  
 Scatter'd my rip'ning fruit upon the ground,  
 Unmov'd, untouch'd, I cou'd the loss sustain,  
 And, a few days expir'd, no more complain.

## T H I R S I S.

Ere the sun drank of the cold morning dew,  
 I've known thee early the tusk'd boar pursue :  
 Then in the ev'ning drive the bear away,  
 And rescue from his jaws the trembling prey.  
 But, now thy flocks creep feebly thro' the fields ;  
 No purple grapes thy half dress'd vineyards yields :  
 No primrose, nor no violets grace thy beds,  
 But thorns and thistles lift their prickly heads.  
 What means this change ?

## S T R E P H O N.

Enquire no more ;  
 When none can heal 'tis pain to search the sore.  
 Bright Galatea, in whose matchless face  
 Sat rural innocence, with heav'nly grace ,  
 In whose no less immutable mind,  
 With equal light ev'n distant virtues shin'd :  
 Chaste without pride, and charming without art,  
 Honour the tyrant of her tender heart  
 Fair goddess of these fields, who, for our sports,  
 Tho' she might well become, neglected courts.  
 Belov'd of all, and loving me alone,  
 Is from my sight, I fear, for ever gone.

T H I R.

## THIRSI.

Thy case, indeed, is pitiful, but yet  
 Thou on thy loss too great a price dost set.  
 Women like days are, Strephon, some be far  
 More bright and glorious than others are :  
 Yet none so gay, so temperate, so clear,  
 But that the like adorn the rolling year.  
 Pleasures imparted to a friend increase,  
 Perhaps divided sorrow may grow less.

## STREPHON.

Others as fair to other eyes may seem,  
 But she has all my love, and my esteem .  
 Her bright idea wanders in my thought,  
 At once my poison and my antidote.

## THIRSI.

Our hearts are paper, beauty is the pen,  
 Which writes our loves, and blots 'em out agen.  
 Phillis is whiter than the rising swan ;  
 Her slender waist confin'd within a span .  
 Charming as nature's face in the new spring,  
 When early birds on the green branches sing .  
 When rising herbs and buds begin to hide  
 Their naked mother with their short-liv'd pride .  
 Cloe is ripe, and as the autumn farr,  
 When on the elm the purple grapes appear ,  
 When trees, hedge-rows, and ev'ry bending bush  
 With rip'ning fruit, or tasteful berries blush .  
 Lydia is in the summer of her days,  
 What wood can shade us from her piercing rays ?

Her even teeth, whiter than new yeon'd lambs,  
 When they with tender cries pursue their dams .  
 Her eyes as charming as the ev'ning sun  
 To the scorch'd lab'rer when his work is done ,  
 Whom the glad pipe to rural sports invites,  
 And pays his toil with innocent delights .  
 On some of these, fond swain, fix thy desire,  
 And burn not with imaginary fire.

## STREPHON.

The stag shall sooner with the eagle soar ;  
 Seas leave their fishes naked on the shore ,  
 The wolf shall sooner by the lambkin die,  
 And from the kid the hungry lion fly,  
 Than I abandon Galatea's love,  
 Or her dear image from my thoughts remove.

## THIRSI.

Damon this ev'ning carries home his bride,  
 In all the harmless pomp of rural pride  
 Where, for two spotted lambkins newly yeon'd,  
 With nimble feet and voice the nymphs contend :  
 And for a coat thy Galatea spun,  
 The shepherds wrestle, throw the bar, and run.

## STREPHON.

At that dear name I feel my heart rebound,  
 Like the old steed at the fierce trumpet's sound :  
 I grow impatient of the least delay ;  
 No bastard swain shall bear the prize away.

## THIRSIIS.

Let us make haste, already they are met :  
The echoing hills their joyful shouts repeat.

---

INDIFFERENCE *excused*.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid  
Of sighs or oaths to make it known ,  
And, to convince the cruel't mad,  
Lovers should use their love alone

Into their very looks 'twill steal ;  
And he that most wou'd hide his flame,  
Does in that case his pain reveal ;  
Silence it self can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun  
The paths that common lovers tread ;  
Whose guilty passions are begun  
Not in their heart, but in their head.

I cou'd not sigh, and, with cross'd arms,  
Accuse your rigour and my fate ,  
Nor tax your beauty with such charms  
As men adore, and women hate :

But careless liv'd and without art,  
Knowing my love you must have spy'd,  
And thinking it a foolish part,  
To set to shew what none can hide.



## P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

*To PHILLIS.*

**P**HILLIS, let's shun the common fate;  
And let our love ne'er turn to hate.  
I'll dote no longer than I can,  
Without being call'd a faithless man.  
When we begin to want discourse,  
And kindness seems to taste of force,  
As freely as we meet we'll part,  
Each one possess'd of their own heart.  
Thus, whilst rash fools themselves undo,  
We'll game, and give off favours too.  
So equally the match we'll make,  
Both shall be glad to draw the stake:  
A smile of thine shall make my bliss,  
I will enjoy thee in a kiss.

If

If from this height our kindness fall,  
We'll bravely scorn to love at all :  
If thy affection first decay,  
I will the blame on nature lay.  
Alas ! what cordial can remove  
The hasty fate of dying love ?  
Thus we will all the world excel  
In loving and in parting well.

---

## ORINDA to CLORIS.

CLORIS, you live ador'd by all,  
And yet on none your favours fall .  
A stranger mistress ne'er was known ;  
You pay 'em all in paying none.  
We him of avarice accuse,  
Who what he has forbears to use ;  
But what disease of mind shall I  
Call this thy hated penury ?  
Thou wilt not give out of a store,  
Which no profuseness can make poor.  
Misers when dead they make amends,  
And in their wills enrich their friends ;  
But when thou dy'st thy treasure dies,  
And thou canst leave no legacies.  
What madness is it then to spare,  
When we want pow'r to make an heir ?  
Live, Cloris, then at the full rate  
Of thy great beauty ; and, since fate



To love and youth is so severe,  
 Enjoy them freely while th'art here.  
 Some caution yet I'd have thee use,  
 Whene'er thou dost a servant chuse.  
 Men are not all for lovers fit,  
 No more than arms or arts of wit.  
 For wisdom some respected are;  
 Some we see pow'rful at the bar.  
 Some for preferment waste their time,  
 And the steep hill of honour climb.  
 Others of love their business make,  
 In love their whole diversion take.  
 Take one of those; for in one breast  
 Two passions live but ill at best.  
 Be wise, and with discretion fly  
 All that take flame at ev'ry eye.  
 All sorts with powder'd coat and hair.  
 All that dare more than think thee fair,  
 Take one of love who nothing says,  
 And yet whom ev'ry word betrays;  
 Love in the cradle pretty<sup>ly</sup> shews,  
 And, when't can't speak, unruly grows.

---

*The* COMPLAINT.

**W**HEN fair Aurelia first became  
 The mistress of his heart,  
 So mild and gentle was her reign,  
 Thirsia in hers had part;

Reserve and care he laid aside,  
And gave a loose to love,  
The headlong course he must abide,  
How steep so'er it prove,

At first disdain and pride he fear'd,  
But, they being overthrown,  
No second foe awhile appear'd,  
And he thought all his own

He thought himself a happier man  
Than ever lov'd before ;  
Her favour still his hopes out-ran,  
Yet still he lov'd her more .

Love smil'd at first, then, looking grave,  
Said, Thirsis leave to boast,  
More joy than all her kindness gave,  
Her fickleness will cost.

He spoke, and, from that fatal time,  
All Thirsis did or said  
Appear'd unwelcome, or a crime  
To the ungrateful maid.

---

## TO CLORIS.

CLORIS, I cannot say your eyes  
Did my unwary heart surprize ;

Nor will I swear it was your face,  
 Your shape, or any nameless grace .  
 For you are so entirely fair,  
 To love a part inj .stice were  
 No downing man can know which drop  
 Of water his last breath did stop  
 So when the stars in heav'n appear,  
 And join to make the light look clear,  
 The light we no one's bounty call,  
 But the obliging gift of all.  
 He that does lips or hands adore,  
 Deserves them only and no more ;  
 But I love all, and ev'ry part,  
 And nothing less can ease my heart .  
 Cupid that lover weakly strikes,  
 Who can express what 'tis he likes.

---

## A S O N G.

**N**OT, Celia, that I juster am,  
 Or better than the rest,  
 For I would change each hour like them,  
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee,  
 By ev'ry thought I have ;  
 Thy face I only care to see ;  
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that is woman is ador'd  
 In thy dear self, I find;  
 For the whole sex can but afford  
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then shou'd I seek further store,  
 And still make love anew;  
 When change itself can give no more,  
 'Tis easy to be true.

---

*The* A N S W E R.

**T**HIRSYS, no more against my flame advise,  
 But let me be in love, and be you wise  
 Here end, and there begin a new address,  
 Pursue the vulgar easy happiness.  
 Leave me to Amaranta, who alone  
 Can in my fullen heart erect her throne.  
 I know, as well as you, 'tis mean to burn  
 For one who to our flame makes no return:  
 But you, like me, feel not those conqu'ring eyes,  
 Which mock prevention by a quick surprize:  
 And now, like a hurt deer, in vain I start  
 From her that in my breast has hid the dart.  
 Tho' I can never reach her excellence,  
 Take somewhat in my hopeless love's defence.  
 Her beauty is her not esteemed wealth,  
 And graces play about her eyes by stealth:

Virtue, in others the forc'd child of art,  
 Is but the native temper of her heart  
 All charms her sex so often court in vain,  
 (Like Indian fruit which our cold earth disdain)  
 In her grow wild as in their native air,  
 And she has all perfection without care.  
 Of lovers harms she has the tend'rest sense  
 'That can consist with so much innocence.  
 Like a wise prince she rules her subjects so,  
 That neither want nor luxury they know.  
 None vainly hoping what she may not give;  
 Like humble slaves at small expence we live.  
 And I the wretched comfort only share,  
 To be the least whom she will bid despair.

---

### CONSTANCY.

**F**EAR not, my dear, a flame can never die  
 That is once kindled by so bright an eye  
 View but thyself, and measure thence my love;  
 Think what a passion such a form must move.  
 For, tho' thy beauty first allu'd my sight,  
 Now I consider it but as the light  
 That lead me to the treas'ry of thy mind,  
 Whose inward virtue in that feature shin'd.  
 That knot, be confident, will ever last  
 Which fancy ty'd, ~~and reason has made fast~~ :  
 So fast, that time, altho' it may disarm  
 Thy lovely face, my faith can never harm;

And age deluded, when it comes, will find  
My love remov'd, and to thy foul assign'd.

---

*The* SUBMISSION.

AH! pardon, Madam, if I ever thought  
Your smallest favours could too dear be bought;  
And the just greatness of your servant's flame  
I did the poorness of the spirits name,  
Calling their long attendance slavery,  
Your pow'r of life and death flat tyranny,  
Since now I yield, and do confess there is  
No way too hard that leads to such a bliss.  
So when Hippomanes beheld the race,  
Where loss was death, and conquest but a face,  
He stood amazed at the fatal strife,  
Wond'ring that love shou'd dearer be than life;  
But, when he saw the prize, no longer staid,  
But thro' those very dangers fought the maid,  
And won her too O may his conquest prove  
A happy omen to my puer love!  
Which, if the honour of all victory  
In the resistance of the vanquish'd lie,  
Tho' it may be the least regarded prize,  
Is not the smallest trophy of our eyes.



*To a Devout YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.*

**P**HILLIS, this early zeal assuage,  
 You over-act your part ;  
 The martyrs, at your tender age,  
 Gave heav'n but half their heart.

Old men (till past the pleasure) ne'er  
 Declaim against the sin .  
 'Tis early to begin to fear  
 The devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,  
 And, like a treach'rous light,  
 Beauty, the actions of the fair,  
 Exposés to their fight.

And yet this world, as old as 'tis,  
 Is oft deceiv'd by't too  
 Kind combinations feldom miss,  
 Let's try what we can do.

*To C E L I A.*

**Y**-OU tell me, Celia, you approve,  
 Yet never must return my love ;  
 An answer that my hope destroys,  
 And in the cradle wounds our joys ;

To

To kill at once what needs must die,  
None would to birds and beasts deny.  
How can you then so cruel prove,  
As to preserve and torture love ?  
That beauty nature kindly meant  
For our own pride and our content ;  
Why should the tyrant honour make  
Our cruel undeserved wreck ?  
In love and war th' impostor does  
The best to greatest harms expose -  
Come then, my Celia, let's no more  
This devil for a god adore ;  
Like foolish Indians we have been,  
Whose whole religion is a sin :  
Let's lose no time then but repent,  
Love welcomes best a penitent.

---

*H*is A N S W E R.

**T**HIRSIIS, I wish, as well as you,  
To honour there was nothing due ;  
Then wou'd I pay my debt of love  
In the same coin that you approve ;  
Which now you must in friendship take,  
'Tis all the payment I can make  
Friendship so high, that I must say  
'Tis rather love with some alloy ;  
And rest contented, since that I  
Myself as well as you deny.



Learn then of me bravely to bear  
 The want of what you hold most dear,  
 And that which honour does in me,  
 Let my example work in thee.

---

*The* P L A T O N I C.

**F**AIR Amarinta, wert thou not to blame,  
 To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame ?  
 I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine,  
 But that I lov'd and hop'd was wholly thine.  
 Not hop'd, as others do, for a return,  
 But that I might without offending burn  
 I thought those eyes which ev'ry hour enslave,  
 Could not remember all the wounds they gave.  
 Forgotten in the croud I wish'd to lie,  
 And of your coldness, not your anger, die  
 Yet, since you know I love, 'tis now no time  
 Longer to hide, let me excuse the crime,  
 Seeing what laws I to my passion give,  
 Perhaps you may consent that I should live.  
 First, then, it never shall a hope advance  
 Of waiting on you, but, by seeming chance,  
 I at a distance will adore your eyes,  
 As awful Persians do the eastern skies  
 I never will presume to think of sex,  
 Nor with gross thoughts my hopeless love perplex.  
 I tread a pleasant path without design,  
 And to thy care my happiness resign :

From

From heav'n itself thy beauty cannot be  
A freer gift than is my love to thee.

---

*To AMARANTA, whom he fell in love with at a  
Play-house.*

F AIR Amaranta, on the stage, whilst you  
Pity'd a feigned love you gave a true  
The hopes and fears in ev'ry scene exprest,  
Grew soon th' uneasy motions of my breast.  
I thought to steal the innocent delight,  
And not have paid my heart for a first fight:  
And, if I ventur'd on ~~some slight discourse,~~  
It should be such as ~~could no passion nurse:~~  
Led by the treach'rous lustre of your eyes,  
At last I play'd too near the precipice;  
Love came disguis'd in wonder and delight,  
His bow unbent, his arrows out of fight;  
Your words fell on my passion, like those show'rs  
Which paint and multiply the rising flow'rs.  
Like Cupid's self a god and yet a child,  
Your looks at once were ~~awful~~ and yet mild.  
Methought you blush'd as conscious of my flame,  
Whilst your strict ~~virtue~~ ~~did~~ your beauty blame:  
But rest secure, you're from the guilt as free  
As saints ador'd from our idolatry.

## To CELIA.

**P**RINCES make laws by which their subjects live,  
 And the high gods rules for their worship give,  
 How should poor mortals else a service find  
 At all proportion'd to their heav'nly mind ?  
 Had it been left to us, each one would bring,  
 Of what he lik'd himself, an offering,  
 And with unwelcome zeal, perhaps, displease  
 Th'offended deity he would appease.  
 All pow'rs but thine this mercy did allow,  
 And how they would be serv'd themselves do shew.  
 A rude barbarian wou'd his captive foe  
 Fully instruct in what he'd have him do,  
 And can it be, my Celia, that love  
 Less kind than war should to the vanquish'd prove ?  
 Say, cruel fair, must then my heart, a flame,  
 Use for a while friendship's disguise and name ?  
 Or may it boldly like itself appear,  
 And its own tale deliver to thy ear ?  
 Or must it in my tortur'd bosom live,  
 Like fire in unmov'd flints, and no lights give ?  
 And only then humbly send forth a ray,  
 When your dear heart does on that subject stray :  
 My passion can with any laws comply,  
 And, for your sake, do any thing but die.

A SONG.

## A S O N G.

**L**OVE still has something of the sea,  
From whence his mother rose,  
No time his slaves from doubt can free,  
Nor give his thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,  
And in rough weather tost  
They wither under cold delays,  
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,  
Then straight into the main  
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,  
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear  
Which, if they chance to 'scape-,  
Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,  
And are so long withstood,  
So slowly they receive the sum,  
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,  
And to defer a joy,  
Believe me, gentle Celemene,  
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears  
Perhaps would not remove ;  
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,  
I could no deeper love.

---

## A S O N G.

PHILLIS, you have enough enjoy'd  
The pleasures of disdain ;  
Methinks your pride shou'd now be cloy'd,  
And grow itself again .  
Open to love your long-shut breast,  
And entertain its sweetest guest.

Love heals the wounds that beauty gives,  
And can ill usage flight ,  
He laughs at all that fate contrives,  
Full of his own delight :  
We in his chains are happier far  
Than Kings themselves without them are.

Leave then to tame philosophy  
The joys of quietness,  
With me into love's empire fly,  
And taste my happiness  
Where even tears and sighs can shew  
Pleasures the cruel never know.

Madam.

Madam, for your commands to stay,  
Is the mean duty of a wretch,  
Whose service you with wages pay ;  
Lovers should at occasion catch,

Nor idly wait till it be brought,  
But with the deed o'ertake your thought :  
Honour and love let them give o'er,  
Who do their duty, and no more.  
Awake my eyes at night, my thoughts pursue  
Your charming shape, and find it ever new.  
If I my weary eyes to sleep resign,  
In gaudy dreams your love and beauty shine ;  
Dreams, with such extasies and pleasures fill'd,  
As to those joys they seem can only yield ;  
Nor do they yield, perhaps, wou'd you allow,  
Fair Amidea, that I once might know.

---

*A DIALOGUE between AMINTAS and CELIA.*

CELIA.

AMINTAS, I am come alone,  
A filly harmless maid ;  
But whither is thy honour flown ?  
I fear I am betray'd

Thy

Thy looks are chang'd, and in the place  
Of innocent desires,  
Methinks I see thy eyes and face  
Glow with unusual fires.

## A M I N T A S.

Sees not my Celia nature wear  
One count'nance in the spring,  
And yet another shape prepare,  
To bring the harvest in ?

Look on the eagle, how unlike  
He to the egg is found,  
When he prepares his pounce to strike  
His prey against the ground.

Fears my infant-love become,  
'Twere want of vigour now  
Should modesty those hopes benumb,  
The place and you allow.

## C E L I A.

Amintas, hold, what could you worse  
To worst of women do ?  
Ah ! how could you a passion nurse,  
So much my honour's foe ?

## AMINTAS.

Make not an idol of a toy,  
Which every breath can shake,  
Which all must have, or none enjoy,  
What course foe'er we take.

Whilst women hate, or men are vain,  
You cannot be secure,  
What makes my Celia then a pain  
So needless to endure?

## CELIA.

Could I the world neglect for thee,  
Thy love, tho' dear it cost,  
In some unkind conceit of me  
Would be untimely lost.

Thou would'st thy own example fear,  
And every heedless word  
I chance let fall beyond thy ear,  
Would some new doubt afford.

## AMINTAS.

If I am jealous, 'tis because  
I know not where you love:  
With me obey love's gentle laws,  
And all my fears remove.

## CELIA.



## CELIA.

Women, like things at second hand,  
 Do half their value lose,  
 But whilst all courtship they withstand,  
 May at their pleasure choose

## AMINTAS.

This is a fine discourse, my dear,  
 If we were not alone,  
 But now love whispers in my ear  
 There's somewhat to be done.

She said she never would forgive,  
 He, kissing, swore she should,  
 And told her she was mad to strive  
 Against their mutual good.

What further past I cannot tell,  
 But sure not much amiss  
 He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well;  
 She answer'd with a kiss.

---

## A S O N G.

GET you gone, you will undo me:  
 If you love me don't pursue me.  
 Let that inclination perish,  
 Which I dare no longer cherish:

With harmless thoughts I did begin,  
But in the crowd love enter'd in :  
I knew him not he was so gay,  
So innocent and full of play .  
At ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place,  
I either saw, or form'd your face :  
All that in plays was finely writ,  
Fancy for you, and me did fit.  
My dreams at night were all of you,  
Such as till then I never knew .  
I sported thus with young desire,  
Never intending to go higher  
But now his teeth and claws are grown,  
Let me the fatal lion shun .  
You found me harmless; leave me so ;  
For, was I not, you'd leave me too.

---

## A S O N G.

**D**RINK about till the day find us,  
These are pleasures that will last .  
Let no foolish passion blind us,  
Joys of love they fly too fast.

Maids are long e'er we can win 'em,  
And our passions waste the while ;  
In a beer-glass we'll begin 'em,  
Let some beau take t'other toil.

Yet w'll have store of good wenches,  
 Tho' we venture fluxing for't,  
 Upon couches, chairs, and benches,  
 To outdo them at the sport

Joining thus both mirth and beauty  
 To make up our full delight .  
 In wine and love we'll pay our duty  
 To each friendly coming night.

---

## A S O N \_ G .

**W**ALKING among the shades alone,  
 I heard a distant voice,  
 Which, sighing, said now she is gone,  
 I'll make no second choice.

I look'd, and saw it was a swain  
 Who, to the flying wind,  
 Did of some neighb'ring nymph complain,  
 Too fair, and too unkind.

He told me how he saw her first ;  
 And with what gracious eyes  
 And gentle speech that flame she nurs'd,  
 Which since she did despise.

His vows she did as fast receive,  
As he could breathe them to her ;  
Love in her eyes proclaim'd her leave  
That he alone should woo her.

They fed their flocks still near one place,  
And at one instant met,  
He, gazing on her lovely face,  
Fell deeper in the net.

She seem'd of her new captive glad,  
Proud of his bondage he ,  
No lover sure a prospect had  
Of more felicity.

But the false maid or never lov'd,  
Or gave so quickly o'er ,  
E're his was to the height improv'd,  
Her kindness was no more.

Ev'n her dissemblings she let fall,  
And made him plainly see,  
That tho' his heart she did enthral  
Her own was ever free.

Now, lest his care should pity move,  
She shuns his very sight ;  
And leaves him to that hopeless love  
She did create in spite.

Her name I could not make him tell,  
 Tho' vowing him my aid;  
 He said he never would reveal,  
 In life or death, the maid.

---

To CELIA.

AS in those nations where they yet adore  
 Marble and cedar, and their aid implore  
 'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,  
 But 'tis the worshipper that makes the god,  
 So, cruel fair, tho' heav'n has giv'n you all  
 We mortals virtue or can beauty call,  
 'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,  
 Darts to your eyes, and to ourselves the wounds.  
 Without our love which proudly you deride,  
 Vain were your beauty, and more vain your pride;  
 All envy'd beings that the world can show,  
 Still to some meaner things their greatness owe,  
 Subjects make kings, and we (the numerous train  
 Of humble lovers) constitute thy reign  
 This difference only beauty's realm may boast,  
 Where most it favours it enslaves the most,  
 And they to whom it is indulgent found,  
 Are ever in the surest fetters bound:  
 What tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known  
 Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one?  
 Valour's a vice if not with honour join'd;  
 Beauty a raging plague if never kind.

*The* FEIGNED LOVE.

CLORIS, tho' meaner beauties might  
Perhaps have need of some such flight,  
You may those petty arts despise,  
Secure of what is once your prize:  
Ill us'd and scorn'd, we must adore,  
And question not resistless pow'r  
In Rome, no man was known to fly  
Whom th' emperor condemn'd to die;  
The fatal stroke themselves would give,  
Rather than banish'd from her live,  
So to your empire, harsh or kind,  
I stand by my own choice confin'd.  
I daily saw how others far'd,  
Whom the false hope you gave ensnar'd:  
Like foolish boys at birds that catch,  
Sometimes we thought you in our reach;  
And then again, you'd mount and fly  
Beyond the compass of our eye  
'Till, weary'd with the vain pursuit,  
Like birds that peck at painted fruit,  
The wiser sort their hopes disclaim,  
And beat the wood for easier game.



## A S O N G.

**W**H O wou'd not gaze away his heart  
On Mariana's eyes,  
Did not her high and just disdain  
The bold delight chastize.

Mirth and joy she spreads around,  
Like the sun's chearful light,  
When his returning beams destroy  
The empire of the night.

Her beauty with amazement strikes  
(If with no more) the old  
Her virtue tempers with despair  
The youthful and the bold.

Her goodness so disarms her wit  
Of the offensive part;  
Whilst others only charm the ear,  
She steals the very heart.

Let us no more defame the fair,  
But learn to praise again,  
Bright Mariana's worth demands  
A new and nobler strain.

So to the feather'd kind the spring  
Restores their wonted voice,  
On every bough they fit and sing,  
And court their new-made choice.

## A S O N G.

**F**AIR Aminta art thou mad,  
To let the world in me  
Envy joys I never had,  
And censure them in thee ?

Fill'd with grief for what is past,  
Let us at length be wise,  
And to love's true enjoyments haste,  
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easy souls despise,  
Who loose themselves for toys,  
And escape for those devise  
Who taste his utmost joys.

Love should like the year be crown'd  
With sweet variety.  
Hope should in the spring abound,  
Kind fears and jealousy.

In the summer flow'rs shou'd rise,  
And in the autumn fruit :  
His spring doth else but mock our eyes,  
And in a scoff salute.





## A S O N G.

**I** A S K not my Celia wou'd love me again,  
 In its own pleasure my love is o'erpaid :  
 I'll find such excuses for all her disdain,  
 That shortly to frown I'll make her afraid.

Her neglect of me, of herself I'll thank care :  
 Her cruelty I her strict virtue will name .  
 When least kind she seems, I'll believe her most dear,  
 And call her refusal but a virgin's shame.

Thus all that was wont heretofore to cure love  
 In me shall increase and stir up the fire .  
 I'll make her at last some kind remedy prove,  
 Since all others but increase my desire.

---

## To C L O R I S.

**C**L O R I S, I justly am betray'd  
 By a design myself had laid ;  
 Like an old rook, whom in his cheat  
 A run of fortune does defeat.  
 I thought at first with a small sum  
 Of love thy heart to overcome  
 Presuming on thy want of art,  
 Thy gentle and unpractis'd heart :  
 But naked beauty can prevail,  
 Like open force when all things fail.

Instead

Instead of that thou hast all mine,  
 And I have not one stake of thine :  
 And, like all winners, dost discover  
 A willingness to give me over.  
 And tho' I beg thou wilt not now,  
 'Twere better thou should'st do so too ;  
 For I so far in debt shall run,  
 Ev'n thee I shall be forc'd to shun.  
 My hand, alas ! is no more mine,  
 Else it had long ago been thine .  
 My heart I give thee, and we call  
 No man unjust that parts with all.

---

*The Eighth ODE of the Second Book of HORACE.*

**D**ID any punishment attend  
 Thy former perjuries,  
 I should believe a second time  
 Thy charming flatteries  
 Did but one wrinkle mark this face,  
 Or hadst thou lost one single grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false vows,  
 Provok'd the pow'rs above ;  
 But thou art fairer than before,  
 And we are more in love.  
 Thus heav'n and earth seem to declare  
 They pardon falsehood in the fair.

Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear  
 By ev'ry pow'r on high,  
 And call our bury'd mother's ghost  
 A witness to the lye:  
 Heav'n at such perjury connives,  
 And Venus with a smile forgives.

The nymphs and cruel Cupid too,  
 Sharp'ning his pointed dart  
 On an old hone besmear'd with blood,  
 Forbear thy perjur'd heart.  
 Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,  
 And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee mothers for their eldest sons,  
 Thee wretched misers fear,  
 Lest thy prevailing beauty should  
 Seduce the hopeful heir  
 New-married virgins fear thy charms  
 Should keep their bridegroom from their aims.

ODE on the Birth-day of the late Queen MARY.

A S O N G.

LOVE's goddess sure was blind this day  
 Thus to adorn her greatest foe,  
 And love's artillery betray  
 To one that wou'd her realm o'erthrow.

Those

Those eyes, that form, that lofty mein,  
Who could for virtue's camp design ?  
Defensive arms shou'd there be seen :  
No sharp, no pointed weapons shine.

Sweetness of nature and true wit,  
High pow'r with equal goodness join'd,  
In this fair paradise are met  
The joy and wonder of mankind.

May her blest'd example chase  
Vice in troops out of the land,  
Flying from her awful face,  
Like pale ghosts when day's at hand.

Long may she reign over this isle,  
Lov'd and ador'd in foreign parts :  
But gentle Pallas shield the while  
From her bright charms our fingle hearts.

May her hero bring home peace,  
Won with honour in the field,  
And all home-bred factions cease :  
He our sword and she our shield.

Many days may she behold,  
Like the glad sun without decay :  
May time, that tears where he lays hold,  
Only salute her in his way.

Late, late, may she to heav'n return,  
And quires of angels there rejoice,  
As much as we below shall mourn  
Our short but their eternal choice.

---

*The* I N D I F F E R E N C E.

**T**HANKS, fair Urania, to your scorn  
I now am free as I was born  
Of all the pain that I endur'd ;  
By your late coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose  
The humblest slave your beauty knows ;  
In losing you, I but throw down  
A cruel tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find  
Such charms of person and of mind ;  
You've beauty, wit, and all things know,  
But where you shou'd your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave,  
And to those tyrants grew a slave -  
Wou'd you have kept what you had won  
You should have more compassion shown.

.

Love is a burden which two hearts,  
When equally they bear their parts,  
With pleasure carry; but no one,  
Alas ! can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,  
And make an idol of disdain ;  
My hope in love does ne'er expire,  
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those who, ill receiv'd,  
Wou'd have it otherwise believ'd ;  
And, where their love cou'd not prevail,  
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Who'er wou'd make his victor less,  
Must his own weak defence confess ;  
And, while her pow'r he does defame,  
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,  
And speak concern another way ;  
And all such scorn in men is but  
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage  
To detraction does engage ;  
In love indifference is sure,  
The only sign of perfect cure.

*The* SOLDIER'S CATCH.

**R**OOM, boys, room, room, boys room :

For from Ireland we came .

We have mau'd the original Tories :

We have baffled the league,

Between Monsieur and Teague,

And eclips'd the grand Lewis's glories.

They all fly in the field ;

Their best garriſons yield

They ſtand trembling while we take their paſſes :

Our brave kug at our head,

We fear no ſteel nor lead,

But laugh at their beads and their maſſes.

If ſome blood we have ſpilt,

To compound for the guilt,

In love's camp we will do double duty,

Mankind we'll repair;

With the leave of the fair,

And pay our arrears to true beauty.

Our worſt noiſe in the pit

Shall paſs all for good wit,

While the cits and the bumpkins adore us,

We will pay the rogues well,

Their wives bellies ſhall ſwell ;

And the cuckolds at random ſhall ſcore us.

The next summer for France  
We will boldly advance,  
Our noble redeemer shall lead us;  
We will break the slaves chains,  
And drink off their champagnes,  
To the health of the hero that freed us.

He hates Lewis le grand,  
Like a true Englishman;  
And ne'er will consent to a treaty,  
Till each neighbouring crown  
Have what's justly their own,  
And the French strike fail when they meet yet.

Since Elizabeth's reign,  
No protestant queen;  
We have had but the present, God bless her;  
Since our Edward the fourth,  
No brave prince of such worth,  
But William his valliant successor.

With a queen so devout,  
And a people so stout,  
A parliament that will supply 'em,  
A cause that is right,  
And a king that will fight,  
Our enemies all we defy 'em.





## A S O N G.

S M O O T H was the water, calm the air,  
 The evening-sun depreſs'd,  
 Lawyers diſmiſs'd the noiſy bar,  
 The labourer at reſt.

When Srephon with his charming fair  
 Croſs'd the proud river Thames,  
 And to a garden did repair  
 To quench their mutual flames.

The crafty waiter ſoon eſpy'd  
 Youth ſparkling in her eyes:  
 He brought no ham, nor neat-tongues dry'd,  
 But cream and ſtrawberries.

The am'rous Stephon aſk'd the maid,  
 What's whiter than this cream?  
 She bluſh'd, and could not tell, ſhe ſaid:  
 Thy teeth, my pretty lamb.

What's redder than theſe berries are?  
 I know not, ſhe reply'd.  
 Thoſe lips which I'll no longer ſpare,  
 The burning ſhepherd cry'd.

And

And straight began to hug her :  
 This kiss, my dear,  
 Is sweeter far  
 Than strawberries, cream and sugar.

---

## A S O N G.

**H**EARS not my Phillis how the birds  
 Their feather'd mates salute ?  
 They tell their passion in their words ;  
 Must I alone be mute ?  
 Phillis, without frown or fume,  
 Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes  
 Does like a tyrant reign  
 But in thy heart a child he lyes,  
 Without his dart or flame.  
 Phillis, without, &c.

So many months in silence pass,  
 And yet in raging love,  
 Might well deserve one word at last  
 My passion shou'd approve.  
 Phillis, without, &c.

Must then your faithful swain expire,  
 And not one look obtain,  
 Which he, to sooth his fond desire,  
 Might pleasingly explain?  
 Phillis, without, &c.

---

*Advice to the OLD BEAUX.*

**S**CRAP E no more your harmless chins,  
 Old beaux, in hopes, in hopes to please :  
 You shou'd repent your former fins,  
 Not study their increase,  
 Young awkward fops may shock our sight,  
 But you offend both day and night.

In vain the coachman turns about,  
 And whips the dappl'd greys -  
 When the old ogler looks out,  
 We turn away our face.  
 True love and youth will ever charm,  
 But both affected cannot warm.

Summer fruits we highly prize,  
 They kindly cool the blood :  
 But winter berries we despise,  
 And leave 'em in the wood ,  
 On the bush they may look well,  
 But, gather'd, lose both taste and smell.

That

That you languish, that you die,  
 Alas ! is but too true :  
 Yet tax not us with cruelty,  
 Who daily pity you.  
 Nature henceforth alone accuse ;  
 In vain we grant if she refuse .

---

A S O N G.

**W**HEN first Pastora came to town,  
 The fresh desire of ev'ry heart,  
 Her innocence so fenc'd her own,  
 She laugh'd at Cupid and his dart,  
  
 Her looks might all the world inflame,  
 Themselves yet cold as freezing snow :  
 Which the bold hand that thinks to tame,  
 Soon with unusual heat will glow.  
  
 As when a comet does appear,  
 We stars and moon no more respect :  
 So while Pastora gilds our sphere,  
 All former beauties we neglect .



*A Ballad to the Tune of BATEMAN.*

YOU gallants all that love good wine,  
 For shame your lives amend,  
 With strangers go to church or dine,  
 But drink with an old friend.

For with him ~~tippling~~, all the night,  
 You kiss, hug, and embrace;  
 Whereas a stranger at first sight  
 May kill you on the place.

There was a rich old usurer,  
 A gallant son he had;  
 Who slew an ancient barrister,  
 Like a true mettled lad.

All in that very house where saint  
 Holds devil by the nose,  
 These drunkards met to roar and rant,  
 But quarrell'd in the close.

The glass flew chearfully about,  
 And drunken chat went on;  
 Which troops had fail'd, and which were stout;  
 When Namure wou'd be won.

A learned lawyer at the last,  
 No tory, as I'm told,  
 Began to talk of tyrants past,  
 In words both sharp and bold.

He touch'd a little on our times,  
 Defin'd the pow'r of kings,  
 What were their virtues, what their crimes,  
 And many dang'rous things.

A stranger that sat silent by,  
 And scarce knew what he meant,  
 O'ercome with wine and loyalty,  
 Did thus his passion vent :

I cannot bear the least ill word  
 That lessens any king ;  
 And the bold man shall feel my sword ;  
 At that their friends stepp'd in.

The quarrel seem'd a while compos'd,  
 And many healths there pass'd,  
 But one to blood was ill dispos'd,  
 As it appear'd at last.

The counsellor was walking home  
 Sober, as he was wont,  
 The young man after him did come,  
 With sword that was not blunt.

I suddenly must cross the seas,  
 To get myself a name,  
 For in love's camp no man can rise,  
 Who is unknown to fame.

---

## A S O N G.

PHILLIS is my only joy,  
 Faithless as the winds or seas.  
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,  
 Yet she never fails to please.  
     If with a frown  
     I'm cast down,  
     Phyllis smiling,  
     And beguiling,  
 Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas ! too late I find  
 Nothing can her rancy fix :  
 Yet the moment she is kind,  
 I forgive her all her tricks :  
     Which, tho' I see,  
     I can't get free .  
     She deceiving,  
     I believing  
 What need lovers wish for more ?

## A DIALOGUE.

MARS.

CUPID, I hear thou hast improv'd  
Thy little art of war -  
Old men conceit they may be lov'd,  
And cripples win the fair,

Falſe powder'd beaux at diſtance kill,  
And ev'ry fop writes ſongs,  
Muſic employs her utmoſt ſkill,  
And to thy camp belongs.

CUPID.

Great god of war, why ſhould not I  
As well as you advance,  
And by new ways make lovers die,  
While you bomb towns in France.

William and Lewis are your pride,  
Belle Dives, and Stowel mine,  
Whoſe batteries men can leſs abide  
Than thoſe upon the Rhine.





*To COSCUS, Lib. 9. Epig. 72.*

**O** TIMES! O manners! Cicero cry'd out,  
 But 'twas when enrag'd Cataline conspir'd  
 To burn the city, and to cut the throat  
 Of half the senate, had his ruffians hur'd :

When son and father did the world divide,  
 And Rome for tyrants, not for empire, fought :  
 When slaughter'd citizens on either side  
 Cover'd that earth her early valour bought.

Of times and men why dost thou now complain?  
 What is it, Cocus, that offends thee, say?  
 Our laws the license of the sword restrain.  
 And our prince wills that his arm'd troops obey :

His reign, success, freedom and plenty crown,  
 Blame not our manners then, but mend thy own.

---

*To the KING, on his BIRTH-DAY.*

**B**EHOLD the happy day again,  
 Distinguish'd by the joy in ev'ry face ;  
 This day great William's life began,  
 Soul of our war and guardian of our peace.

Of three afflicted realms the choice,  
 When on the furious waves of faction tofs'd,  
 They all cry'd out as with one voice,  
 Save us heroick prince, or we are lost.

So in the gen'ral deluge met  
 Beasts of all kinds, whom nature had made foes :  
 They did their mutual heat forget,  
 And the blest ark for sacred refuge chose.

Part of thy time and of thy care,  
 Thy native country claims and cannot want.  
 But we one moment cannot spare,  
 (Tho' it be due) without a kind complaint.

The sun who flies around the earth,<sup>4</sup>  
 Painting the face of nature where he shines,  
 Giving the fruit and flow'rs new birth,  
 Rip'ning for us rich spice and noblest wines,

Permits we shou'd his absence mourn,  
 Tho' for our good, like thee, abroad employ'd,  
 And that we welcome his return,  
 As if too long by distant climes enjoy'd.

Hail, glorious king ! ~~fill all the mouths of fame,~~  
 Virtue like thine will ~~surcease~~ <sup>surcease</sup> envy tame  
 And may thy life be lasting as thy name. }

To L I B E R.

**L**IBER, thou joy of all thy friends,  
 Worthy to live in endless pleasure  
 While knaves and fools pursue their ends,  
 Let mirth and freedom be thy treasure.

Be still well dress'd as now thou art,  
 Gay and on charming objects thinking :  
 Let easy beauty warm thy heart,  
 And fill thy bed when thou leav'st drinking.

Delay no pressing appetite,  
 And sometimes stir up lazy nature  
 Of age the envious censure slight  
 What pleasure's made of 'tis no matter.

He that lives so but to his prime,  
 Wisely doubles his short time.

*Out of* LYCROPHON.

**W**HAT shall become of man so wise,  
 When he dies ?  
 None can tell  
 Whether he goes to heav'n or hell .  
 Or after a few moments dear,  
 He disappear,  
 And at last,  
 Perish entirely like a beast :

But women, wine and mirth we know  
Are all the joys he has below :  
Let us then ply those joys we have,  
'Tis vain to think beyond the grave .

Out of our reach the gods have laid  
Of time to come th' event,  
And laugh to see the fools afraid,  
Of what the knaves invent.

---

## SONG A-LA-MODE.

O'E'R the desert, cross the meadows,  
Hunters blew the merry horn ;  
Phœbus chas'd the flying shadows :  
Echo, she reply'd, in scorn ; '  
Still adoring,  
And deploring,  
Why must Thirsis lose his life ?

Rivers murmur'd from their fountains,  
Acorns dropping from their oaks,  
Fawns come tripping o'er the mountains,  
Fishes bit the naked hooks  
Still admiring,  
And detring  
When shall Phillis be a wife.

*On Don ALONZO, who was cut in pieces for making Love  
to the Infanta of PORTUGAL.*

HOW cruel was Alonzo's fate,  
To fix his love so high,  
That he must perish by her hate,  
Or by her kindness die.

Tortur'd and mangled, cut and maim'd,  
If he triumph'd o'er his pain,  
And with his dying breath proclaim'd,  
'Twas better than disdain.

The gentle nymph, long since design'd  
For the proud monsieur's bed,  
Now to a holy jail confin'd,  
Drops tears with ev'ry bead.

Tell me, ye gods, if where a king  
Suffers for impotence,  
True love be such a fatal thing,  
What can be innocence?



A S O N G.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows  
Are to thy fortune paid -  
Alas' my heart he little knows  
Who thinks my love a trade.

Weie I of all these woods the lord,  
One berry from thy hand  
More real pleasure would afford,  
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live  
On what the nicest maid, '  
Without a conscious blush, may give  
Beneath the myrtle-shade.

A S O N G.

SEE' Hymen comes; how his torch blazes!  
Looser loves, how dim they burn:  
No pleasures equal chaste embraces,  
When we love for love return.

When fortune makes the match he rages,  
And forfakes th' unequal pair  
But when love two hearts engages,  
The kind god is ever there.

Regard not then high blood nor riches,  
You that would his blessings have,  
Let untaught love guide all your wishes,  
Hymen shou'd be Cupid's slave.

Young virgins that yet bear your passions  
Coldly as the flint its fire,  
Offer to Hymen your devotions,  
He will warm you with desire.

Young men, no more neglect your duty  
To the God of nuptial vows.  
Pay your long arrears to beauty,  
As his chaster law allows.

---

*On a Cock at ROCHESTER.*

**T**HOU cursed cock, with thy perpetual noise,  
May'st thou be capon made, and lose thy voice,  
Or on a dunghil may'st thou spend thy blood,  
And vermin prey upon thy craven brood,  
May rivals tread thy hens before thy face,  
Then with redoubled courage give thee chace;  
May'st thou be punish'd for St Peter's crime,  
And on shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime  
May thy bruic'd carcase be some beggar's feast,  
Thou first and worst disturber of man's rest.

*Out of FRENCH.*

DEAR friend, I fear my heart will break,  
 In t'other world I scarce believe,  
 In this I little pleasure take:  
 That my whole grief thou may'st conceive;

Cou'd not I drink more than I whore,  
 By heav'n I wou'd not live an hour.

*Upon the AUTHOR of the Satire against WIT.*

A GRAVE Physician us'd to write for fees,  
 And spoil no paper but with recipes,  
 Is now turn'd poet, rails against all wit,  
 Except that little found among the great;  
 As if he thought true wit and sense were ty'd  
 To men in place, like avarice or pride.  
 But in their praise so like a quack he talks,  
 You'd swear he wanted for his Christmas-box.  
 With mangled names old stories he pollutes,  
 And to the present time past actions suits;  
 Amaz'd we find in ev'ry page he writes,  
 Members of parliament with Arthur's knights.  
 It is a common pastime to write ill,  
 And, doctor, with the rest e'en take thy fill;  
 Thy satire's harmless, 'Tis thy prose that kills,  
 When thou pre'scrib'st thy potions and thy pills.  
 Go on, brave doctor, a third volume write,  
 And find us paper while you make us sh---



*The DOCTOR and his PATIENTS.*

**T**HERE was a prudent grave phyfician,  
Careful of patients as you'd wifh one ,  
Much good he did with purge and glifter,  
And well he knew to raife a blister;  
Many he cur'd, and more he wou'd  
By vomit, flux, and letting blood;  
But ftill his patients came again,  
And moft of their old ills complain .  
The drunkards drank, and fpoil'd their liver :  
Beaux ply'd the fmock as much as ever,  
And got the high venereal fever .  
The glutton cram'd at noon and fupper,  
And doubled both his paunch and cupper  
One day he call'd 'em all together,  
And, one by one, he ask'd 'em whether  
It were not better by good diet,  
To keep their blood and humours quiet :  
With toaft and ale to cool their brains,  
Than nightly fire 'em with champagnes :  
To fup fometimes on water gruel,  
Than drink themfelves into a duel .  
To change their lewd for fober lives,  
And rotten whore for fonder wives ?  
They all agreed that his advice  
Was honeft, wholefome, grave and wife ;  
But not one man wou'd quit his vice :  
For, after all his vain attacks,  
They rofe and din'd well at Pontack's.

*The MORAL.*

“ The wife may preach and fat’rists rail,  
 “ Custom and nature will prevail.”

---

## A PROLOGUE.

SINCE glorious Dryden has withdrawn his light,  
 Some glimm’ing stars relieve our gloomy night.  
 Poets of different magnitude advance,  
 In humble confidence of song and dance.  
 Ballon and tumblers please, tho’ poets fail :  
 At a strong back she-critics never rail.  
 When a good place is void we all pretend,  
 Some on their merit, some on their purse depend :  
 Our friend can boast of neither, yet his play  
 He hopes at least may live out his third day :  
 Adorn him with one sprig, like Christmas brawn,  
 His farther plea to bays shall be withdrawn.  
 In courts of law under delays we groan,  
 But here our poets are too soon undone  
 Plays are half seen, half heard, less understood,  
 When the dead warrant issues from the crowd :  
 Some are so void of wit they’ll resist none :  
 Others again like nothing but their own :  
 Tho’ outwardly they seem to carry’t fair,  
 The wits are always in a state of war.

This play's so chaste, so void of Pagan wit,  
 It might have been by a reformer writ  
 Fops, beaux and parsons shall this night be safe,  
 We bring the other sex to make you laugh.

---

*The* P E T I T I O N .

**O**H ' Lycidas, why thus alone,  
 With arms across, doth sigh and moan ?  
 Can thy Cosmelia prove unkind,  
 Or ought prevail to change her mind ?  
 She was, she is great nature's pride,  
 In goodness to the best ally'd  
 In her bright eyes such beauties shine,  
 Mercy would make her all divine.  
 O ' ye propitious pow'rs above,  
 That gently do incline to love,  
 Convey into her breast soft fire,  
 Am'rous thoughts and kind desire :  
 But, if it be decreed by fate,  
 That I must love and she must hate ;  
 Ah ' let not her disdain to give  
 A tear when I no longer live.



*Against his MISTRESS's Cruelty.*

## I.

LOVE, how unequal are thy laws,  
That men who least endeavour  
Thou favour'st, and neglect'st the cause  
Of those that most persevere.

## II.

What careless lovers have been blest,  
Untouch'd with grief and anguish,  
Since cruel Silvia charm'd my breast,  
Unmov'd to see me languish !

## III.

I find my fatal error now  
In thinking e'er to move her,  
Too great the difficulty grew  
For any mortal lover.

## IV.

But what advantage can it bring  
That I at last perceive it ?  
'Twas rash to undertake the thing,  
And is too late to leave it.

## ADVICE to LOVERS.

## I.

**D**AMON, if thou wilt believe me,  
'Tis not fighting round the plain,  
Songs and sonnets can't relieve thee,  
Faint attempts in love are vain.

## II.

Urge but home the fair occasion,  
And be master of the field;  
To a pow'rtul kind invasion  
'Tis a madness not to yield.

## III.

Love gives out a large commission,  
Still indulgent to the brave;  
But one sign of large omission  
Never woman yet forgave.

## IV.

Though she swears she'll ne'er permit you,  
Cries you're rude and much to blame,  
Or with tears implores your pity,  
Be not merciful for shame.

When

## V.

When the fierce assault is over,  
Cloris soon enough may find  
This her cruel furious lover  
Much more gentle, not so kind.

---

*The ROYAL KNOTTER.*

## I.

AH ! happy people, you must thrive,  
Whilst thus the royal pair does strive  
Both to advance your glory ;  
While he (by's valour) conquers France,  
She manufacturers does advance,  
And makes thread-fringes for ye.

## II.

Bless'd we ! who from such queens are freed,  
Who, by vain superstition led,  
Are always telling beads ;  
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,  
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,  
Is always knotting threads.

Then,

## III.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,  
 And when thy summer show is past,  
 Let all thy trumpets sound  
 The fringe which this campaign has wrought,  
 Tho't cost the nation scarce a great,  
 Thy conquests will surround.

---

## ON FRUITION.

**N**ONE but a muse in love can tell  
 The sweet tumult'ous joys I feel,  
 When on Cælia's breast I lie,  
 When I tremble, faint, and die;  
 Mingling kisses with embraces,  
 Darting tongues, and joining faces,  
 Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,  
 All in the extasy of doing.

---

*On a Lady that did not love APPLES.*

**H**APPY our race and blessed all mankind,  
 Had but Eve's palate been like yours refin'd,  
 Nor meanly stoop'd, while in her nature's pride,  
 To taste the poorest fruit that heav'n deny'd.  
 But nought tempts woman more than a restraint,  
 Access deny, and straight on that they're bent:

And

And, had your coyness in her place been found,  
 The devil had strove in vain to give the wound.  
 Tho' cast his serpent's skin to be more fair,  
 Tho' dress'd like beau, and courted with an air,  
 For where man fails, the devil must sure despair.  
 In vain he'd strove your virgin heart to storm,  
 We'd all been sav'd had you her part perform'd.  
 But, since long time will not that change allow,  
 Be but a second Eve, and save us now.

---

*On the Happy CORYDON and PHILLIS.*

**Y**OUNG Corydon and Phillis  
 Sat in a lovely grove,  
 Contriving crowns of lillies,  
 Repeating tales of love,  
 And something else but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a playing,  
 She ogled so the swain,  
 It sav'd her plainly saying,  
 Let's kifs to ease our pain,  
 And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kifs'd her,  
 Laying her on the green;  
 But, as he further prefs'd her,  
 A pretty leg was seen,  
 And something else, &c.



So many beauties viewing,  
His ardour still increas'd,  
And, greater joys pursuing,  
He wander'd o'er her breast,  
And something else, &c.

A last effort she trying  
His passion to withstand,  
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,  
Pray take away your hand,  
And something else, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,  
The minutes wou'd improve,  
This is the time, he told her,  
To shew you how I love,  
And something else, &c.

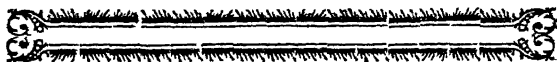
The nymph seem'd almost dying,  
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat,  
She kiss'd, and told him, sighing,  
My dear your love is great,  
And something else, &c.

But Phillis did recover  
Much sooner than the swain,  
She, blushing, ask'd her love  
Shall we not kiss again,  
And something else, &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,  
Till nature at a stand,  
From talk they fell to sleeping,  
Holding each other's hand,  
And something else but what I dare not name.



EPIGRAMS:



# EPIGRAMS:

O R,

## COURT CHARACTERS.

*Carmina viæ placeant Romæ si displicet author doctæ  
premit livor, stulta favore vigent.*

To MAXIMINA, Lib. 2. Ep. 41.

OVID, who bid the ladies laugh,  
Spoke only to the young and fair ·  
For thee his council were not safe,  
Who of sound teeth has scarce a pair :

If thou thy glass or me believe,  
Shun mirth as foppings do the wind :  
At Durfy's farce affect to grieve ·  
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak

Speak not, tho't were to give consent,  
 For he that sees these rotten bones,  
 Will dread their monumental icent,  
 And fly thy sighs like dying groans.

If thou art wise see dismal plays,  
 And to sad stories lend thy ear.  
 With the afflicted spend thy days,  
 And laugh not above once a year.

*To* SEXTUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 55.*

I OFFER love, but thou respect wilt have:  
 Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave:  
 But now I can be no man's friend and slave.

*To* NISUS.

HOW shall we please this age? if in a song  
 We put above fix lines, they count it long;  
 If we contract it to an epigram,  
 As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn;  
 If we write plays, few see above an act,  
 And those lewd masks or noisy fops distract.  
 Let us write satire then, and, at our ease,  
 Vex th' ill natur'd fools we cannot please.

To CLASSICUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 69*

W H E N thou art ask'd to sup abroad,  
 Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd;  
 That eating late does overload  
 The stomach and opprefs the mind;

But if Appicious makes a treat,  
 The flend'rest fummons thou obey'st,  
 No child is greedier of the teat,  
 Than thou art of the bounteous feast.

There thou wilt drink till ev'ry star  
 Be swallow'd by the rising sun.  
 Such charms hath wine we pay not for,  
 And mirth at others charge begun.

Who skuns his club yet flies to ev'ry treat,  
 Does not a supper but a reck'ning hate.

---

To SEXTUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 38.*

W H A T bufiness, or what hope brings thee to town,  
 Who canst not pimp, nor cheat, nor swear, nor lie?  
 This place will nourish no fuch idle drone,  
 Hence in remoter parts thy fortune try.

But

But thou hast courage, honesty and wit,  
 And one, or all these three, will give thee bread:  
 The malice of this town thou know'st not yet,  
 Wit is a good diversion but base trade,

Cowards will for thy courage call thee bully,  
 Till all, like Thrafo's, thy acquaintance shun;  
 Rogues call thee for thy honesty a cully  
 Yet this is all thou hast to live upon.

Friend, three such virtues Audley had undone;  
 Be wise, and, e'er th'art in a goal, be gone.  
 Of all that starving crew we saw to-day,  
 None but has kill'd his man, or writ his play,

To POSTHUMUS, *Lib. 4. Ep. 12.*

**T**HAT thou dost Casho breathe, and foreign gums;  
 Enough to put my mistress into fits,  
 Tho' Rome thy hair, and Spain thy gloves perfumes,  
 Few like, but all suspect those borrow'd sweets:

The gifts of various nature come and go,  
 He that smells always well does never so.



## To C Æ V A.

**I**F, Cæva, for more friends thou care,  
 Which thy great merit cannot want,  
 For me an humble place prepare,  
 That I am new make no complaint.

Thy dearest friends were strangers once like me,  
 Like them, in time, I an old friend may be,  
 If thou no want of friendly virtues see.

}

## To S E R T O R I U S.

**I**F thou dost want a horse thou buy'st a score,  
 Or if a pipe of wine thou'lt have a tun,  
 Swords, belts, or hats, does any cheat bring o'er,  
 At his own rate thou wilt have all or none.

Whilst out of wantonness thou buy'st so fast,  
 Out of meer want thou wilt sell all at last.

## To C L O E.

**L**EAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful drefs,  
 And nature's fairing honesty contends,  
 Double we see those faults which art wou'd mend,  
 Plain downright ugliness wou'd less offend.

To CANIDIUS.

**T**HOU strutt'st as if thou wert the only lord,  
 When we all know of such there is an house,  
 Where I might fit cou'd I the price afford,  
 And Child has now three earldoms out at use.

High expectation does attend good feed,  
 Yet none will buy a known jade for his breed,  
 Boast not too much thy mighty pedigree,  
 Were they alive they'd be asham'd of thee.

---

To SEPTIMIUS.

**T**HRO' servile flatt'ry thou dost all commend.  
 Who cares to please where no man can offend.

---

To FLAVIUS.

**T**HOU quibblest well, hast craft and industry,  
 Flatter'st great men, laughs at their enemies,  
 Rally'st the absent, art a pretty spy,  
 Yet for all this in court thou dost not rise;

Thou play'st thy court-game booty I'm afraid  
 Th'ast promis'd marriage when thy fortune's made,  
 And so thou dar'st not thrive upon thy trade.

}



*To CANDIDUS, Lib. 2. Ep. 43.*

**A**L L things are common amongst friends, thou say'st ;

This is thy morning and thy evening song,  
Thou in rich point and Indian-silk art dress'd,  
Six foreign steeds to thy calash belong,

Whil'st by my clothes the ragman scarce wou'd gain ,  
And an uneasy hackney jolts my sides ;  
A cloak embroider'd intercepts thy rain,  
A worsted camblet my torn breeches hides ;

Turbots and mullets thy large dishes hold,  
In mine a solitary whiting lies ;  
Thy train might fire the impotent and old,  
Whilst my poor hand a gammede supplies

For an old wanting friend thou'lt nothing do,  
Yet all is common among friends we know ,  
Nothing so common as to use 'em so. }

*To GAURUS, Lib. 2. Ep. 89.*

**T**H A T thou dost shorten thy long nights with wine,  
We all forgive thee for so Cato did ;

That thou writ'st poems without one good line,  
Tully's example may that weakness hide ,

Thou art a cuckold, so great Cæsar was  
Ear'st till thou spew'st, Antonius did the same :  
That thou lov'st whores, Jove loves a bucksome lass :  
But that th'art whipp'd is thy peculiar shame.

To THRASO.

WHILST thou fitt'st drinking up thy loyalty,  
 And rail'st at laws thou dost not understand,  
 Ador'st the ministers who know not thee,  
 Sell'st thy long freedom for a short command,  
 The pow'r thou aim'st at if o'er thee one have,  
 In a rich coat th'art but a ranting slave.

---

On COSCUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 77.*

COSCUS, thou say'st my epigrams are long;  
 I'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale.  
 So thou may'st say the elephant's too strong,  
 A dwarf too short, the pyramid too tall

Things are not long where we can nothing spare;  
 But, Cofcus, ev'n thy disticks tedious are.

---

To BITHINICUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 12.*

THAT thy wife coughs all night and spits all day,  
 Already thou believ'st thy fortune made,  
 Her whole estate thou think'st thy sudden prey  
 She will not die, but wheedles like a jade.

To MAXIMUS, *Lib. 2. Ep. 53.*

**W**OULDST thou be free ? I fear thou art in jest .  
 But, if thou wou'dst, this is the only way,  
 Be no man's tavern nor domestick guest  
 Drink wholesome wine which thy own servants draw :

Of knavish Curio scorn the ill-got plate,  
 The num'rous servants, and the clogging throng .  
 With a few friends on fewer dishes eat,  
 And let thy clothes, like mine, be plain and strong .

Such friendships make as thou may'st keep with ease,  
 Great men expect what good men hate to pay  
 Be never thou thy self in pain to please,  
 But leave to fools and knaves th' uncertain prey.

Let thy expence with thy estate keep pace ,  
 Meddle with no man's business, scarce thy own  
 Contented pay for a plebeian face,  
 And leave vain fops the beauties of the town.

If to this pitch of virtue thou canst bring  
 Thy mind, th'rt fiercer than the Persian king



To JULIUS.

THOU fwear'st thou'lt drink no more kind heav'n  
 fend  
 Me such a cook or coachman, but no friend.

---

To FLAVIA.

WHEN to thy husband thou didst first refuse  
 The lawful pleasures of thy charming bed ·  
 Men did his pipe and pot and whores accuse ·  
 On his mere lewdness the whole fault we laid.

Into thy house thou took'st a deep divine,  
 And all thy neighbours flock'd to hear him preach  
 The cheated world did in thy praises join,  
 The wiser sort yet knew thy wanton reach.

From Sundays crowds thou didst thy gallants choose  
 And, when they fail'd thee, thy good doctor use.

---

To SERGIUS.

THOU'LT fight if any man call Thebe whore  
 That she is thine what can proclaim it more ?

*The* M A I D E N H E A D.

C L O R I S, the prettiest girl about the town,  
 Ask'd fifty guineas for her maidenhead,  
 I laugh'd, but Cascus paid the money down,  
 And the young wench did to his chamber lead.

This thrift my eager Catso did upbraid,  
 And wish'd that he had grown 'twixt Cascus thighs;  
 Get me but half what his got him, I said,  
 And to content thee I'll ne'er stick at price.

---

*To* Q U I N T U S

T H O U art an atheist, Quintus, and a wit,  
 Think'st all was of self-moving atoms made,  
 Religion only for the vulgar fit,  
 Priests rogues, and preaching their deceitful trade

Wilt drink, whore, fight, blaspheme, damn, curse and  
 swear

Why wilt thou swear by G —, if there be none?  
 And, if there be, thou shou'dst his vengeance fear  
 Methinks this huffing might be left alone,

'Tis thou art free, mankind besides a slave,  
 And yet a whore may lead thee by the nose,  
 A drunken bottle and a flatt'ring knave,  
 A mighty prince, slave to thy dear son's foes.

Thy lust, thy rage, ambition and thy pride,  
 He that serves G—— need nothing else beside.

---

*On ARRIA and POETUS*

WHEN ARRIA to her Poetus gave the steel,  
 Which from her bleeding side did newly part,  
 From my own wound, she said, no pain I feel  
 And yet thy wound will stab me to the heart.

---

*To M I L O.*

ONE month a lawyer, thou the next will be  
 A grave physician, and the third a priest:  
 Choose quickly one profession of the three,  
 Marry'd to her, thou yet may'st court the rest.

Whilst thou stand'st doubting Bradbury has got  
 Five thousand pounds, and Conquest as much more;  
 W—— is made B—— from a drunken sot  
 Leap in and stand not shiv'ring on the shore.

On any one amiss thou canst not fall,  
 Thou'lt end in nothing if thou grasp'st at all.

## To S A B I N U S.

**S**URLY and four thou dislike'st all mankind ;  
 But most thou hat'st the company thou'rt in ;  
 See'st all their faults, but to thy own art blind ;  
 Yet still thou cry'st, when shall we meet again ?

Thou canst not sit at home, what should'st thou read ?  
 For all are fools, thou know'st, that ever writ.  
 What should'st thou do abroad ? this age does breed  
 A sort of vermin, have not half their wit.

Thou hat'st the world, hate flesh and devil so,  
 And, for a blessed end, to Burnet's go ;  
 But, for thy mis'ry, thou'rt on atheist too.

}

## On P H R I N E.

**P**HRINE, as odious as youth well can be,  
 The daughter of a courtier in high place,  
 Met with a bugging maids that cou'd not see ;  
 His blindness she, and that excus'd her face.

Were she not ugly she wou'd him despise ,  
 Nor wou'd he marry her if he had eyes.  
 To their defects they're for the match in debt,  
 And, but for faults on both sides, ne'er had met.

## To BASSA.

**T**HAT I ne'er saw thee in a coach with man,  
 Nor thy chaste name in wanton satire met;  
 That from thy sex thy liking never ran,  
 So as to suffer a male-servant yet.

I thought thee the Lucretia of our time.  
 But, Bassa, thou the while a Tribas wert,  
 And clashing —, with a prodigious crime,  
 Didst act of man th'inimitable part.

What Oedipus this riddle can untie?  
 Without a male there was adultery.

---

## To SCILLA.

**S**TORM not, brave friend, that thou hast never yet  
 Mistress nor wife that others did not —,  
 But, like a Christian, pardon and forget,  
 For thy own pox will thy revenge contrive.

---

## On SEXTUS.

**W**HEN I had purchas'd a fresh whore or coat,  
 For which I knew not how to pay,  
 Sextus, that wretched covetous old sot,  
 My ancient friend, as he will say;



Left I shou'd borrow of him took great care,

And mutter'd to himself aloud,

So as he knew I cou'd not choose but hear,

How much he to Secundas ow'd ,

And twice as much he paid for interest,

Nor had one farthing in his trusty chest

If I had ask'd I knew he wou'd not lend ;

'Tis new, before-hand, to deny a friend.



A N T O N Y

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A :

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it was Acted at the Duke's THEATRE.

G 5



# P R O L O G U E.

*AS a brisk gallant dawning to his glass,*  
*Does here and there in nimble fleurets pass ;*  
*Likes every step, and wishes for a ball*  
*Where he at once may shew his parts to all*  
*So poets (with the like conceit) undone,*  
*Think that dull verse which pleas'd 'em when alone,*  
*Must have the like effect on the whole town.*  
*Our poet all such hopes of praise disclaims,*  
*Like a true lover of the sport he games,*  
*And to come off a saviour only aims.*  
*Did he affect to be esteem'd a wit,*  
*Like you, he'd take an easier way to it*  
*Write songs and prologues, shew 'em up and down,*  
*And tear applause from ev'ry fool in town ,*  
*Make love to wizar'ds in a wit-like noise,*  
*Dull in his sense, yet airy in his voice ,*  
*Catch at each line that grates, and keep ten good,*  
*With his damn'd noise, from being understood.*  
*'Tis well most wits have something of the mad,*  
*Or where should poets for the stage be had?*  
*Cripples may judge of vaulting, he well knows ;*  
*Cowards of courage , and of verse and prose*  
*They that know neither ; yet if too severe*  
*Damning those gifts of which they have no share,*  
*Their envy more than judgment will appear.*  
*He none exempts, no not his enemies ,*  
*For those he hopes his friends will counterpoise*  
*And, spite of faction on both sides, he knows*  
*There is an honest party in this house.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Cæsar,  
Agrippa,  
Mecænas,  
Lucilius, *a Roman,*  
Thyreus,

Mr SMITH.  
Mr. JEVON.  
Mr. HARRIS.  
Mr. NORRIS.  
Mr. CROSBY.

Antony,  
Canidius, *his General,*  
Photinus,  
Memnon, } *Two Egyptian*  
Chilax, } *Lords.*

Mr. BETTERTON.  
Mr. MEDBURN.  
Mr. SANDFORD.  
Mr. PERCIVALL.  
Mr GILLOW.

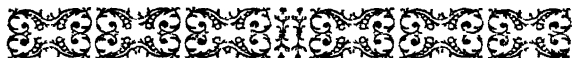
### W O M E N

Cleopatra,  
Octavia,  
Iras,  
Charmion,

Mrs. MARY LEE.  
Mrs. BETTERTON.  
Mrs GIEBS.  
Mrs. HUGHES.

Guards, Messengers, Villains, Soldiers and Attendants,  
Men and Women.

ANTONY



A N T O N Y  
A N D  
C L E O P A T R A.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Cæsar's Tents.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS.*

*Cæsar.* O U R arms an easy victory have found  
Over a foe in love and pleasure down'd.

*Agrip.* I'm pleas'd we have Antonius subdu'd;  
Yet rage to think a Roman was pursu'd  
Our souls did once our conquer'd bodies loath,  
And seldom did one world contain 'em both.  
Yet now by hopes we're flatter'd to live on,  
And with the common herd of mankind run,  
Crouching to fate, which we by death might shun.

*Cæs.* His army's yet entire, and on the shore;  
No troops so far the Roman eagle bore.  
Armenian kings they have in triumph led,  
And Parthian blood in ten set battles shed.  
Their general to the last they will defend.

*Mecæn.* None can defend those who themselves  
betray.

He with his queen again will run away,  
And leave 'em fighting as he did at sea.

*Agrip.*

*Agrip.* Remember, Sir, the joy the world express'd,  
 When threatening wars and mischiefs you redress'd  
 With a late peace which an alliance ty'd,  
 And your fair sister made Antonius' bride  
 The like again you to the world may give,  
 If you content with half of it can live

*Cæs.* Against all strokes or rate who can prepare  
 That match is half the occasion of this war.

To him I did my dear Octavia give,  
 That, Rome in peace, she might in empire live;  
 That to one emperor by blood ally'd,  
 And to the other by her marriage ty'd,  
 She might all growing jealousy remove,  
 And be herself the bond of lasting love  
 But see th'unblest event, Antonius flights  
 That tie which ev'n enemies unites,  
 And more than drunk with Cleopatra's charms,  
 He scorns both Roman love and Roman arms

*Agrip.* Love of our country and its interest,  
 Is the true passion of a Roman breast  
 All other are usurpers——

*Cæs.* 'Tis most true,  
 Yet this vile flame he never will subdue,  
 Which, spite of time and of enjoyment, lives,  
 And of its bane miraculously thrives.  
 He thinks his life depends upon her eye,  
 As that of plants does on the sun rely  
 The ignorant are learn'd, if she think so,  
 And cowards even Hercules out-do.  
 At her request he provinces bestows,  
 And no man's worth but by her stamp he knows.  
 Whilst my Octavia leads a step-dame's life,  
 And tends the children of his former wife,  
 Ungrac'd, without authority or sway

*Mecæn.* The wrongs of that fair princess, Sir, are great  
 And rage in all but in herself create.  
 What hers forgives our virtue shou'd chastise;  
 Mortals revenge the blasphem'd deities,  
 And strait the impious wretch in pieces tear,  
 Whom heav'n in clemency wou'd long forbear.

From

From equal pow'r how can you be secure ?  
And less Antonius never will endure.

*Agrip.* Antonius worsted will no league refuse,  
And give in peace what battle could not lose.  
He may Octavia receive again,  
And in his bed and empire make her reign.

*Mecæn.* Men leagues and peace in their distress  
embrace,

But keep 'em only till affairs change face.  
Ambition's never safe till pow'r be past,  
As men till impotent are seldom chaste  
Follow the blow, and doubt not the success,  
But fortune for her utmost favours press.  
On petty kings your trifling conquests make,  
Antonius brings you here an equal stake ;  
The world to be divided at one blow,  
And fate already has declar'd for you.

*Agrip.* Men that have once an equal pow'r enjoy'd,  
May see the ballance chang'd, but not destroy'd.  
He that is lessen'd to a slave's degree,  
Still conscious of the first equality,  
Must hate the other and himself much more.  
Who ever saw a captive emperor ?  
With honour treat and yield perhaps he may,  
But he can never like a slave obey.

*Cæj.* Peace we will offer that he may refuse,  
And the whole world his bloody mind accuse.  
Thyreus knows the queen him I will send,  
Charge him that strait he in my tent attend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter MEMNON and CHILAX, two Egyptian lords.*

*Memn.* Was ever queen like Cleopatra curs'd ?  
Of Egypt's monsters sure he loves the worst.  
Where is that falsehood does the sex pursue,  
Or are they only to then run true ?  
I said Antonius might have laid the scene  
Of war and rapine farther from the queen,

That



That our weak state shou'd to the victor bow,  
And humbly the degrees of fate al'ow.  
She tells it him, and I must be displac'd.

*Chil.* 'Tis hard men for their love shou'd be disgrac'd.

*Menn.* No man may now his bleeding country mourn,  
Romans our lords, and we their slaves were born

*Chil.* The times our honest counsels cannot bear,  
And men their thoughts must in disguises wear.

*Menn.* Let women and their pualites seek to please ;  
Physicians shou'd not flatter the disease.

Her dang'rous state 'tis treason to conceal,  
Which nothing but Antonius' death can heal.

*Chil.* 'Tis a rough medicine she'll never use,  
And fatal were th' advice should she refuse  
We know his interest does her council sway.

*Menn.* We this advice must privately convey,  
Make her believe Octavius loves her too  
On that she will an easy faith bestow,  
And in that hope what is't she may not do ?

*Chil.* 'Twere all in vain, and we our lives should  
lose,

Tamely and vilely laugh'd at by our foes ·  
Be thieves and rogues to execution led,  
Let us die warm and at an army's head.  
The Romans will not ever be thus strong ;  
Thousands as well as we for changes long.

*Menn.* Let's silent wait the opportunity,  
And by main force expel their tyranny.

*Chil.* I love my queen, and to rebel am loath.

*Menn.* I would but free her from Anton us' pow'r ,  
And, that once done, lay down my arms next hour.

*Chil.* Let us some plot against his life devise  
He's not our prince, for public good he dies,  
And for our country falls a sacrifice  
But see he comes, and, for our late disgrace,  
His conscious virtue raging in his face.

*Enter* ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, PHOTINUS.

*Ant* How slippery is the top of human state,  
And on exalted heads what tempests beat ?  
Whom Jove will ruin he makes deaf and blind,  
So that they hug th' ill fate he has design'd,  
I else could never have bold Roman fwords  
Crowded and throng'd within these floating boards.  
Ships whom the winds more than their plots sway ;  
Where eager courage for a wave must stay ,  
The valiant cannot board nor coward fly,  
But at the lust of the inconstant sky.  
At land, my Romans —

*Can* Sir, they bravely fought ,  
Tho' rude in ships and sea affairs untaught.  
Six hours they did in doubtful fight maintain,  
Deserted by your base Egyptian train,  
And by yourself, if I may be so plain. }

*Ant.* Thy just reproach has rous'd my lion-heart,  
Nor am I angry at the friendly smart.  
I fled, Canidius, basely run away,  
And fought for empire below those for pay. }  
Of my new shame too much thou canst not say.

*Can* They who by ships would such a cause decide,  
Did not for conquest but for flight provide.  
Pardon me, Sir, my bluntness must go on ;  
By barb'rous tears and counsels you're undone.

*Phot* We in neutrality secure might wait,  
And calmly expect an emp'ror from the fate .  
But in your quarrel half our fleet we lost,  
Led by that Roman courage which you boast.

*Menn* Our ships with a promiscuous crowd were  
fill'd,  
Neither in battle nor in sailing skill'd  
Reapers and ploughmen half near tugg'd an oar,  
Nor saw the foaming sea but from the shore.  
Must we be ruin'd and despis'd at last ?

*Canid.* Did we by land a victory forego,  
That a vain queen might a rich galley show ?  
My legions——

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Canidius, no more.

I know they stood impatient on the shore -  
Nineteen such legions as might fate controul,  
And fortune's wheel at their own pleasure roll.

*Can.* A lo's at sea let trading nations mourn,  
Victorious Romans to land-conquest born  
Trophies at sea as much as gain despise,  
Of which an island is the highest prize.  
The trembling world did to the victor yield,  
Crown'd with the laurels of Pharsalia's field.

*Chil.* Since we have lost 'tis well the gain was small,  
One lucky blow at land recovers all.

*Pbot.* Th'enemy is already at our walls,  
And our distress for sudden counsel calls.  
Our queen amazed at the siege appears.

*Ant.* But yet her love is stronger than her fears,  
Her country she has made the seat of war,  
'Tis just her safety be our earnest care  
I will her guard within these walls remain,  
And 'gainst the angry gods her cause maintain.  
Whilst you, Canidius, to your regions hie,  
Sight our defeat, then loyal hearts make fast  
To our just cause our enemies despise,  
And for my absence some excuse devise.

*Can.* Sir, I am blunt, unknowing to deceive,  
I'll say you cannot Cleopatra leave.  
That you in her defence alone can fight,  
And, blest in love, the Roman empire flight.

*Ant.* What shall I do? Shall I my queen forsake,  
And not her danger I create partake?  
Cæsar this night may Alexandria storm,  
And all that rage or lust instruct perform.  
Her beauty may the conqueror disarm,  
And his success and love that beauty charm.  
Her subjects, weary of the wars, may rise,  
And make her blood the common sacrifice.

*Memn.* They say their queen, in policy of state,  
Shou'd buy her country's peace at any rate.

*Ant.* They say! who says? Memnon you fain wou'd  
vent

In others names your private discontent.

I see a sudden fierceness in your brow

Which you wou'd put in act if you knew how.

*Menn.* Sir, I am known to love my country well.

*Ant.* So they say all that purpose to rebel

*Cl.* Some with your head would young Octavius  
greet,

And on those bloody terms a peace complete

Under such politicians Pompey sell,

With tumults back'd what may they not compel?

*Ant.* How small they toes who cannot tumults  
quell

The giddy multitude we must not fear,

But what we once resolve on make 'em bear.

*Menn.* 'Tis ill to discontent whom we must use,

And men fight best when they their party choose.

*Ant.* 'Tis chosen for 'em by their sovereign,

And 'tis sedition in them to complain.

Maxims too popular you still maintain.

*Menn.* Sir, my plain speech does no design contain;

'Tis the meer issue of my heart and brain

It it offend—

*Ant.* It does, be gone,

Nor will I learn of you what's to be done. (*Exit.*)

When things go ill each fool presumes to advise,

And, if more happy, thinks himself more wise.

All wretchedly deplore the present state,

And that advice seems best which comes too late.

*Phot.* You lose yourself in rage and have forgot:

Amintas, Deotrus—and the rout

Of vulgar kings have meanly turn'd about.

*Canid.* Pelusium by Seleucus is betray'd.

Some say the queen did his revolt persuade.

*Ant.* Monster! such horrid blasphemy to bear;

Both were his own, his falsehood and the fear

*Can.* Sir, I but speak the language of the world.

*Ant.* Henceforth be ever dumb that world and thou

It cannot, must not, nor it shan't be so.

*Can.* Nay, if it shan't, I have no more to say.

*Ant.* Aside all passion and all heat I'll lay,

And

And coolly argue what can be her end  
There to betray whom she does here defend.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, with SE-  
LEUCUS's young son, Egyptians*

But see, the queen heart ! but this once stand fast—  
*(Aside)*

And I'll forgive thee all thy weakness past.  
How can your goodness to a wretch extend,  
Who all he lov'd to poorly did defend ?

*Cleop.* 'Twas not your life, but me you cou'd not  
lose,

Love turn'd you back not fear upon your foes.

*Ant.* The tim'rous deer, their female standing by,  
Each other will to wounds and death defy.  
Love gives short courage to the meanest soul,  
The creeping things he aims and winged foul.  
Yet, overcharg'd with love, I lost the day,  
And in my mistle's presence ran away  
Cover'd with shame, I fear to meet those eyes.

*Cleop.* To them you never were more dear than now ;  
A manly look over your sorrows throw,  
The captain of my gallees I have try'd,  
And for his cowardice the villain dy'd.  
With him die all rememb'rance of what's past,  
I my Cæsarion have tow'rd's India sent  
This day Antillus to Arimenia went.  
What merchant in one ship would venture all ?  
They may survive and so revenge our fall.

*Ant.* 'Tis well they're gone, then youth was useless  
here,  
And we for them more than ourselves should fear.

*Cleop.* See here the false Selucus' only son,  
*(He spies Selucus's son.)*

On whom I beg quick justice may be done.  
His father's treason might on me reflect  
Shou'd I the son from your revenge protect :  
My love and honour let his death secure,  
The shortest doubt they neither can endure.

*Ant.*

*Ant* None dares be impious to that degree,  
To lay on you the villian's treachery.  
Now my revenge I cannot execute,  
Lest I shou'd seem your virtue to dispute.

*Cleop.* You doubt me not, I know, but others may,  
Let his death take then jealousy away

*Can.* She safely may the cruel offer make, (*Apart.*)  
Which she well knows Antonius will not take.

*Ant* He must not die, nor is it true revenge  
When the offenders suffer by exchange.  
The youth, it seems, is not Seleucus' care,  
Or our resentment thus he would not dare

*Cleop* Let him at least for an example die,  
Princes invite who pardon treachery

*Ant* 'Twere cruelty to kill the innocent  
For crimes they neither knew nor cou'd prevent.  
I beg his life, my queen——

*Cleop* You may command,  
O! life, or death, at Cleopatra's hand  
We who but now might half the world command,  
Are overthrow'n at sea, besieg'd at land  
Each hour the news of some fresh treason brings  
From faithless states, or from revolted kings

*Ant.* Let those crown'd slaves from out our party go :  
A treach'rous friend will be a tim'rous foe

*Cleop* The plains about are cover'd with our foes,  
Hiding the earth as when our Nile o'erflows.  
Yet sat I in Antonius' courage rest,  
As if that heart he gave me fill'd my breast.

*Ant.* When Brutus this Octavius overthrew,  
In a pitch'd field I Cassius did subdue,  
And turn'd the fortune of that fatal day,  
Which thus ungrateful Rome and he repay ,  
But here remaining I those legions lose,  
Which all commands but from my mouth refuse.

*Cleop.* They ever us'd Canidius to obey ,  
May he not go and my Antonius stay ?  
For you my people's love and more I lost ;  
Must I not keep what has so dearly cost ?

*And.*

*Ant* Ah, madam ! you shou'd take the weakest part,  
 And help a lover to defend his heart.  
 Tho' swooning men with ease resign their breath,  
 Then careful friends still pull 'em back from death.  
 You shou'd my lethargy of honour chide,  
 And drive me, though unwilling, from your side.  
 Die at your feet the meanest lover might,  
 But in your quarrel the whole world shall fight.

*Cleop* If I am captive to the Romans made,  
 Surpriz'd in this weak place, or else betray'd,  
 Think not I'll live to be redeem'd again,  
 And like a slave of my proud lords complain  
 At the first dawn of my ill fate I'll die.

*Ant* Oh! name not death, we'll meet in triumph here  
 I'll raise the siege ere you have time to fear.

*Cleop*. But then your love, in absence, will it last ?  
 Men think of joys to come and slight the past.

*Ant* My heart shall like those trees the east does  
 show,

Where blossoms and ripe fruit hang on on bough,  
 With new desires, lost hopes at once depic'd,  
 And all those ripen joys, love gives the bleis'd.  
 Courage and love shall sway each in their turn,  
 I'll fight to conquer, conquer to return.  
 Seeming ambitious to the public view,  
 I'll make my private end and dearer you.  
 This storm once pass, in peace and love we'll reign  
 Like the immortal gods, the giants slain.

*Cleop* Moments to absent lovers tedious grow,  
 'Tis not how time but how the mind does go  
 And once Antonious wou'd have thought to too.

}

*Ant* Dearest thou ever, think not that I part  
 Without the utmost torment of my heart.  
 Whilst you persuade your danger chides my stay,  
 Make me not cast me and yourself away.  
 How well I lov'd you did at Actium see,  
 When to be near you I left victory,  
 And chose to be companion of your flight,  
 Rather than conquer in a distant fight.

Prefs not that heart you know so well too far,  
Our fortune will no second faultly bear

*Cleop.* The truest misers choole to sit about,  
And tell their wealth, but dare not trust it out.  
I know, as well as you, 'tis fit you go,  
Yet what is best I cannot let you do.

*Ant.* For my attendants I some few will take;  
All other Romans of your guard I make

*Cleop.* If you must go, it quickly shall appear,  
My love fought this delay and not my fear.  
When you attack we'll fall from the town,  
And blood, instead of Nile, our plain shall drown.  
We'll in the midst of Cæsar's army meet,  
And like Bellona I my Mars will greet

*Ant.* Wou'd goddesses themselves to me endear,  
In Cleopatra's shape they must appear

*Cleop.* My heart can danger tho' not absence bear,  
To love 'tis wax, but adamant to fear.

*Ant.* Mine has such courage from your firmness took,  
That I can almost bear a parting look.

*Cleop.* Take it, and each unto their charge make haste.

*Ant.* Our hardest victory I hope is past [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## A C T II.

### S C E N E I. *The Town.*

*Enter ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* **E**MPIRE and glory both farewell ' come  
shame,

And shed thy venom on 'Antonius' name  
Wither the laurels on his brows, and teach  
The world to scorn his most inglorious wretch.  
Forsaken in the choicest hour of time,

My



My hopes and resolutions in their prime.  
 Honour my queen and I dictator made,  
 And all his rough commands cou'd have obey'd.  
 Love, for a while, we purpose to dethrone,  
 As mariners in storms their sails take down  
 Can Romans thus their general forsake ?

*Can.* They wou'd want of provision and of pay

*Ant.* Both which had been redress'd without delay :  
 Th' obliging queen——

*Can.* Whom you may thank for this——  
 Their general discontent at her was loud  
 But soldiers are a rude uncivil croud.  
 Players and minstrels, fencers and buffoons  
 Are the great instruments and props of thrones.  
 [ my old legions to your aid have brought,  
 Firm to your side, not tainted in a thought——  
 They say Photinus in the camp was seen,  
 And that he was employ'd there by the queen.

*Ant.* At a revolt so strange I am surpris'd !

*Can.* Pray heav'n it were not in the town devis'd !  
 Your upright nature troops not to decry  
 The low and subtle ways of treachery.  
 Tho' you may fail, she can't ; beauty will find  
 Pious and young monarchs ever kind

*Ant.* Your honest meaning does your life protect  
 Presume no more her virtues to suspect

*Can.* May I not say Photinus is a knave ?

*Ant.* Tis not the man unless good proof you have

*Enter PHOTINUS pursued by six villains.*

*Phot.* Those two you must destroy, and me disarm.  
 Oh, Sir ! from murderers defend your life  
 As with my blood they have begun the strife.

[ *They draw, two of the villains fall, the others run.*  
 The gods a guard for virtue still provide :  
 Courage with treason seldom doth reside.  
 They're fled and you unhurt——

*Ant.* I am  
 Not say, Photinus, whence these villains came.

*Phot.*

*Phot.* Just as I left the throng——  
 They set upon me, crying this is he  
 That with Octavius lets us not agree,  
 Antonius' friend and his own country's foe ;  
 And straight that word was follow'd with this blow.  
 Some of the popular faction set 'em on,  
 Who think to govern all if I was gone.

*Ant.* 'Tis most unlucky these were kill'd outright,  
 Of their whole plot we else might gain some light.

[*Phot.* *Stabs one lying on the ground, he mutters out*  
*1st Villain* Photinus is a villain——

*Phot.* See their spite—— [ *Canid. interposes.*  
 Ev'n at their death which I will thus requite——  
 Why wou'd you save from my just rage so unpudent a  
 slave?

*1st Villain* Photinus sets us on.

*Phot.* Unheard of villainy——  
 Myself to kill, they did conspire with me!  
 But great Antonius is himself too just,  
 Me on a murd'ers malice to distrust.

*Canid.* Slight not too much the words of dying men,  
 They who hate truth before will speak it then.

*Phot.* My constant zeal and firmness to your side,  
 So oft in council and in action try'd,  
 This accusation cannot but deride. }  
 What is't a murd'rer, missing of his blow,  
 In his last rage would not both say and do?

*Can.* Who dares die,  
 And the just gods provoke with such a lie?

*Phot.* He that dares basely kill, what dares he not?  
 No crime a murd'rer cou'd deeper blot.

*Can.* Yet to that crime ingratitude may add.

*Phot.* You speak as of my guilt you wou'd be glad.

*Ant.* My friends, let this untimely discord fall.

*Phot.* Although much wrong'd, at your command it  
 shall

*Can.* I wish, Sir, to my soldiers you wou'd speak,  
 And let 'em know how well their loves you take.

*Ant.* I go their faith shall so rewarded be—  
The rest shall soon repent their treachery.

(*Exit. Ant.* Can

*Phot.* Had they fought well their danger had been small,  
Cou'd they not fear at first or not at all?  
Curse on all middle-ways Courage enough,  
When once engag'd, can only bring us off.  
But the next blow by fate shall be my own,  
And I'll strike home for Iras and a throne  
My person is ungrateful, I well know,  
It was contriv'd for use and not for show.  
Besides, I'm old, that too, when I am great,  
She may have the ambition to forget.  
This gentle maid all other ways I've try'd,  
Hopeless of love I'll now attempt her pride.

*Enter IRAS.*

But see, she comes ' and charming as new light  
Appear'd to the first man's amazed sight '

[*A noise of Drums.*

You hear how drums and trumpets fill the air,  
And for a scene of blood our minds prepare.

*Iras.* 'Tis love, vile love, whence this disorder springs.

*Phot.* The tender parent of the frightful 'it things.  
Yet blame not love when to its object fix'd,  
It only harms when with ambition mix'd.

When raging winds rise tempests on the main,  
The gentle brooks creep mildly through the plain.

'Tis only to the great those storms are known,

*Photinus'* passion tears you sorrow alone

*Iras.* What is this love, we never can exclude?  
But whatsoe'er we talk of 'twill intrude

*Phot.* Of storms the seaman tells, of ploughs the hind;  
Lovers in such discourses eat their mind.

'Tis the glad business of young hearts, the pain  
The old for their presumption must sustain.

*Iras.* Is't a disease beauty's infection spreads?  
'ray does it seize you in your hearts or heads?

*Phot.* Sweet innocence ' it enters at the eyes,  
and to the heart like subtle light'ning flies.

When

When lovers meet it is all extasy,  
And when they part again they more than die.

*Iras.* How chance that I have 'scap'd this mighty ill?  
I gaze and stare at every thing my fill.

The wife, the handsome, and the brave I love,  
Yet feel no pain at all when they remove.

*Phot.* Passions lie yet within your tender breast,  
Harmless and weak as eagles in the nest  
But love hereafter on your heart will prey.

*Iras.* If ever any one escap'd I may.

*Phot.* 'Twere most unfit you shou'd, nature does still  
Provide some sov'reign thing for ev'ry ill.

For beauty's wounds their kindness is the cure.  
Scorpions who cou'd without their oil endure?

*Iras.* If I have hurt you 'twas against my will.

*Phot.* Your charms not like a foe, but weapon, kill.

*Iras.* Their farther ill effects I will prevent,  
And of what's past, though innocent, repent:  
I'll go where you shall never see me more.

*Phot.* That must not be, from you whom I adore.  
Absence is raging pain, presence a joy,  
Which will at least voluptuously destroy.

*Iras.* Wou'd you not have me go nor stay! what  
then?

This love I see makes arrant fools of men

*Phot.* Stay, gentle *Iras*, learn to love of me,  
How easy were it cou'd I charm like thee.

*Iras.* Does no man else adore me as you do?

*Phot.* None ever did, I'll place you on a throne,  
A scepter may for pers'nal wants atone.  
Beauty and youth your sex's glories are.  
In men they soon decay, or not appear

*Iras.* I did not know you were a prince disguis'd.  
At your new majesty I'm much surpris'd.

*Phot.* I am no king.

*Iras.* How then shall I be queen?

Oh! I cou'd strut with Cleopatra's mien.

*Phot.* The Roman empire can a crown bestow.

*Iras.* Such gifts may be Antonius' overthrow.

*Phot.* So let 'em be.

*Iras.* But what he gives you, Rome  
Will take away, if Cæsar overcome.

*Phot.* My hopes, sweet innocence, in Cæsar lie,  
And ere I reign Antonius must die.

*Iras.* You have but the reversion of a crown,  
And ere he dies how old you will be grown.

*Phot.* Your youth a while may for such glories wait,  
But you may trust my love to urge his fate.

*Iras.* Must I then marry you,  
Or be no queen ?

*Phot.* I'm not so wither'd, nor are you so green :  
Nay, Charmion will accept what you refuse,  
And when she reigns your peevishness accuse——  
It works——

*Iras.* No, no ! myself I'll have you first——  
To see her queen I shall with envy burn.

*Phot.* Will she then promise to love me alone,  
When I have plac'd my Ias on a throne ?

*Iras.* I will do any thing to be a queen,  
I could love one whom I had never seen.

[*Enter messengers.*

*Mess.* Madam, the queen much wonders at your stay.

[*Exit Iras.*

*Phot.* She's gone, she's gone, and I methinks have  
more

A thousand times to utter than before,  
So inexhaustible's a lover's store  
To her ambition I her love must owe,  
But fate her youth, my age wou'd have it so.  
How false a joy in that fair sex he takes,  
When once the hope of equal love forsakes.

## SCENE II. CÆSAR'S Tents.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, with Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Mecænas, see strict discipline they keep  
Thro' the whole camp, that neither wine nor sleep  
Betray

Betray us to surpris: tho' peace seem near,  
Wife pilots at the port a tempest fear.

*Mecan.* Great Sir, your soldiers find they have to do  
Not with a rude and unarm'd barb'rous crew,  
But Romans like themselves, in conquest bred,  
And, next yourself, by the best captain led.  
'Their jealousy or fame, and love for you,  
Will make 'em any thing forbear or do.

[*A shout of joy.*

*Enter AGRIPPA.*

*Agrip.* Antonius' legions newly are arriv'd,  
And thro' the camp are with loud joy receiv'd.  
Tun'd with his impotent and distant sway,  
They now, great Sir, will you alone obey.

*Cæs.* Then vanish all his hopes and all my fears,  
In my whole sky of fate no cloud appears  
That one black corner did a tempest threaten.

*Agrip.* You much are to Photinus' care in debt:  
Him in the camp when I arriv'd I found.

*Cæs.* Ye gods! why am I to a villain bound?  
Tell my new friends I their arrears will pay,  
A Roman emperor they still obey.

*Mecan.* Antonius now will any laws receive:  
What from weak foes we do not take we give.  
Demand the Roman legions yet behind,  
And that his pow'r to Asia be confin'd.

*Cæs.* The man was once my friend, my brother still.  
What are these thoughts that wou'd ambition chill?

*Mecan.* Forget that name he has deserv'd so ill.  
The spoil of Egypt will the war defray;  
'For a mere peace Rome will repine to pay.

*Enter Octavia.*

Him brother let Egyptian princess call,  
He has no int'rest in our blood at all.  
Since the best tie he flights, and in her place  
Does a less fair Egyptian queen embrace.

*Oct.* Pernicious counsellor that does foment  
 A war all but the Parthians wou'd prevent.  
 My wrongs shall never thy ambition hide,  
 I'll tear the mask of pity from thy pride.  
 I thought thee once deserving thy great place,  
 Of Tuscan kings sprung from the glorious race.  
 But thou art false, cruel and bloody now,  
 That open hatred thou durst never show.  
 To my dear lord does still in malice lurk,  
 And on this dire occasion seeks to work.

*Cæs.* Sister, your husband I would but reclaim,  
 And make him worthy of your virtuous flame.  
 His present life does his past glory stain,  
 He makes a queen the partner of his reign.  
 The Roman empire he does much deface,  
 And with the spoil adorns her foreign race.  
 Arabia where the Nabatheans live,  
 And part of Syria he did lately give  
 To their new issue, one he stiles the moon  
 To name the other he profanes the sun.

*Oct.* If he has given much he conquer'd more.  
 His valour for his bounty found the store,  
 And pardon somewhat on a sister's score

*Cæs.* The names of emperor and queen they scorn,  
 And like immortal gods themselves adorn.  
 He for Bacchus, she for Isis pass,  
 And in their shapes the wond'ring crowd amaze.

*Oct.* To gods of their own honour leave the care,  
 Since they both jealous and almighty are.  
 I fear so high you'll my concerns press;  
 You'll break on that you never can redress.

*Cæs.* I understand no riddles, but he shall  
 Do my Octavia sudden right or fall.  
 The rest I cou'd with small excuse forgive  
 But under this afflict I cannot live.

*Oct.* You say his other faults you cou'd forgive.

*Cæs.* Empire's our real quarrel, but I must [Aside.]  
 Her virtuous mind with no such secret trust.  
 I could—

*Oct* Then that pretence I'll thus remove and die.

[*Stabs herself.*]

Still more inhuman must I then remain,  
The cover of your pride and lust to reign.  
Tho' I were dead you might your ends pursue,  
But let me vanish from the painful view.

*Mec.* Not for the world such virtue shou'd not die,  
But be entire translated to the sky.

*Oct* I, sister, your late rashness can forgive,  
So you henceforth will promise me to live.  
Mecenas, see remov'd all means of death,  
Let nature and not rage conclude her breath.

[*Exit Cæsar, Agrippa, &c.*]

*Oct* Peace to the world and my unhappy lord,  
My brother, but for you, wou'd soon afford.

*Mec.* Condemn not actions till you know their end,  
But mine perhaps will then but more offend.

*Oct* I know you'll say 'tis brave to rule alone.  
That my great brother wou'd become that throne.  
And raising him you in proportion rise.  
But still remember there are deities  
Above you both, just, pow'rful, and wise.

*Mec.* Ambition never overturn'd my mind,  
I am already more than I design'd.

*Oct* Why do you then the general peace oppose,  
'Tis avarice or ambition makes men foes.

*Mec.* I, madam, woud some marks of courage show,  
And what I durst for my great master do.

*Oct* Romans of courage need no other proof,  
Since to be born a Roman is enough.

*Mec.* 'Tis truth, but yet——

*Oct.* Some unjust pique you bear  
My dearest lord you cannot well declare :  
But, good Mecenas, for such once you were,  
To obstruct this treaty for my sake forbear.

*Mec.* 'Tis for your sake alone it must not be.

*Oct.* If it be good for Rome regard not me,

*Mec.* Y'are sister to my emperor and friend.  
My utmost care must your concerns attend.



I do not, as you think, confusion seek,  
Nor keep I to your lord a secret pique  
But if this treaty be confirm'd to day,  
I must at Rome and you in Asia slay

*Oct.* It is the part of the whole world I'd choose,  
And, gaining him, what is't I care to loose

*Mec.* Ah, Madam ' seem less virtuous or less fair,  
Who can behold you and not vengeance swear ?  
Such suffering goodness will mankind engage,  
And on Antonius pull their public rage

*Oct.* This to the sister of your emperor ;

*Mec.* This to the only beauty I adore  
Beyond my patience you have rack'd my breast,  
And my deep guilt at last must be confess'd.

I love you, madam —

*Oct.* My next request you'll then not disallow.

*Mec.* Speak it, and I a blind obedience vow.

*Oct.* Let me then die, for I have liv'd too long,  
And heard of love in my Antonius' wrong.

*Mec.* Not in his wrong ! I'll the reversion wait,  
And live like heirs in hope of an estate.

*Oct.* Your word is past recall My death I claim.

*Mec.* From me who both your guard and lover am.

*Oct.* I not the stroke but means of death require :  
By my own hand I noblest shall expire.

Will you then promise to promote the peace ?

*Mec.* You offer poison to my known disease .  
But from these hands I nothing can refuse.

I'll ruin all my hopes so you will live

*Oct.* Yes, I will live, but not an hour survive

My dear Antonius, him you must preserve,

If ought you from Octavia wou'd deserve — [Exit.

*Mec.* Whom, whilst he lives, ' never can enjoy,  
And if he dies she will herself destroy.

“ I am undone, obey or disobey !

“ I needs must perish, but may choose my way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I. CÆSAR's Tents.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA.*

*Cæsar.* **T**HE Asian now with double taxes prest,  
His slothfu' days and drunken nights detest,  
Buffoons and players chiefly have his ear  
He dares not the free tongues of Romans hear.  
To marry whores to fencers is his sport,  
And with their issue throng his loathed court.  
Now lewd Cytheris has a greater train  
Than his own mother or his wife maintain.  
From such a foe as this what can we fear?  
In whom all symptoms of lost pow'r appear.

*Mecæn.* The flatt'ring Greeks his easy nature praise;  
But on the lest he heavy burthens lays.  
In drunken bounty for a riotous treat,  
He gave his fav'rite cook a spacious street -  
Men sav no hour dares move without its feast,  
Which is for their fantastick palates deest.  
Now must the rising sun their riot view,  
Which the next day prevents the ev'ning dew.  
In ev'ry daught they some rich gem consume,  
And spend a private fortune in one room.

*Cæs.* Empire, of pains and virtue the slow fruit,  
How ill dost thou with vice and riot suit?  
Cinna was bloody, Marius unjust,  
Tatquin and Appius raging in their lust:  
Lucullus was luxurious, loud his ease,  
Thus on each man his single vice did seize!  
But all those faults are in Antonius met.

*Mecæn.* His court with Asian flatt'ers is fill'd,  
And lying Greeks the only servants held.  
These serve the turns of riotous delight,  
Whilst Romans only are thought fit to fight.

*Agrip.* Example is a living law, whose sway  
Men more than all the written laws obey.  
Princes, of all men, therefore shou'd take care  
How in their manners they the crowd insnare.  
But, above all, his dotage on the queen  
Employs my wonder: Was it ever seen  
A woman rul'd an emperor till now?  
What horse the mare, what bull obeys the cow?  
Nature that monster love does disavow  
In all her kinds only fantastick man  
Finds ways of folly which no other can

*Mecen.* He that will vility the pow'r of love,  
In the first place let him our gods reprove,  
Who oft their heav'nly mansions have forsook,  
And the mean shapes of birds and beasts have took,  
To pursue mortals in an amorous way,  
And form their glorious image in our clay.

*Agrip.* The god that lov'd, what nymph yet ever rul'd?  
He was again a god his lust once cool'd  
Had women's will our good or ill procur'd,  
The world had never half so long endur'd.  
The high embrace fill'd all their spacious thought,  
And proofs of kindness were no farther fought.

*Cæs.* Th'unable, sure, the ugly or the old,  
First in affairs of love made use of gold  
Then princes to outbid 'em threw in pow'r,  
Now heart for heart's the traffick of the poor.

*Agrip.* Women should sit like idle passengers,  
While the tall ship some able seamen steers.  
Wisdom, high courage, piety are vain,  
If o'er the wise and brave a woman reign.  
And this Antonius' conduct has made plain.

*Cæs.* 'Tis time the injur'd world we should redeem  
From a man's av'ry so lost in her esteem.

*Agrip.* What is success in arms, if conqu'ring Rome  
By troops of Asian vices be o'ercome?

*Cæs.* To set all right I must be absolute;  
My least commands none daring to dispute:

Rome's desp'rate state can never find redress,  
 But from a pow'r as able to oppress,  
 Whilst for the public good my pow'r I use,  
 Seeing my end men will the means excuse.  
 Th' omnipotence of gods who thinks too great ?  
 Since men below they with compassion treat

*Agrip.* But envy does all mortal pow'r attend :  
 Men fear the means and still suspect the end .  
 He that can hurt, who answers but he will ?  
 Men pass in fear by sleeping lions still.  
 Empire is safest moderately great,  
 And death unseen does on ambition wait.

*Cæs.* He that can do no ill can do no good,  
 And if in one, in both may be withstood.  
 The actions of a tyrant I abhor,  
 But as things stand I cannot want the pow'r.

*Agrip.* Our laws the art of ruling best contain.

*Mecæn.* Fools find it there, wise princes in their brain,

*Agrip.* Pow'r long possess'd few princes care to use,  
 But give it up for others to abuse  
 From Phœbus' self the world no hazard run,  
 But cou'd not bear one day his vent'rous son  
 He through new ways the flaming chariot drove,  
 And all was fear below and fire above.

*Cæs.* I to no Phaeton will the reins commit,  
 Nor in inglorious ease a moment sit  
 I'll see the commonwealth no mischief take,  
 And do and suffer all things for her sake.

*Micæn.* Rome on your virtue leans her aged head  
 As old Anchises on Æneas did,  
 And thinks she may with ease, when' propp'd by you,  
 Factions at home and foes abroad subdue.  
 You, whom the general voice of Rome does hold  
 Bolder than youth, and wiser than the old.

*Agrip.* The name of commonwealth is popular,  
 And every Cæsar may his Brutus fear

*Mecæn.* Romans that barb'rous murder so reveng'd,  
 It shews the thoughts of a republic chang'd

*Cæs.* Men die of agues, too much heat or cold,  
 And others grow ridiculously old.

The thoughts of human chance should make us bold.  
 Plunze the empire which I'll de or hold.

[*Exit* *Caſ. Oct. Mec.*]

*Ag. p.* Born under kings, our fathers freedom fought,  
 And with their blood the godlike treasure bought  
 We their vile iſſue in our chains delight,  
 And, born to freedom, ſet our tyrants fight. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, PHOTINUS.

*Can.* For what, Sir, muſt we then prepare?  
 Thyreus! does he bring us peace or war?

*Ant.* He offers peace, but upon terms ſo high,  
 At the great rate I'd not an empire buy  
 My former gits I meanly muſt reſume,  
 And give account of all my acts to Rome  
 My faithful friends from their commands remove,  
 And place ſuch as the ſenate ſhall approve

*Can.* True friends displac'd will pardon your diſtreſs,  
 And tho' your pow'r —

*Ant.* A pageant pow'r and empire but in ſhow —  
 True empire only thoſe great ſouls enjoy,  
 Who can in what and whom they pleaſe employ,  
 And without leave from Rome a crown beſtow,  
 Exalt a friend, and trample on a foe —  
 This by your love and arms I once achiev'd,  
 Nor will be of it but by arms depriv'd

*Can.* Ambition is the drop'ſy of the ſoul,  
 Whoſe thriſt we muſt not yield to but controul.

*Ant.* Some drudge of ſtate may a leſs pow'r eſtaem,  
 And, ruling many, let a few rule him;  
 Mean ſlave to them, high tyrant to the reſt,  
 With fear and pride at once deſile his breaſt:  
 By Hercules, I won't! if any here  
 Think that a courſe too deſperate I ſteer,  
 Let him retire, and his own fears obey.

*Can.*

*an.* The gods well know my fears are all for you,  
And your most daring thoughts shall find me true  
It is not Cæsar, nor our blow at sea  
That to these terms inclines me to agree,  
But 'tis the love of Rome which you have lost,  
And that your riots here and loves have cost.

*Ant.* Cæsar and I, you know, were never friends,  
And only hung together for our ends  
Yet in this cause this tongue an army rais'd,  
And made Rome hate that deed she late had prais'd -  
Brutus and Cassius felt the deadly sting,  
And all to make Octavius more than king.  
So blindly did I act, so little see  
Into the dark decrees or designs.  
The common earth for him I overthrew,  
Now in effect he claims my empire too.

*Plot.* The shell he leaves, the kernel takes away,  
You, Sir, must him, as others you obey.

*Ant.* He would a way pretend over my love,  
And teach my free affections where to move.  
To my embrace his sister I must take,  
And my best queen ungratefully forsake.

*Can.* That sister is your wife.

*Ant.* So let her be  
From past engagements, present love, set free.  
Hymen is but the vulgar's deity.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, Egyptians.*

*Cleop.* O my Antonius! how I fear this peace!  
And must I to Octavia yield my place?  
I love you so, that very sound wou'd kill,  
And leave you free the promise to fulfil.

*Ant.* Were I to gain the empire of mankind,  
And for that pow'r eternity assign'd,  
I cou'd not to the hateful change submit,  
Nor my best queen so barbarously quit.

*Cleop.* But your Octavius' loving, young and fair,  
And such a rival! how can I but fear?

*Ant.* Her Hymen never did a moment please,  
The hard condition of a needful peace.

From ev'ry part I saw the growing storm,  
A sudden shelter in her arms I took,  
Which, when 'twas over, I again forsook.

*Cleop.* And can you for my sake a war sustain?  
Her brother's friendship and her love disdain?

*Ant.* All hearts alike all faces do not move,  
There is a secret sympathy in love  
The pow'rfull loadstone cannot move a straw,  
No more than yet the trembling needle draw:  
Your beauty only on my heart can act,  
All other ways it is in vain attack'd

*Cleop.* Sure of this war I am the meer pretence,  
How can our love to Rome give such offence?  
She should revenge the ghost of Crassus slain,  
And haughty Babel level with the plain,  
But let in Egypt love and pleasure reign.

*Ant.* Rome, like her eagles, did on rapine thrive,  
I am the first that taught her how to give.

*Cleop.* What ye've presented me or plac'd on mine,  
I to that gipping senate here resign  
I never did the gifts but give in prize  
Some new pretence of war let 'em devise.  
All but yourself I for your sake can quit.  
For you I did my crown and fame forget;  
And can you now weigh coldly what is fit?

*Can.* Turn, my best master, from her charming tongue,  
'Tis hard to think such beauty in the wrong  
Yet, if you don't, we are for ever lost

*Ant.* I have resolv'd to Cæsar I will send  
If he his grace will to the queen extend,  
And let the crown upon her sons descend.  
I'll kill myself, and rid him of his foe,  
If not the last extremes I'll undergo.

*Can.* What Roman will the hateful message bear?

*Cleop.* Let us intreat we may at Athens live,  
And taste what joy a private life can give.  
Leaving our greatness and our pomp behind,  
We shall in love sincerer pleasures find  
But whether am I wrapt in fond thoughts begone,  
And melt some tender virgin of low race,

You

You are below a heart that wears a crown,  
Where life, love, all must to renown give place.

*Ant* Soldiers, when old, we from the wars discharge,  
But fate her diudges never sets at large  
The higher place they fill the greater slaves,  
Princes have no retirement but their graves  
My equal pow'r this Cæsar cannot bear,  
His foldiers want my provinces to share  
Unactive Lepidus he laid aside,  
And will no longer now the world divide;  
Whole doubtful title must by arms be try'd,

*Enter* THYREUS.

But see, Thyreus here——  
He has some message for your private ear,  
Which I without a jealous pang can bear

*Can* She is a woman, Sir, and when ye're gone,  
By Cæsar's office may be wrought upon.

*Ant* Jealous! yet truly honest. 'Tis strange how  
In thy plain mind such wild suspicions grow;  
I will return before their contr'ience end,  
But on her love entirely I depend. [*Ex. ANT. CAN.*]

*Thyr* Madam! my master's gracious as he's great,  
Sees how ye're forced t'allow this short retreat  
To his proud foe, and does himself excuse  
That aid, perhaps, you cou'd not well refuse.  
The ruins of a Roman emperor  
In her own kingdom may a queen o'erpow'r.

*Cleop.* I first was summon'd in Rome's haughty name,  
Ere I into Antonius presence came  
Brutus and him I was accus'd to aid;  
But soon acquitted and her ally made,  
Since in Antonius I have Rome obey'd

*Thyr* If any ally of Rome you should disclaim,  
The man whom she does foe and traitor name.

*Cleop.* Those very titles she great Julius gave,  
And yet anon obeys him like a slave,  
On the success of war her voice depends,  
The distant foes she stiles the present friends.



Let others from Antonius' fortune fly,  
I will support, or in their ruins lie

*Thyr.* His foldiers have another sense declar'd,  
And are to storm this stubborn town prepar'd.

*Cleop.* Base mercenary sou's that fight for pay,  
To morrow kill whom they defend to day  
But princes minds on springs of honour move;  
And what can they not do wound up by love?

*Phot.* Is not yourself your harmless subjects save,  
They neither love so well, nor use so brave.

*Cleop.* Despair sh all make those heartless villains bold  
While by worse fears the fear of death's contoul'd.  
I'll Rome provoke beyond all hope of grace,  
Then in their arms they must their safety place.

*Phot.* They'll sooner take those arms up and rebel—

*Cleop.* Antonius' foldiers will such tumults quell.  
The people ever discontented are;  
Their crouds were made to be the food of war.

*Thyr.* Cæsar is pleas'd—  
You should keep all the realms of which you're seiz'd;  
Some little to deserve this you must do.

*Cleop.* Desert propos'd me from a mortal foe?

*Thyr.* Give us but entrance in the dead of night,  
We all will spare who are not kill'd in fight,  
Like Cæsar, Cleopatra shall command,  
Antonius falls into a brother's hand.

*Cleop.* Who will revenge the scorn his sister finds?  
Are these your deep your generous designs?

*Thyr.* You but participate th'event of war,  
And by that act a sea of blood might spare.  
I have a step beyond my orders made,  
Which were but to propose not to persuade.  
But who can see such beauty in distress,  
And not the utmost of his thoughts express?

*Cleop.* In fate's whole scope I fear but one event,  
And that your self with honour may prevent

*Thyr.* What is it, Madam? Will you hear me swear?  
You trust your secret to a lover's ear,  
One that has long and privately been so.

*Cleop.* Sit, to make peace you was from Cæsar sent,  
But make not love, tho' but in compliment.

If Cæsar take this town by fate's decree,

Swear to inform what he will do with me —

*Thyr.* 'Tis not resolv'd, soon as I know I will —

*Cleop.* Then found him daily with your utmost skill.

*Thyr.* But is this all ! I was in hope to serve,  
In some design that might your love deserve.

This for you meanest slave I had perform'd —

*Cleop.* 'Tis all of which I care to be inform'd —

*Thyr.* My offers, Madam ? —

*Cleop.* They are such as shew,  
Romans but ill of th' hearts of monarchs know  
But on your promise may a queen rely ?

*Enter ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, unseen and Soldiers.*

*Thyr.* You may but doubt not Cæsar's clemency,  
Your crown and person though provok'd he'll spare,  
Conquest and ruin will respect the fair,  
What mayn't such beauty hope ? nor it is new  
That he who rules the world should bow to you.

*Ant.* By heav'n, at compliments ! I'll pause a while,  
And see the subtle scene of woman's guile.

*Cleop.* My fate's worse face you will not then disguise,  
I can behold it with undaunted eyes.

*Thyr.* And may it prove as charming as your own.

*Cleop.* I fear you will forget me when you're gone.

*Thyr.* I swear upon my knees, and by that hand  
Whose very touch my soul leaps up to meet  
Let me once more th' inflaming bliss repeat.  
Like the first drop which men in fevers taste,  
It to a deeper draught but makes me haste.  
Thus starving men think ev'ry thing a feast,  
Whilst some with tasteless plenty lie oppress'd  
O that I were Antonius but one day ! —

*Ant.* Slave, from that posture thou shalt never rise,  
But be my wrath's immediate sacrifice.

*Can.* Hold, Sir, your sword you shall not rashly stain ;  
What hopes of peace, ambassadors once slain ?

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Ambassador of love the villain came,  
 And 'mongst affairs of state he vents his flame  
 He kiss'd her hand, some charming message sure,  
 At least of half my empire she's secure,  
 Which he perhaps must with my life repay,  
 These are the bargains made when I'm away;  
 'Tis more than madness to believe that you,  
 False to my love, are to my empire true.

*Cleop.* I false to you!

*Ant.* By Hercules, you are! and, had I stay'd,  
 None knows the faithless answer you had made.

*Cleop.* What is it that so strange Antonius finds,  
 He kiss'd my hand in taking of his leave,  
 'Tis a respect that queens from all receive.

*Ant.* The eager kiss no lover can mistake,  
 It extasy and sudden rapture spake,  
 Those of respect are of a colder make  
 Ye gods! he swore by't perhaps endless love,  
 Or that he would your mediator prove

*Cleop.* Ask him: his offers I have all refus'd,  
 And yet of falsehood live to be accus'd.  
 By you, for whom I suffer, is this just?  
 One minute brings long faith into distrust.

*Ant.* Minutes may ruin what in ages rose,  
 Like thunder, love in instants overthrows.  
 He has disturb'd me, and he shall be whipp'd,  
 Canidius see he instantly be stripp'd.

*Can.* If thus you trample on all Roman laws,  
 What Roman is there that will own your cause?  
 The law of nations too does this withstand,  
 To any thing that's brave I'll lend my hand,  
 But stir to no such infamous command.

*Ant.* Seize the bold traitor

*Sold.* Will you have him dead.  
 Say but the word, this minute he is dead.

*Ant.* There's a true servant to his master's will,  
 Whom I condemn he questions not to kill.

*Thyn.* With this affront if thou dar'st glut thy hate,  
No pow'r on earth can save the falling state  
Cæsar will take revenge——

*Ant.* Away, away——

And my command see strictly you obey [Exit.

*Cleop.* I do not know that I a smile misplac'd,  
Frown'd where you frown'd, and where you lik'd I grac'd.  
Not wealth to misers, honour to the brave,  
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave  
Cou'd be more welcome than your love to me,  
Then think how fell the cruel change must be ?

*Ant.* What change ?

*Cleop.* How can you ask, while this distrust appears,  
Distrust the first decay of love in years  
What we desire we early believe,  
Love on the smooother side does still deceive.

*Ant.* Your lover shall be whipp'd, and as you bear  
That I shall think you criminal or clear

*Cleop.* Not to the man, but to his character,  
Such an affront I wish you wou'd forbear.  
It is a deed that might amare the sun,  
And by the rudest people yet undone  
In all the travels of his fruitful light,  
He has not seen so barbarous a fight,  
Ambassadors are sacred next the gods,  
Above your axes plac'd as well as rods.

*Ant.* Observe how, least I change his punishment,  
All ways of my revenge she wou'd prevent.  
He may not die——

*Cleop.* Nor shan't, unless your hate  
All human laws resolves to violate.  
Then kill me first.

*Enter PHOTINUS in haste.*

*Phot.* The city's up, the soldiers mutiny,  
And all——long live good Thyreus cry.

*Ant.* My Romans take and charge 'em instantly.

*Phot.* What they demand perhaps you'll not refuse.

*Ant.* Howe'er their insolence I'll not excuse.

*Canid.* Good Sir, abroad you know we want no foes,  
This inward strife methinks we might compose,  
Octavius' work ourselves let us not do.

*Cleop.* My people, Sir, I hope will not destroy  
Whose lives I for your service wou'd employ.  
Photinus says their queen bids 'em begone,  
And trust our love what's fitting shall be done.

*Enter MESSENGERS.*

*Mess.* Your Romans, Sir, join with th' unruly crow'd,  
And to defend th' ambassador have vow'd :  
They say a Roman never shall be whipp'd,  
While sword or spear a Roman arm can lift.

*1st Mess.* They have by this the castle walls broke down.

*2d Mess.* And set Thyreus safe without the town.

*Ant.* Draw up my guards, if I have yet a friend,  
This tumult shall in death of thousands end.  
What must Octavius conclude of me,  
If whom I once imprison they set free ?

*Cleop.* They have done right by chance, excuse 'em  
for't.

Tempests sometimes drives ships into the port.

*Ant.* The rabble is a thing below my hate,  
But my own Romans I will decimate.

*Enter LUCILIUS, Captain of the Rout.*

*Luc.* For what is done I singly am to blame :  
The rest but on my call and credit came.

*Ant.* What mov'd thee to't, old ruffian, thou shalt die;  
In thee I'll punish the whole mutiny.

*Luc.* I saw my general about to blast,  
By one rash act, his life and glories past.  
Th' inconstant rabble to my side I gain'd,  
And, spite of him, his honour have maintain'd.

*Ant.* What art thou ?

*Luc.* A Roman.

In Brutus' camp some small command I bore .  
Subdu'd by arms, since by your kindness won,  
I am resolv'd your utmost fate to run.

If my late service grieve you, take my head,  
 The common path of love I never tread.  
 Brutus, to save myself, like him I shap'd,  
 So tell I in your hands, and he escap'd;

*Ant.* Lucilius?

*Luc.* The same, my int'rest command;  
 Antonius shall both rule my heart and hand.

*Ant.* Discharge the rabble you have us'd in this.

[*They shout.*]

*Luc.* They humbly sue you'll pardon what's amiss.  
 They are return'd, and now, with shouts of joy,  
 They beg you wou'd then lives and swords employ.

*Ant.* Most willingly. Just heav'n! what am I?  
 Whom the rude people teach humility! [*Exit.*]

## A C T IV.

### S C E N E I. CÆSAR'S Tents.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* MY offers scorn'd! a'nbassadors abus'd!  
 Yet he of pride unjustly is accus'd

*Mec.* Thyreus was ill chose, he long has been  
 A secret servant to the Egyptian queen  
 What if I went with terms more moderate?  
 I who am less obnoxious to his hate.

*Cæs.* This offer now, the danger grows so near,  
 I in a man less known shou'd take for fear.

*Agrippa* In single combat let our sencer's fight:  
 With armies emperors dispute their right

*Cæs.* Like him I Roman blood would gladly spare,  
 And to a combat would contract the war.  
 My youth, and unfoil'd strength may conquest claim  
 Over this shadow of a mighty name.

Now

Now press'd with age, and w th debauches worn,  
Th' unequal comb it I not fear but scorn.

*Agrip.* He like an aged oak in autumn shows,  
From whose dry arms some leaves each minute blows.  
One king or ally still forsakes his side,  
His empire ebbs like a declining tide.  
Have patience, Sir, he of himself must fall,  
Who in despair does for the combat call

*Cæs.* To a brave death I'll open him the way,  
See an assault be made without delay.  
I at my army's head shall soon appear,  
And, if he dares, he may engage me there.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Oct.* O brother ! if that name have yet a pow'r,  
And be not not lost in that of emperor,  
Pity my sad estate, since I alone,  
On both sides mourning, can rejoice on none.  
The world divided in their wishes stand,  
Myself alone stabb'd through on every hand.  
A brother here ! there must a husband fall !  
On the just gods I know not how to call !  
No chance of war can with my mind comply ;  
But I must weep at either's victory.

*Cæs.* If I o'ercome, your husband I will spare.

*Oct.* He will not spare himself. I more than fear,  
Should he prevail, th' Egyptian queen will sway,  
Whom you, and I, and he, must all obey.  
His am'ous heart must execute her will,  
And whom she frowns on in obedience kill.  
You to ambition must a victim bleed !  
And from my hated title to his bed  
Must Cleopatra in my death be tied !  
And haughty Rome acknowledge a vain queen !  
Or be of civil arms the endless scene !

*Cæs.* He doth all terms of reconciliation slight ;  
There nothing now remains but that we fight.

He's

He's now a mere soft purple Asian prince,  
And Rome his empire has disown'd long since.

*Oct.* Ungrateful Rome! but most ungrateful you!  
Can you forget whom Cassius overthrew?  
Who first to Rome a Parthian triumph shew'd?  
And the long pride of that great empire bow'd?  
Who'the first Cæsar made? reveng'd his death,  
And fix'd that empire which he did bequeath  
On you almost unknown where they receive,  
Bale natures hate, and love but where they give.

*Cæs.* Go, serve th' Egyptian, learn to dress her head.  
Your slighted love and your neglected bed  
Can you forget? And fulsomely pursue  
The man with kindness who despises you!  
I shou'd myself scorn fawning beauty too,  
'Tis as absurd as if the gods should sue.

*Oct.* Wives, like good subjects who to tyrants bow,  
To husbands, though unjust, long patience owe:  
They were for freedom made, obedience we,  
Courage their virtue, ours is chastity  
Reason itself in us must not be bold,  
Nor decent custom be by wit controul'd:  
On our own heads we desperately stray,  
And are still happiest the vulgar way.

*Cæs.* Who ever did such moral nonsense hear?  
My sister sure is turn'd philosopher,  
But we Antonius' pride will soon pull down;  
This hour shall give me his whole life's renown.  
I the long trade of fame disdain to drive,  
But to the top will at one step arrive.

*Oct.* Since then my pray'rs and tears can nothing gain,  
In the foe's camp no longer I'll remain.  
The arms I hate my presence shall not grace,  
Antonius' cause I'll openly embrace  
To Rome I'll go and all thy acts disown,  
Make thy ambition and thy falsehood known  
To ev'ry Roman of the sword and gown,  
'Till thou'rt more hated far than Catiline,  
Than Sylla, Marius, or the Tarquin's line.



Some will for freedom, some Antonius fight,  
 And against thee both parties I'll unite,  
 Amongst thy foes I like a spark will fall,  
 And to a sudden flame convert 'em all

*Cæs.* You would not sue my love so ill reply !

*Oct.* You love ! your pride and endless thirst of sway  
 To gain my friends my quarrel you pretend,  
 But universal empire is your end  
 Rome's once great senate now is but a name,  
 While some with fear, and some with bribes you tame.  
 Men learn at court what they must there repeat,  
 And for concurrence, not for counsel, meet.  
 At least all such as think of being great,  
 They blindly labour at their own ill fate,  
 And dig up by the roots the tottering state

*Cæs.* Against Antonius' riots they decline,  
 And I at their command but wage this war.

*Oct.* Dull long-gown statesmen, you may feel that  
 sword

Which thus you whet against my injur'd lord.  
 When Cæsar will's a law, for all your rules,  
 It will be better taught in camps than schools.

*Cæs.* Your fears distract you, or you needs must see  
 Your hopes of happiness depend on me.  
 'Tis my success must make Antonius find  
 The dire effect of an unbridled mind.

*Oct.* Who ever did an emperor reform !  
 Scarce heav'n itself can that great task perform.

*Cæs.* Heav'n chooses me the fittest instrument,  
 And on that glorious task I'm wholly bent.

*Oct.* Is't thus, Mecænas you promote the peace ?  
 But you ne'er meant, and promise but to please.

*Mecæn.* All that I durst I have already said.  
 I urg'd him till he thought I was afraid.  
 But where such beauty and such goodness fail,  
 What other intercession can prevail ?

*Oct.* Mecænas, I no compliments expect  
 From one who does my first commands neglect.

*Mec.*

*Cæs.* Men that like me have giv'n their passions vent,  
Are never after held indifferent.

Hated or love pursues the bold attempt;

*Oth.* Your breach of word I easily forgive; }  
I'm free, and am not now oblig'd to live; } *She weeps.*  
Nor will I long the first attack survive.

*Mec.* A sound like that what lover can endure?  
I'll move once more, shou'd I his hate procure.  
Ah, Sir! your weeping beautiful sister view,  
Then, if you can, her husband's life pursue.  
Such softness might an angry god disarm,  
And from his hand the brandish'd thunder charm.

*Cæs.* What means *Mecænas*? soft'ned in her tears?  
Another man he to my eyes appears  
Where is that soul bids me be absolute,  
And the dissenting world with swords confute?  
Move forwards still, and spread my conqu'ring arms  
As far as Cynthia lights or Phœbus warms?

*Mic.* I can no more, you your own cause must plead;  
I wou'd, but can't against myself persuade;  
Tho' unsuccessful my endeavours were,  
It was some merit to obey so sai.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* The enemy, preventing our attack,  
Does a fierce sally on our forces make.  
Our foremost troops the warm engagement shun,  
And to Canidius his soldiers run

*Cæs.* Then be your tent your poison for a while;  
Now let us seize the lion in our toil. ——— [To *Oth.*  
[*Ex. Omnes.*

## SCENE II. *A Wood.*

*Enter ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, PHOTINUS, at one Door, AGRIPPA, THYREUS at the other, Fighting.*

*Ant.* Turn back, Thyreus, 'tis Antonius calls;  
The queen now sees thee flying from our walls.

Think on that shame, and it must warm thy heart,  
And do not from a single rival start.

*Thyr.* A thought like that, were all mankind my foes,  
Wou'd send me headlong among all their blows.

*Ant.* He dies of mine that dares to interpose.

*Thyr.* Of mine he is my basest foe that does.

[*They fight, Thyr. falls.*]

Love, thou at last art just, and, having made  
My life a burthen, help'st me to unlade.

If he o'ercome, let Cleopatra know

She must to Rome in Cæsar's triumph go.

So now my promise to the queen is paid,

The first and last command I ever had.

*Ant.* Then all my fears were false ?

*Thyr.* False as my hopes,

Or the short vigour which my being props

The queen was cruel, and thy sword was kind.

*Ant.* Thou didst attempt her, villain ?

*Thyr.* Yes, I did !

And with my dying breath I boast the deed. [Dies.]

*Ant.* What words fit to appease her shall I find ?

Jealousy for ever from my soul remove,

Thou magnifying glass to erring love,

Thou, viper-like, dost thy young teeth employ,

And wouldst that love, which gave thee birth, destroy.

*Enter CÆSAR and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Charge you, Canidius, with your troops, whilst I  
Against Antonius' self my fortune try

Here is the utmost bound of thy success,

The ocean may as soon his limits pass,

And thou this spot of earth whereon we stand.

*Ant.* You speak as you had thunder in your hand ! }  
The gods, heav'n, hell, and fate at your command, }  
Which, if thou hadst, I'd not one step retire, }  
But one by one their prodigies wou'd tire.

[*Cæsar is beaten back.*]

*Enter*

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mef.* You must not stay your fortune to pursue,  
Agrippa's got between the town and you,  
Which stratagem when Cleopatra found,  
She fall'd out and is encompass'd round.  
Photinus stays behind to awe the town,  
And keeps those of the pop'lar faction down.

*Ant.* My queen engag'd<sup>1</sup> to her relief let's fly,  
Death has more charms near her than victory.  
Me in her cause the legions that withstand,  
Must fall like corn before the reaper's hand.

*Can.* Must we again a victory forego?  
This queen was born to be our overthrow,

*Ant.* What is't you mutter? follow me or die.

*Can.* My life you'd sooner want behalf than I.  
Take it, for 'tis to me an hourly pain,  
Follies of friends are nothing to the slain.  
But whilst I live, methinks you shou'd pursue  
Retiring foes and victory in view.

*Ant.* I cannot stoop to argue but obey,  
And, till my queen be safe, let conquest stay.

### S C E N E III. *A Wood.*

*He discovers AGRIPPA's Army, and the Queen taken.*

*Ant.* By Hercules, she's ta'en! So have I seen the dove  
Under the pounce of eager falcons move  
O! that I were myself the dart I throw,  
For now all other motion seems too slow

[*Ant. rescues the Queen, charges through Agrippa's*

*Army. Agrippa retreats to the Town.*

Augurs and entrails, boys, and quails, you lie!  
And I henceforth your omens will defy  
Cull'd by his name, may such still prosp'rous be,  
While thus the gods give victory to me.

[*Exit.*

*Enter PHOTINUS, as within the Town.*

*Phot.* They are engag'd by this now is the time,  
And all things seem propitious to my crime.  
Let fools the fame of loyalty divide,  
Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.  
The town is wholly left to my command,  
To make 'em rise I need but slack my hand ;  
They're prone to mutiny their queen they hate,  
And shew all signs of a distemper'd state. [*Shout.*  
But hark ! already they are up and roar,  
Like a high sea that scorns its wonted shore.

*Enter IRAS.*

But see, fair Iras ! whose bright form in tears,  
Like sun-shine mix'd with sudden rain appears.

*Iras.* Photinus ! Oh the queen ! the queen is gone,  
And we that stay behind are all undone.  
The palace flames, Memnon and Chilar rage,  
And all th' Egyptians on their side engage.

*Phot.* Fear nothing, Madam, never was a time  
When innocence and beauty were a crime  
Each shout you hear your greatness does advance ;  
Nor is this mutiny the effect of chance,  
But my design——

Thro' craggy ways we for a while must tread ;  
But, gentle Iras, to a throne they lead  
Ah ! cou'd I make you kind as well as great,  
Photinus' happiness were then complete.

*Iras.* All other forms I'll study to forget,  
And think how much I'm to your love in debt :  
Antillus is a young gay handsome man,  
Yet to please you I'll hate him if I can  
He still, like you, lies squeezing of my hand,  
Hangs o'er my neck, and from me will not stand.

*Phot.* Ye gods ! She loves, and knows not yet disguise !  
The happy name flash'd at her youthful eyes.

*Iras.* The manly gown when he did first put on,  
He was more gaz'd at than Cæsarion.

But

But, for all that, I will not love him tho',  
'Tis so long since, I have forgot him now——

*Phot.* Our serpents, tho' new-born, are pois'nous still,  
And women ne'er so young have craft and guile.  
She has forgot him! oh that I could her!  
Too plain, but yet too strong, I see the snare,  
I got my rival to Armenia sent,  
His name returns and ruins my content.

*Iras.* You seem disturb'd——

*Phot.* False and inhuman——

*Iras.* What! are you mad?

What is it I have done? What have I said?

*Phot.* Thou hast for ever robb'd me of my rest.

*Iras.* By all my hopes to reign I love you best!

*Phot.* Ay, there's your love to me:

But that for him how ill you do contain?

*Iras.* For whom? I understand you not, be plain.

*Phot.* Why, for Antillus, your young gay delight.

*Iras.* May I not name but I must love him knight?

*Phot.* The work's soon done, with wind and tide they  
move,

Whom equal years and thoughts dispose to love.

And, to say truth, I stand condemn'd within,

That I did ever an address begin

To you, whom beauty and such youth adorn:

I prest with age, for toil, not pleasure born,

And ev'ry way the object of your scorn.

Go to Antillus! fly into his arms,

And meet with equal heart and equal charms.

Whilst my ambition I henceforth pursue,

And recompence those joys I lose in you.

*Iras.* He would not have me if I wou'd, I fear,

He's great, and may expect a kingdom's heir.

*Phot.* She fears he wou'dn't have her—O just heav'n!

I to the last extremity am driven.

She'll ask me sure anon to join their hands.

*Iras.* All thoughts of me yourself you have resign'd,

And I may now to whom I please be kind.

*Phot.* All thoughts of you! I could resign my breath  
With half the pain——

*Iras.* Some other mud you purpose to make queen,  
And I but flatter'd and abus'd have been.

*Phot.* My love a fierce convulsion did endure,  
And in the pain I talk'd I know not what,  
But rest for ever of that heart secure,  
Where too much love did the short storm create.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* The castle is beset, and all have vow'd  
To stain their weapons in your treach'ous blood.

*Phot.* Step in a while. they that will rise must wait,  
And at each throw assist their lab'ring fate.

[*Exit Iras.*

Let 'em all enter, no resistance make,  
I can die gladly for my country's sake.

*Enter MEMNON and CHIAX, with the rabble,*  
What is't my honest countrymen demand?  
You need not ask with weapons in your hand.

*Memn.* Thou hast thy country to a lasting war be-  
tray'd——

*Chil.* And therefore for thy death prepare.

*Phot.* Who! I? Alas! I but my queen obey'd  
And both were of Antonius' pow'r afraid.  
Like you I wish'd an opportunity,  
When Egypt was from Roman forces free,  
That we might then with Cæsar make our peace.

*Chil.* Now fate presents it, this occasion seize,  
In our queen's absence you the town command;  
Egypt requires her freedom at your hand.

*Memn.* The city gates against Antonius shut,  
So thou wilt put thy meaning out of doubt.

*Phot.* But then our queen——

*Memn.* She is Antonius' slave,  
And merits amongst us nor throne nor grave;  
This once perform'd, be thou our general,  
If not, like a faint slave, unpurposed fall——

[*Offers to run at him.*

*Phot.*

*Phot.* I'll do unforc'd whatever you require,  
 But now you bind me to my own desire,  
 I ever thought Antonius' cause unblest,  
 I did his riots loath and loves detest,  
 So we did all, I think and 'twere unjust  
 We shou'd defend who still abhor'd his lust.  
 Let pimps and parasites his battles fight,  
 Buffoons, and loose companions of the night,  
 Male-bawds, and let that goatish drunken herd  
 Which made him odious, die to make him fear'd.

*Memn.* Antonius now (at Rome) despairs of all,  
 And seeks to crush our Egypt with his fall,  
 But he shall find that some of us still wake,  
 Who nothing fear, and all dare undertake.

*Chil.* Let's man the town with all the force we have,  
 Keep out Antonius, and our country save  
 Cæsar will hold us enemies no more,  
 But call in friends and allies as before.

*Memn.* For us the people do no throngs declare  
 Tir'd with the danger and the charge of war,

*Phot.* I'm brav'd here by Canidius at each turn,  
 And with revenge and rage like you I burn.  
 The mighty charge I greedily accept,  
 Your town shall be with faith and courage kept.  
 In our disgrace believe I had no part,  
 But honour'd your free tongue and honest heart.

*Memn.* How we were all mistaken in this man?

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV. *The Gates being shut.*

*Enter ANTONIUS, CLEOPATRA, CANIDIUS, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* How well, my queen, doth this one act reprove  
 My needless jealousy and shew your love?

*Cleop.* Her whom you not esteem, why wou'd you  
 save?

But, though unjust, Antonius still is brave.



*Ant.* I not esteem you ' by the gods I do  
As much as love——

*Cleop.* No, my Antomus! no!  
You think me all that can a queen disgrace,  
Lighter than woman, and than man more base.  
How cou'd I else forsake you in distress?  
Or could Thyreus in a moment please?

*Ant.* It was the raging fever of my love,  
And strongest natures strong distempers prove:  
Forgive it, madam, as my love's excess.

*Cleop.* Had Cæsar su'd I had his flame disdain'd;  
And cou'd you think another entertain'd?  
When the whole world shall to his fortune yield,  
My heart against your foe shall keep the field.

*Ant.* On me so thick your obligations fall,  
I must subdue the world to pay 'em all,  
And make proud Rome acknowledge you her queen;  
Your glory does demand no less a scene.

*Can.* 'Tis very fine, here's all the sense he has,  
His legions, empire, all are in that face  
I do not think he knows he is besieg'd,  
But, quite undone, talks how he has oblig'd;  
Pray, Sir, do you consider where we are?  
If we stay long we shall have Cæsar here.

*Ant.* Were he in sight I'd not one word forbear,  
'Till I did guiltless to my queen appear.  
Thyreus dying——

*Cleop.* Have you kill'd him, then——  
I shall be hateful to the race of men.  
To Cleopatra it is death to speak  
On him she loves she a swift war does call,  
And those she looks on by Antomus' fall.

*Ant.* He clear'd your virtue with his dying breath.

*Cleop.* You stain'd it in the manner of his death.

*Ant.* Lovers, like misers, cannot bear the stealth  
Of the least trifle from their endless wealth.  
I saw him kiss your hand, for that he dy'd  
And shou'd, had he ten thousand lives beside.  
You seem not pleas'd with my revenge enough.

*Cleop.*

*Cleop.* It was too rash, and for his crime too rough.

*Ant.* T'attempt the spotless honour of my queen  
Is such a crime, as it is death to men.

*Cleop.* He shou'd have liv'd if that he lov'd indeed,  
My scorn all other torments might exceed.  
His life had been but one continued pain,  
And mine but one long act of my disdain:  
But now all means to clear myself are lost;  
You can but think me innocent at most.

*Ant.* I from that viper such an oil have wrung,  
As heals that love which he before had stung.  
Since from a dying rival's mouth I hear,  
His hope was as ill grounded as my fear;  
He call'd you most ungrateful as he dy'd;  
Confess'd his passion, and accus'd your pride  
What stronger demonstration can be thought?

*Cleop.* Could nothing I might say the like have  
wrought?

Then vain is all I've suffer'd and have done:  
My slighted flame, and my endanger'd throne  
Can nothing weigh, and 'twas Thyreus' grace  
That I was clear'd Antonius held me base.

*Ant.* O say not so! My love of its own strength  
Had overcome that jealousy at length:  
To him, indeed, I owe my speedy cure.

*Cleop.* Are you for ever from relapse secure?

*Ant.* I rather will believe all that is strange;  
The whole sex true, than that my queen can change.

*Enter SOLDIERS from the Town.*

*Sold.* The town is lost, your Romans kill'd or fled,  
And false Photinus does the traitors head.  
Memnon and Chilar in bright arms appear,  
And for Octavius Caesar all declare.

[*Ant. Canid. appear with their Army under the Walls,  
and find opposition, some that go near are kill'd.*

*Ant.* Treason before, and enemies behind!  
In such a choice 'twere unequal to be blind.

I know not which I should attack the first ;  
 I'm only sure of all delay's the worst.  
 Storm then the town with all that we can make,  
 Eie Cæsar fee, and this advantage take  
 Safe at a distance here my queen must stay,  
 While we with blood and slaughter force our way.  
[Charge without They are beat off.]

*Canid* It is in vain these barb'rous villians dare  
 Not hope for the fair quarter of a war ;  
 And are turn'd desperate.

*Ant.* We are alike  
 Desperate with them,  
 When for the whole both parties strike,  
 Courage must carry't, charge them once again,  
[Charge. Shout.]

## SCENE V. *The Gates drawn open.*

*A Shout from the Town. PHOTINUS is attacked  
 from behind.*

*ANTONIUS Enters.*

*Ant.* Spare, on your lives, th' unarm'd and meaner sort,  
 And all who to our clemency resort  
 This easy entrance to some friend we owe,  
 We from within came pouring on the foe.

*Can.* They are no traitors till they kill our men,  
 And then as vanquish'd must be spar'd again.

*Ant* They're Cleopatra's subjects let that be  
 A full production in our victory.

*Enter LUCILIUS, with PHOTINUS, MEMNON and  
 CHILAX, Prisoners.*

*Lucil.* Health to Antonius, in whose cause to fight  
 Is less Lucilius' duty than delight.  
 Take from my hand your treach'rous enemies,  
 And use 'em as your safety shall advise,

*Memn.*

*Mem.* Traitor's a name that virtue cannot brook,  
How could I break a trust I never took?

*Ant.* Arms 'gainst your lawful queen are still unjust;  
A subject born betrays a native trust.  
But thou, Photinus, beyond villains base,  
Whom with her trust and friendship she did grace,  
Whom birth and fortune both had laid so low,  
To raise thee up again she scarce knew how,  
Only rash favour, whose extravagance  
Seems yet a blinder power than that of chance,  
Remain'd thy friend —

*Phot.* I do confess, my queen  
From nothing made me all that I have been;  
And much I to Antonius' favour owe,  
Whom then should I depend on but you two?

*Ant.* We two! Whom thou didst shut the town against,  
And to whom now thou but repentance feign'st.

*Phot.* From this seditious rout what cou'd I gain?  
I might not hope in Cleopatra's reign.  
Weigh then my int'rest, by that scale you'll find  
My crime, though great, lay never in my mind.  
I should have dy'd, I know, I wish I had,  
Rather than seem'd to have my trust betray'd:  
I shou'd have chose their dagger, scorn'd their side;  
It had been past, and I had nobly dy'd.

*Chil.* O that thou hadst! I would have dash'd it home,  
Till forth with the broad point thy soul had come.

*Phot.* Death I have often met in open field,  
With my sword sent repell'd him with my shield:  
Surpriz'd, defenceless, I confess I shook,  
And cou'd not in cold blood his visage brook:  
'Twas all my crime! you Romans only can  
Serenely and unshaken put off man.

*Chil.* We might have known that party needs must fall,  
Who to his own fear owe their general.

*Phot.* Kill me! alas! I do not ask to live,  
Shou'd you, I never cou'd myself forgive  
Death to my fear is due, why shou'd I plead?  
I was no traitor, I was weak, afraid.

Love, faith and zeal, if resolution fail,  
 No more than the faint glow-worm's fire avail.  
 All that I now repent is, that with shame  
 I lost that life I might have lost with fame.

*Ant.* How can'st thou to appear in open arms?  
 For thy black soul has treachery such charms?

*Phot.* Had I not been their general I had dy'd,  
 Death turn'd the scale, and so I took their side:  
 Besides, I for your service thought it best,  
 I shou'd with them maintain my interest,  
 That at some time unlook'd for you might see  
 The good intent of seeming treachery  
 What greater blessing can your arms attend,  
 Than t'have your foes commanded by your friend?  
 I early of Lucilius' project knew,  
 And from the neighbouring parts my arms withdrew,  
 That he a body might of Romans form,  
 The great exploit securely to perform.

*Ant.* 'Tis possible thou may'st be honest! yet 'tis  
 strange.

Men still are doubted who but seem to change.  
 But say, how came this tumult to begin?

*Phot.* The people long have discontented been,  
 Curst me aloud, and murmur'd at the queen;  
 That to your side so firmly I adher'd,  
 And to their common peace your cause preferr'd:  
 They said they wou'd not be the victor's prey,  
 But whom they must at last betimes obey.  
 And run all who stopp'd 'em in their way.

*Ant.* Where were the soldiers?

*Phot.* When she fall'd forth —  
 None stay'd who lov'd the queen or martial worth;  
 But all the discontents remain'd behind,  
 And had effected what they long design'd,  
 Had not those pow'rs that treachery prevent,  
 To your relief the brave Lucilius sent.  
 He in the town a band of Romans got,  
 And overthrew the rebels and their plot.

*Ant.* You then are none of 'em —

*Phot.*

*Phot.* I was by force  
But Lucrece ne'er could hate vile Tarquin worse,  
Than I those forcers of my loyalty —

[*Points to the Lords.*  
And like her too, since not believ'd, I'll die

*Menn.* You durst not die by in Egyptian sword.  
What is't this sudden courage does afford?

*Phot.* I was no villain thought, but now I hate  
My life, and cou'd rush gladly on my fate,  
And you repent —

*Chil.* That ere we trusted thee —  
Slave! more uncertain than a winter's sea.

*Ant.* I will believe death shook thy loyalty,  
And all thou didst was fear, not treachery  
Photinus rise, thy faulty I forgive.

And, if thou can't or dar'st, thus branded live, [*Rises.*] }  
But never more a weighty charge receive. }

*Phot.* I wou'd live gladly to redeem my crime,  
'Tis all the benefit I ask of time.

*Ant.* But you fierce lords that dare your sovereign  
blame,

And would dispose or govern in her name,  
Shall find what 'tis to play with royalty,  
And fall like Phaeton from the borrow'd sky.

*Chil.* We scorn the mercy, and our country love,  
And gladly from her dying cries remove. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## A C T V.

### S C E N E I. *The Palace.*

*Enter ANTONIUS, CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS,  
and Attendants.*

*Cleop.* FORTUNE's afresh fond of Antonius grown,  
And has this minute her old love put on.

*She*

She calls her wonted chains into her face,  
And hugs him ——  
With the fierce ardour of a first embrace.

*Ant.* Of his success when they at Rome shall hear,  
They'll change perhaps their superstitious fear,  
And the ill omens on my foe transfer.  
His will the owl bethought, unchas'd away,  
Which upon Concord's temple braves the day.  
The ape in Ceres' temple will be his,  
And his defeat the eight-foot dragon his.  
The blood my statue shed will his be thought;  
So are weak minds by superstition wrought

*Cleop.* What we can't thum't were better not to know,  
Nor do the gods maliciously foreshew,  
To make us feel our fate before it come,  
But men too nicely pry into their doom.

*Ant.* Let it fall quick whatever they prepare,  
It is the thunder's voice we cannot bear,  
Blind to our fate, let us both hope and fear  
But thou, Lucilius, who do'st still outrun  
All that we can expect or wish was done,  
Like some kind god thou leap'st into the scale,  
And turn'st it when all mortals seem to fail:  
Take from my hand this armour of clear gold;  
Let the best metal the best man unfold.

*Luc.* Me dead or living you anon shall praise.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* With his whole force Octavius, Sir, moves on;  
'Tis thought on every part he'll storm the town.

*Ant.* His late defeat then stings the restless boy;  
And all at once we shall our swords employ.  
Let us embrace, then each man to his post  
We'll met no more but conquerors or ghosts.  
The world's at stake, my queen, and this short hour  
Contains the fate of all succeeding pow'rs.  
If this one day we can our fate defer,  
To-morrow's sun will see Ventidius here;

Victorious.

Victorious legions to my aid he brings,  
Flesh'd all in Parthian blood and spoils of kings.

[*Ex. Ant. Can. Lucil.*

*Enter PHOTINUS, at another Door.*

*Cleop.* My boding heart says, we shall meet no more!  
And sends up thoughts I never knew before.  
My ears with dismal dying cries are fill'd,  
And my eyes grow with ghastly visions wild;  
Methinks I see Antonius bleeding there!  
And all his soldiers pale with death or fear!

*Charm.* Your wounded fancy does these forms create,  
Expect, as you deserve, a better fate.

Oh! that betimes he had my cause forsook!  
Cæsar with pity on a queen must look,  
Defenceless too. Winds unoppos' give o'er,  
And, but 'mongst trees and solid buildings, roar.  
The Romans against me declar'd the war,  
But caught Antonius' virtue in that snare.

*Phot.* When two fierce bulls contend, the doubtful  
herd

Stand gazing by a while, of both afraid.  
But, soon as one the fatal strife declines,  
The captive number with the victor joins.  
And so should we —————

*Cleop.* Yes! If mee! brutes we were-----  
And knew no nobler passion than vile fear;  
Minutes move slowly when such weight they bear,  
Each now is more important than a year.

I grow impatient, can bear no delay,  
But quick'ning fate would through the shell survey.

*Char.* The strongest place, and nearest is your tomb;  
Hear good news soon, the bad too soon will come.  
Be patient, madam-----

*Cleop.* Who compos'd can be?  
A tempest heard and their whole wealth at sea?  
Each pile that flies may pierce Antonius' heart?  
And they in show'is from meeting Romans part.  
Let us move on, no matter where you lead

A breaking heart, and a distemper'd head [Noise of Arms.  
[*Ex. Cleop. Charm.*

*Phot.*



*Phot.* Clashing of arms I heard, and noise of drums,  
Nearer and nearer the fierce clangour comes.

[*Photinus steals off unseen.*]

*Enter ANTONIUS, CANIDIUS, LUCILIUS, as beaten  
back into the Town.*

*Ant.* Gape Hell, and to thy dismal bottom take  
The lost Antonius ! this was our last stake.  
Warn'd by my ruin, let no Roman more  
Set foot on the inhospitable shore.  
Cowards and traitors fill'd this impious land ;  
Faithless and fearful, without heart or hand.  
Some ran to Cæsar like an headlong tide,  
The rest their fear made useless on our side.

*Can.* Their fear ! their treachery ! we are betray'd :  
By hands we trust the surest snares are laid.  
The queen, no doubt, does correspondence hold  
With Rome and Cæsar, and we all are sold.

*Ant.* I had but one glad thought within my breast,  
And thou to that one thought wilt give no rest.  
Fortune hath seiz'd my empire and renown,  
Honest old foldier, let my love alone  
But you, my generous friends, to Cæsar go,  
Too much already to your love I owe  
Let me now sink alone, enough you've done :  
A falling tow'r 'twere madness not to shun.  
Your guilt is small, let early penitence  
Your ties and love to me plead your defence.

*Lucil.* No sun shall see me living after you,  
My death shall tell you that my life was true.

*Canid.* For what should I my bending years preserve !  
Canidius will no second master serve. [*A Shout without.*]

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Your navy, Sir, is join'd with Cæsar's fleet,  
And with one voice their emperor they greet.  
Both sides their bloody haired have laid down down,  
And in one body now toward the town.

*Can.* Sir, with Egyptians it was chiefly mann'd,  
And is there yet no dealing underhand ?

Still does the queen so innocent appear ;  
Her people guilty, she alone is clear.

*Ant.* Her people's love her love to me has lost ;  
And now her faith is by their treason cross'd.  
Pity, not blame, the queen, who sinks this hour,  
Crush'd with the ruins of an emperor.  
By land and sea betray'd ! What shall we do ?

*Can.* Let's fight and die in arms upon the foe.

*Ant.* We of resistance scarce can make a show.  
Death shuns the naked throat and proffer'd breast ;  
He flies, when call'd to be a welcome guest.  
I may be ta'en alive, and made a scorn  
Where I have oft the highest honours worn :  
Rome never shall my conquer'd face behold  
Death I have seiz'd, and will not lose my hold.

[*Shout again.*]

*Enter SOLDIER.*

*Sold.* Cæsar is enter'd, and we all are lost ;  
Some Roman soldiers still make good their post.

*Ant.* Their number speak.

*Sold.* Two legions at the most.

*Ant.* Command them to yield easy victory :  
Their number is

Too small to conquer, and too great to die.

*Can.* What means our emperor ?

*Ant.* To spare your blood.

Too long you have my angry fate withstood.  
What is command ? for which we so contend :  
Danger and envy the high charge attend -  
A few we please, and multitudes offend.

[*Canid. to the Sold.*]

*Can.* Thou art a coward, fledst before thy time,  
And with pretence of news wouldst hide thy crime.  
'Tis false.

*Sold.* So it was false, indeed, I'd gladly die ;  
But this shall show I did not basely fly.

[*Kills himself.*  
*Enter*

*Enter PHOTINUS.*

*Phot.* Horror on horror ! Sir, th'unhappy queen,  
Betray'd by a report that you was slain——

*Ant.* I understand you, she herself has kill'd,  
And better knew to die than how to yield.

*Phot.* Alas ! she has, I pull'd the reeking steel  
From her warm wound, and with it rush'd her life——  
Her latest breath was busy with your name,  
And the sweet pledges of your mutual flame  
Your children she embrac'd, and then she dy'd.

*Ant.* How well had I been with great Julius slain !  
Or by some flying Parthian's darted cane !  
Thy gentle nature, Brutus, how I hate,  
Through which I live to taste the dregs of fate.  
Such is the gloomy state of mortals here,  
We know not what to wish, or what to fear  
My name in arms, my friends and empire gone,  
Yet, while she liv'd, I was not quite undone :  
Methought I still had something to do here——

*Cam.* You're more than ever, Sir your soldiers cheer,  
And bid 'em for a bold defence prepare.

*Ant.* Ever let Romans now each other love,  
Their tedious quarrel I will soon remove.  
'Twice has my sword with Roman blood been dy'd ;  
It draws no more but from Antonius' side.  
Had the just gods intended I should live,  
To hate my life such cause they wou'd not give.  
They had preserv'd my empire and my queen.  
Enough and more, I have both fortunes seen.  
Strike, good Lucilius, 'tis a friendly part  
Let no foe's weapon pierce thy master's heart.

[*Lucil goes behind, makes as if he would kill him,  
but passes the Weapon through his own body.*  
The noblest way thou show'st me what to do ;  
Thou giv'st th' example, and I'll give the blow.

[*Ant. kills himself. A great Shriek is given at his  
Fall; all run out of the Room except Phot.*

*Phot.*

*Phot.* I'll call some help——

*Ant.* 'Twill but increase my pain;  
For, shouldst thou stir, I'd stab myself again.

[*Phot. makes towards the door, Ant. stabs himself again, and falls. Phot. re-enters.*]

*Camd.* Let others sigh and weep, but let us go  
And vent our grief in rage upon the foe.  
From the strange horror of this dismal fight,  
Cowards would rush into the midst of fight. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Let cowards crowd to force resign their breath;  
Brave minds look thro' it and make use of death  
Thou canst not now my fatal journey stay

*Phot.* Nor would I, Sir, you're fairly on your way.

*Ant.* Death soon will place me out of fortune's reach;  
Why stays my soul to fall at this breach?

*Phot.* It is not big enough.

*Ant.* Dost mock me now?

Can my few minutes a true torture know——

*Phot.* They may, and, to provoke thy parting soul,  
Know that the queen yet lives, thou loving fool,  
And I the story of her death contriv'd,  
To make thee kill thyself, which has arriv'd  
Just as I wish'd; by thy own hand thou dy'st,  
And art at once the victim and the priest.

*Ant.* Furies and hell——

*Phot.* Curse on, but Cæsar shall  
With Egypt's scepter thank me for thy fall.  
Tho' decently he cou'd not take thy head,  
He'll inwardly rejoice to find thee dead,  
And hug the man that eas'd him from the fear  
Of such a rival, yet his guilt did spare.

*Ant.* Thou mak'st me hate by turns my life and death!  
O for a moment's strength ' my sword to sheath  
In thy false heart——

But 'twill not be, my hand forsakes my will;  
Only himself can poor Antonius kill.

*Phot.* Cou'd you have liv'd, I had seem'd honest still. }  
But now take all, the queen herself must bleed;  
Iras and I must to her throne succeed.

They

Thy councils still to Cæsar I betray'd,  
This last revolt I in thy navy made,

*Ant.* Triumphant villain! what provok'd thee to't?

*Pbot.* Ambition, sir, I had no armies I;

Nor was I born of royal piogeny.

No crown descended on my lazy head,

I cou'd no open path to greatness tread.

But none despis'd that to a throne did lead.

*Ant.* All Charmion said of thee it seems was true,

*Pbot.* And all Canidius e'er suspected too.

I have discharg'd my conscience at this last. ———

Die thou,

[*Exit. Pbi*

Whilst I to Iras and a throne make haste.

*Enter CHARMION, IRAS, and Attendants.*

*Char.* The queen intreats——

*Ant.* Does my queen live, and may Antonius yet  
Above the earth his Cleopatra meet.

*Char.* She lives, but shut up in her monument,  
Her tolling thoughts on some due mischief bent.

By Isis temple Sir you know it stands;

The rarest fabrick built by mortal hands.

All she holds dear she has throng'd there, but you,

And now intreats that you will enter too.

*Ant.* With those we love a triumph 'tis to fall;  
Most gladly I obey her fatal call.

*Char.* Just heav'ns! you faint! what is it you have  
done,

That with such streams these living fountains run?

*Ant.* It was a sudden qualm, limbs do but bear  
Me to my queen and I'll dismiss you there.

I cannot die till I have paid that debt,

Nor have our totils appointed where to meet.

Stand off, my fare, and dare not touch me yet.

*Char.* Secure from Cæsar you a while may be,

And there what's fittest to be done decree.

[*A shout.*

The place——

*Ant.* The victory comes on, I hear the noise,  
And of prevailing foes the insulting voice.

Cæsar

Cæsar to spare me did strict orders give,  
I may be taken and compell'd to live;  
Move on, all fates but that I can forgive.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, MÆCÆNAS, and Soldiers.*

*Mec.* Sir, you're entirely master of the town,  
All men their hatred and their arms lay down,  
And the whole world now bends to you alone.

*Agrip.* The names of parties and of factions cease,  
And war has brought forth her fair daughter peace.

*Cæs.* Command the soldiers fury be restrain'd,  
That rage destroy not what their virtue gain'd.  
Th' Egyptians now my clemency shall share,  
I wou'd be lov'd in peace, though fear'd in war.  
In this confusion where's the haughty queen?

*Mec.* Since first we enter'd she no more was seen.

*Enter PHOTINUS with a Sword*

*Phot.* Great Cæsar, at my hands that sword receive  
Which his death wounds did to Antonius give.

*Cæs.* Thou hast not kill'd him, villain! quickly speak,  
Thy limbs upon a thousand racks I'll break  
To find the truth——

*Phot.* He is not dead, but long he cannot live;  
And his own arm the fatal blow did give.  
By my advice indeed——

*Cæs.* By thy advice! ——  
Thus Rome by Egypt is defeated twice.  
Thou hast the pow'r of pard'ning from 'the' ta'en,  
And empty wishes now alone remain.  
Each man will think what he himself had done,  
And my great mind interpret' by his own.  
Hence, from my sight! since blasted is by thee  
The fairest fruit of all my victory.

*Phot.* I wish Antonius' blood were not yet spilt;  
But yours is the advantage, mine the guilt.  
Empire and glory can no partners bear,  
Since you forgive your foals excuse my care.

*Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* Where is the queen ?

*Pho.* Fled to the monument

Which for her last retreat she ever meant,  
Where she has all the jewels of the crown,  
And the chief wealth of the distracted town.  
There great Antonius, bleeding in her arms,  
Takes his last leave of her destructive chains.  
Give me two hundred men, within an hour  
They shall, alive or dead, be in your pow'r.

*Cæs.* Thou monster of all villany ! forbear,  
Thou wou'dst thy gods from off their altars tear,  
Who wou'dst not thy afflicted sov'reign spare.

*Agrip.* Men say she's generous, it so our force  
Will only drive her on some desperate course.  
If honourable terms we should refuse,  
We shall her person and her treasure lose.  
She'll both convert into one spreading flame,  
And, short'ning hated life, extend her fame,

*Mec.* A Roman mind can only death command.  
Fear no such courage from a barbarous hand !

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Octavia, Sir ———

*Cæs.* Poor soul ! I pity her,  
She ill the news will of Antonius bear.

*Serv.* She's past all human grief and human care.

*Cæs.* She is not dead ?

*Serv.* Yes, in her way to Rome,  
Of grief and discontent, as we presume.

*Cæs.* Ye joys of victory a while forbear !  
I must on my Octavia drop a tear.  
She was the best of women ! gentlest wife !  
In ev'ry part how virtuous was her life !

*Mec.* From out the chrystal palace of her breast  
Her clearer soul is gone to endless rest.  
What time, what reason can my loss digest ?

*Mec.* Canidius still does an old fort defend.

*Cæs.* On ev'ry spak of war we must attend.  
True wisdom will no enemy despise  
From small beginnings mighty flames arise.

*Enter*

*Enter CANIDIUS, with his Soldiers.*

*Can.* Thus the last sword for liberty I draw,  
And whom despair thrusts on no numbers awe.  
Who knows——  
But that those nobler souls of antient Rome  
May strike with us 'gainst slavery to come.

*Enter CÆSAR, with his Soldiers.*

*Cæs* I charge you all the brave Canidius spare,  
Let not his blood now stain the ended war  
His number speaks not terror but despair  
[*Canid. is beaten off the Stage.*]

*He re-enters.*

*Can.* Fight but one minute longer, whilst that I  
And some few nobler souls like Romans die.  
[*They kill themselves.*]  
Then may you all by Cæsar's mercy live,  
[*The rest yield.*]

Whilst we our freedom from our swords receive

*Cæs* What have I done ! that men had rather die  
By their own hand, than trust my clemency ?

*Mei.* Canidius to his master was most true,  
And did for him what I wou'd do for you.

*Agrip.* The world does no more enemies contain,  
And Cæsar over peaceful Rome may reign [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter ANTONIUS, CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and  
IRAS in the Monument.*

*Ant.* 'Twas I that pull'd on you the hate of Rome,  
And all your ills past, present, and to come.  
It is not fit nor possible I live,  
And, my dear queen, it grows unkind to grieve.

*Cleop.* 'Twas I that lost you in each Roman mind ;  
And to your ruin can you still be kind ?  
How can you bear this tyranny of fate,  
And not the cause, your Cleopatra, hate ?

*Ant.*



*Ant.* So Venus look'd, when the Idalian boar  
 The tender side of her Adonis tore  
 Nor yields my queen in beauty or in grief,  
 When half the world under my rule was plac'd,  
 Your love was all the joy that I cou'd taste,  
 It was my chief delight and is my last.  
 I die, and have but one short word to say ;  
 But you must swear, my queen, you will obey.

*Cleop.* By all our love I will ' my death command,  
 And see the eager duty of my hand.

*Ant.* Your death ' it is the only thing I fear  
 And fate no other way can reach me here.

*Cleop.* Down from a throne to any private state  
 It is a dismal prec'pice to the great  
 I giddy with the horrid prospect grow ,  
 And shall fall in unless death help me now.

*Ant.* Heav'n, that success does to my arms deny,  
 Whispers a Roman soul and bids him die,  
 Our case is different , to Cæsar sue,  
 Tho' me he hates, he needs must pity you.  
 Your beauty and my love was all your crime.  
 And you must live, my queen.

*Cleop.* When you are dead '———  
 To be despis'd ' reproach'd ' in triumph led !  
 A queen a slave ! who wou'd not life renounce,  
 Rather than bear those distant names at once ?

*Ant.* But you may live a queen say you obey'd  
 Thro' fear, and was compell'd to give me aid  
 That all your subjects private orders had,  
 Not to resist him, and my cause betray'd.  
 Say, that at last you did my death procure ;  
 Say any thing that may your life and crown secure.

*Cleop.* ' Twere false and base, it rather shall be said  
 I kill'd myself when I beheld you dead.

*Ant.* Me the unhappy cause of all your woe !  
 Your own, and your dear country's overthrow.  
 Remember I was jealous, rash, soon mov'd,  
 Suspected no less fiercely than I lov'd .

How

How I Thyreus kill'd, your love accus'd,  
 And to your kind defence my faith refus'd.  
 From shame and rage I soon shall be at rest,  
 And death of thousand ills hath chose the best.

[*He faints.*

*Cleop.* O stay ! and take me with you——

*Ant.* Dearest queen !

Let my life end before your death begin !  
 O Rome ! the freedom does with me expire,  
 And thou art lost, obtaining thy desire.

[*Dies.*

*Cleop.* He's gone ! he's gone ! and I for ever lost !  
 The great Antonius now is but a ghost  
 A wand'ring shadow on the Stygian coast.  
 I'm still a queen, tho', by the fate of war,  
 Death and these women all my subjects are,  
 And this unhappy monument is all  
 Of the whole world that I my own can call.

}  
}

*Iras.* O name not death !

Cæsar men say is good, wise, mild and just ;  
 So many virtues how can you distrust ?

*Cleop.* Tho' his last breath advis'd me to submit  
 To Cæsar, and his falling fortunes quit  
 When I nam'd death, speechless my hand he prest ;  
 And seem'd to say that I had chose the best

*Iras.* He cou'd not be so cruel, you mistook ,  
 Too sharply you apply his dying look,

*Cleop.* He does expect it, and I'll keep my word,  
 If there be death in poison, fire, or sword.

*Charm.* Fortune with lighter strokes strikes lighter  
 things ,

With her whole weight she crushes falling kings.

*Cleop.* We shall in triumph, Charmion, be led,  
 Till with our shame Rome's pride be surfeited .  
 Till every finger Cleopatra find,  
 Pointing at her who was then queen design'd.

*Charm.* Their anger they may glut, but not their  
 pride.

They ne'er had triumph'd if men durst have dy'd.

*Cleop.* Beauty ! thou art a fair, but fading flow' !  
 The tender prey of ev'ry coming hour !  
 In youth thou, comet-like, are gaz'd upon !  
 But art portentous to thyself alone.  
 Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever giv'n !  
 Noi art a blessing, but a mark from heav'n.  
 Greatness more envy'd, when least understood.  
 Thou art no real, but a seeming good.  
 Sick at the heart ! thou in the face look'st well,  
 And none but such as feel thy pangs can tell !  
 By thy exalted state we only gain  
 To be more wretched than the vulgar can !

*Iras.* Think how he'll use your sons when you are dead !  
 And none their cause can like a mother plead.

*Cleop.* Perhaps, when I am dead, his hate may cease,  
 And pity take declining rage's place.  
 Sure in the grave all enmities take end,  
 And love alone can to the dead extend.  
 Men say that we to th' other world shall bear  
 The same desires and thoughts employ'd us here.  
 The hero shall in shining arms delight,  
 In neighing steeds, shrill sounds, and empty fight  
 Poets shall sing and in soft dances move,  
 And lovers in eternal roses love.  
 If so, Antonius, we must change the scene,  
 And there pursue what we did here begin

*Charm.* I am prepar'd to follow or to lead.  
 Name but the fatal path that you will tread.

*Cleop.* In yonder golden box three asps there lie,  
 Of whose least ven'mous bite men sleep and die.  
 Take one and to my naked breast apply  
 Its poisonous mouth——

*Charm.* Alone she shall not die.

*Iras.* When Julius Cæsar in the senate fell,  
 Where were these thoughts ? and yet he lov'd as well.

*Cleop.* He lov'd me not ! he was ambitious he,  
 And but at looser times took thought of me,  
 Glory and empire fill'd his restless mind  
 He knew not the soft pleasures of the kind.

Our joys were frighted still with fresh alarms,  
 And new designs still forc'd him from my arms.  
 But my Antonius lov'd me with his soul!  
 No cales of empire did his flame controul.  
 I was his friend, the partner of his mind!  
 Our days were joyful, and our nights were kind!  
 He liv'd for me, and I will die for him! [*She says herself.*]  
 So, now 'tis past! I feel my eyes grow dim,  
 I am from triumph and contempt secure,  
 What all must bear I earlier endure.

[*Kneels down to Ant.*]

To thy cold arms take thy unhappy queen,  
 Who both thy ruin and her own has been  
 Other embrace than this she'll never know,  
 But a pale ghost pursue thy shade below!  
 Good asp bite deep and deadly in my breast,  
 And give me sudden and eternal rest!——

[*She dies.*]

[*Iras runs away.*]

*Charm.* Fool, from thy hasty fate thou canst not run. }

*Iras.* Let it bite you, I'll stay till you have done }

Alas! my life but newly is begun—— }

*Charm.* No thou wouldst live to shame thy family,  
 But I'll take care that thou shalt nobly die.

*Iras.* Good Charmion!——

*Charm.* I'll hear no more! faint hearts that seek delay  
 Will never want some foolish thing to say

[*Charm. stings her, then puts it  
 to her own breast.*]

At our queen's feet let's decently be found,  
 And loyal grief be thought our only wound. [*Dies.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, and  
 PHOTINUS.*

*Cæs.* Yonder's the monument, that famous tow'r,  
 'Tis weak, and may be ruin'd in an hour.

Summon the queen——'Tis obstinancy now,

[*Calls three, none answers.*]

*Enter ALL.*

Not resolution, the lost queen does show ;  
 Call for a batt'ring ram——now down it goes.

*Mecan.* But oh ! what horror does that breach disclose !

The Queen, Antonius, and her maids lie dead ;  
 From their pale cheeks the life but newly fled.

*Cæs.* Am I so cruel and relentless held,  
 That women dare not to my mercy yield ?

*Phot.* The queen your Roman triumphs ever fear'd,  
 And therefore poison of all sorts prepar'd  
 To end her life, and to prevent that shame,  
 Whenever the unhappy prospect came.

[*Phot. runs to Iras.*

Some signs of life in that soft maid remain ,  
 She seems to move her dying lips again.

*Iras.* Is't thus your word you with poor Iras keep——  
 The crown of Egypt now you may dispose  
 On whom you please——death soon my eyes will close ;  
 And Cæsar my——

*Cæs.* The crown of Egypt, slave, dispos'd by thee !  
 Her dying words contain some mystery :

*Phot.* Which I'll take care she never shall explain——

[*Aside.*

She raves : the poison has disturb'd her brain.

[*Kills her.*

*Cæs.* Thou hast not, slave, the tender virgin slain ?

*Phot.* I lov'd and cou'd not see her lie in pain.

*Cæs.* Villain, thou fear'st that her last breath might  
 say

Something that might thy treach'rous heart betray.  
*Mecenas*, seize on him, see quick justice done.

*Sold.* Quicker than this, great Cæsar, there is none.

[*Kills Phot.*

*Cæs.* Who art thou that dares kill, and Cæsar by ?

*Sold.* I'm brother to that maid, resolv'd to die  
 By the same hand, if Cæsar say the word.

*Cæs.* Put up it was a kind of virtue in thy sword.

What

What cou'd Antonius from a brother fear,  
 Who owes him all the honours he does wear ?  
 Oh ! what a godlike pleasure had it been  
 With thee t'have shar'd the empire once again !  
 And to have made a second sacrifice  
 To friendship, of each other's enemies  
 By thee I am whatever I was made,  
 But thou art proud, and scorn'st to be repaid.

*Agrip.* The queen's vast treasure, Sir, I blazing found;  
 A greater wealth than ever Thetis drown'd :  
 She her fair person to a carcass turn'd,  
 And had her treasure to vile ashes burn'd  
 Both was defeating the proud hopes of Rome.

*Cæs.* Great minds the gods alone can overcome—  
 Let no man with his present fortune swell,  
 The fate of growing empire who can tell ?  
 We stand but on that greatness whence these fell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



# E P I L O G U E.

*'T W E R E* Popish folly for the dead to pray  
 By this time you have damn'd or sav'd our play :  
 But, gentlemen, the poet bade me say  
 He claims his merit on a surer score •  
 He's brought you here together, and what more  
 Cou'd waters, court, or conventicles do ?  
 'Tis not his fault, if things no further go.  
 The gravest cit that hopes to be lord mayor  
 Must come to a new play with his none dear ;  
 And the kind girl, engag'd another way,  
 Tells all her friends she's been at the new play.  
 They ask the tale which she does for 'em get  
 Between the acts from her dear friend she met.  
 The peacock-beauty here may spread her train,  
 And by our gazing fops be made more vain.  
 And all kind lovers that are here to night,  
 May thank the poet for each other's sight.  
 Tho' all be bad, men blame with an ill grace  
 The entertainments of a meeting place.

}

REFLEC-



# REFLECTIONS

UPON OUR LATE AND

PRESENT PROCEEDINGS

I N

*E N G L A N D.*

**T**HOUGH no man wishes better to the protestant religion in general, and the church of England in particular, than I do, yet I cannot prevail with myself to approve all those methods, or follow all those measures which some men propose as the only security both of the one and the other.

Never, perhaps, was there a more proper time wherein to secure our religion (together with our civil liberties) than now offers itself, if we have but the skill and honesty rightly to improve this critical opportunity, but if we shall either let it slip, or abuse it, we may in vain hereaf-



hereafter wish that we had been wise in time; and have cause to repent of our error when it will be too late to correct it.

What we do now will transmit its good or ill effects to after-ages, and our children yet unborn will, in all probability, be happy or miserable, as we shall behave ourselves in this great conjuncture. They are likely to enjoy their religion, laws, and liberties, according to the old English standard, if we shall now take the right course to secure them.

But, if we do engage in wrong counsels, and build upon false foundations, instead of a blessing, we may leave a curse to our posterity, and entail upon them popery, slavery, arbitrary power, and all the miserable consequences of a divided kingdom, which (as sure as the word of God is true) can never stand.

Let us not therefore be too hasty, but pause a while; let us make a stop, look about us, and consider, *first*, what we have done. *Secondly*, with what intent we did it. *Thirdly*, what it is that some men would be at. And, *Fourthly*, whether we can in honour and conscience join with them in the designs now in hand.

I shall confine myself to these heads but here, before I enter upon any of them, I shall take it for granted, that the Prince of Orange hath done a great thing for us, and, under God, hath wrought such a deliverance for the nation as ought never to be forgotten, and can never be sufficiently requited. He must be mentioned with honour and gratitude, so long as the protestant name shall be remembered. he came not as the antient Romans and Saxons, to conquer, and lead in triumph after him our religion and laws, our lives and liberties; but to defend, preserve, and secure us in them all. To this end he undertook this dangerous and chargeable expedition, which hath hitherto proved as much to our advantage, as it will be to his lasting reputation. what he has done argues, that he is moved by a higher principle than any this world affords, and can overlook his own ease and security, when the publick good, and the concerns of Christianity require his seasonable assistance.

assistance. I could easily make a panegyric upon his virtues, and equal him to the most famous Grecian or Roman captains but I need not set forth his praises, which do so loudly, and yet so silently, speak for themselves. I need not draw any tedious parallels betwixt his highness and the worthies of other ages, since I am, I question not, herein prevented by all who have read the history of former times, and are witnesses of what he (with so much mildness and prudence) hath done in this

*1st*, Things prospered so well under his conduct, that all of us were ready to submit ourselves to his direction, and come under his protection, as the tutelar genius of the nation. The effects of his enterprise have been so strange, so wonderful and surprizing, that, had we not seen, we should scarce have believed them.

As soon as the prince was landed, with what joy and universal good wishes was the news received ? how forward were all sorts of people to declare for his highness ? how willing they were to lend him an helping hand for the accomplishing his great work ? how did we all generally concur, and unanimously agree to forget our obligations to our sovereign, and assist the prince rather than the king against ourselves, and his own true interest ?

Nay, the army itself soon began to go over, chusing rather to lie under the imputation of cowardice and disloyalty, (which yet a true Englishman had rather die than really deserve) than to be instrumental in enslaving their native country, and bringing it again under the papal yoke.

In short, all orders of men, ecclesiastic, civil and military, had their eyes fixed upon the Prince of Orange as their common deliverer, were resolved to espouse his cause ; and accordingly (after the king was withdrawn) did put the regal administration into his hands.

*2dly*, So far we have gone, this we have done, and we hope that (the case being extraordinary, and necessity giving a dispensation) the intent of our proceeding will at least excuse, if not justify us, if we have not kept ourselves within the common laws of action.

For let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and

seriously ask himself for what reason, and with what intent he became a party in this general defection ? was it utterly to ruin the king, and subvert the government ? was it because he was displeased with the antient constitution, and had a mind to mould and fashion to his liking ? was it because he had an intent to shake off the government (that easy, equal, and well poised, and never enough to be commended government, as King Charles I. calls it) of the English nation ? was it any honest man's meaning to subvert this government, to make way for his own dreams of some poetical golden age, or a fanciful Millennium ?

Was it, let me ask again, to divest the king of all power to protect his subjects, and then to pronounce roundly, that all the bonds of allegiance to him are dissolved ? was the end of our uniting together, to bind his hands, and then prick this doctrine upon the points of our swords ? protection and allegiance are duties so reciprocal, that where the one fails wholly, the other falls with it.

What is it to frighten the king out of his dominions, and then to vote that he hath abdicated his government ? was this the intent, and were these reasons of our declaring for the Prince of Orange ? no certainly, whatever some obnoxious and ambitious men might aim at, all good Christians and worthy patriots had other intentions, and were led on by other motives

They were sensibly concerned for the preservation of their holy religion, in the first place, then lives, their laws, and liberties in the next. After the way which some call heresy, so were they desirous still to worship the God of their fathers and after that manner which some might say was rebellion, so they thought themselves obliged to stand up for the laws and liberties of their forefathers.

For these ends, and for bringing about these worthy purposes, they withdrew themselves from the king's personal service, that they might be the better enabled to serve his real interest. They hoped by this means to  
deliver

deliver him from his evil counsellors, and secure both him and his subjects from the evil and pernicious practices of some wicked and unreasonable men.

3<sup>dly</sup>, There and such like were the inducements which prevailed with all well-affected and honest men, to withdraw from his majesty, and suspend the actual exercise of their allegiance for the present, that they might afterwards exert it according to the fixed and stated rules of law, conscience, and right reason

But now, how contrary is this to those new models which some politic architects are proposing to, or rather imposing upon, the nation? what is it they would be at? and what are the ends they are driving on? are they just and good? are they generous and honourable? or are they not rather such as would undermine the government both in church and state, and reduce us to a state of nature, wherein the people are at liberty to agree upon any government, or none at all?

Plainly, they would reduce us to the Dutch, or some other foreign measures, which, how well soever they may agree with that country where they are settled and confirmed, partly by custom, and partly by the peculiar necessity of their affairs, can never be well received in England, till an act be passed to abolish monarchy, episcopacy, and all the fundamental laws established by Magna Charta, and all succeeding parliaments ever since

*The Enquiry into the Measures of Submission to the Supreme Authority*, is a treatise calculated for the times, but surely it is not written according to the principles and practice of the church of England, in the time of the renowned Queen Elizabeth. I am apt to think, that some regard was then had to the passages which we find in the scriptures, especially the old testament, relating to the measures of submission. But these examples weigh nothing with our author, because they are not for his purpose, p 5 6. I am also apt to suspect, that Queen Elizabeth would not have thanked any politician for vending this as a certain and fundamental principle, "That  
" in all disputes between power and liberty, power must  
" always

“ always be proved, but liberty proves itself; the one  
 “ being founded only upon a positive law, and the other  
 “ upon the law of nature, p. 4 ” She, I persuade myself, on the contrary, would have challenged any such statesman to have proved his liberty, as for her power, she would have answered, it was ready to prove itself against all who should presume to question it. But what is the meaning of “ power being founded only on a positive law, and liberty upon the law of nature ” is not a father’s power founded, as he grants, upon the law of nature? and is not all power, even of the greatest princes, (as far as it is just and honest, and for the benefit of the subject) derived from this paternal authority of the father over his son? besides, doth not the law of nature prescribe the necessity of putting power into the hands of one or more for the benefit of the whole, which otherwise would be in danger of destroying itself by intestine divisions? In short, if liberty be founded upon the law of nature, so is all just and lawful power, since the end of it is only to regulate our liberty, and in truth to make us more free. Liberty in general is a right to use our faculties according to right reason, and the law in particular tells us which are those rules of right reason by which we must govern ourselves. And what is law, but the commands of the supreme power (wherever it is lodged, in the hands of the prince, the senate, or the people, or of all of them together) ordering what we are to do or avoid, under the sanction of particular penalties?

I beg the learned author’s pardon for questioning his measures. In my judgment they are not taken from the English standard, and therefore I hope I may without offence use my liberty in refusing them (a right which proves itself) till he can prove his power to impose them.

The *Inquiry into the present state of affairs*, is a discourse which seems, by its bold strokes, to resemble the former. I will say no more of it but this. If what he there lays down for a certain truth be really so, then all that follows must be granted as reasonable deductions.  
 from

from this fundamental principle But, if this be false, all that he hath said falls to the ground, for want of a firm and solid foundation to support it.

Now the position which, like a first principle in mathematics, he takes for granted, is this, "It is certain" (says he, p 1) that the reciprocal duties in civil societies are protection and allegiance, and wheresoever "the one fails wholly the other falls with it." This is his doctrine which I have mentioned before, but shall now consider a little more particularly.

'Tis indeed most fit and reasonable that protection and allegiance should always go together, and accompany one another, but that they do not so, is but too plain in the present case of England But doth it follow, that because the king is not in a capacity to protect his subjects, therefore he is no longer to be looked upon as a king? And if he be a king, doth not this suppose that he hath some subjects? And if so, I would gladly know what kind of subjects they are who owe no allegiance?

But let this question be rul'd by his own instance, "The duty betwixt father and son." Suppose my father to be so destitute, that he cannot, and so perverse that he will not, protect and sustain me; suppose him as churlish as Cain, and as poor as Job, yet still he is my father, and I am his son, that is, he still retains all that power which, by the law of nature, a father ought to have over his child Still the relation holds betwixt us, and whilst it doth so, the father's faults or necessities cannot evacuate the duty of a son, which is founded, not in the father's good will or abilities to defend him, (tho' it must be confessed they are chiefly considered) but in that fixed and immutable relation which God and nature have established betwixt them, not to be dissolved but by death. So that if this learned author will yield, as he seems so to do, that kingly power is nothing else but the paternal, consigned (by the common consent of the fathers of families) to one person, upon such and such conditions, specified in the contract, I cannot see how this relation betwixt king and subject can any more be utterly dissolved, than that betwixt a father and his son..  
I shall

I shall say no more to this discourse, and if what I have already said do offend either against the principles or reason, or the law of England, I am willing to be corrected, and acknowledge my error.

There is another little paper which yet gives such a great stroke to the government, that it ought not to be passed over without some animadversion. The sheet which I mean is called, *Advert before it be too late*, or, *A Briefate for the Conviction*. This paper betrays its author to be of the same complexion and principles with him who writ *The Word to the Wise*, and *The Four Questions debated*. They do all of them suppose, that the government is fallen to its centre, or root from whence it sprang, that is, to the people (as *The Word to the Wise* expresses our present case). I know not what can be a more effectual answer to these pamphlets, and take away the foundation upon which they argue, than that maxim in our law, received by all honest and learned lawyers, "The King of England never dies." For if so, how is the government lapsed? And if it be not lapsed, how can the throne be said to be vacant? And if the throne be not vacant, we are still a body politic, (consisting of head and members) tho' much disordered and out of order, by reason of the infirmities of the head. We still live, tho' we are not in good health, and our case doth not require the sexton to make our grave, but calls for the physician to apply proper remedies to cure our disease. If the king can die, 'tis such a defect in our government as doth strangely disparage it, and farther supposes, that (which hitherto we are all to learn) the crown is not successive.

Now if it be successive, it cannot be disposed of by the will of the people, but only by the will of God, who in that very moment calls the lawful heir to the crown, wherein he is pleased to put a period to the life of his predecessor. If it be said, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, I believe, that (should this be granted) it will not do their business. For I doubt not but that if the pole was taken, and the question put to all people who are of years of discretion, the answer would

would be, " That they have still a king, and that they are " as willing to keep him as they are desirous to exclude " popery for ever," that which hath made both him and them so unhappy. This, I do not much question, would be the answer, if we should appeal to the sense of the people in general, who yet (if the government be fallen to them) must be allowed to have a right of suffrage, and a liberty to speak their minds as freely as other commons in this great convention.

Faither still, if the king never dies by our law, how can he be lawfully deposed? For by deposition the throne necessarily becomes void for some time. There must be some interstice, some space of time, before they who deposed a king can set up another; and, till the king in designation be actually invested with the legal office, there must of necessity be an interregnum, that is, the king (contrary to the mind of our law) may die.

The government of England always supposes a monarch regulated by law, and therefore it is presumed that he can do no wrong, that is, though he may err as well as other mortals, yet the law, of which he is the guardian, brings no accusation against him, but only against his evil ministers. If therefore the king hath erred, (as doubtless he hath very much) in God's name let his ministers be called to an account. But why must the government be dissolved, and the king arraigned, condemned and deposed, to make way for any new scheme of government whatsoever, whether French, Italian, or Dutch?

The historian, in the life of Richard II. gives no very good character of that parliament, which passed the vote for his deposition. " The noblemen," says he, " partly corrupted by favour, partly awed by fear, gave " their voices, and the commons commonly are like a " flock of cranes, as the first fly, all the followers do the like." *Continu. Dan Hist.* p. 46

Let it be here observed, that I do not dispute whether the king, together with his parliament, may not regulate



gulate and entail the succession as shall by them be thought fit, but only whether, whilst the king lives, the throne can be vacant, and the government be truly said to be lapsed? This we deny. But however, supposing that these things may be so, who can make so fair a claim, as the next heir by proximity of blood? I mean, if the Prince of Wales be proved supposititious, that incomparable lady the Princess of Orange?

These reflections I have thought fit to make, upon some new notions of our present statesmen, by which we guess what they would be at. In my opinion, I think it is but too evident that they are taking advantage of our present fears and distractions, to run us into those extremes which the state, as well as the church of England, hath always carefully avoided, and taken particular care to provide against.

4thly, In this design can we in honour and conscience go along with them, whom yet we cannot but highly esteem and value for their learning and parts, and more especially for their happy and successful labours, in rescuing us from those gross corruptions of the Christian religion and human nature, popery and slavery?

But shall we run into popery, and perhaps slavery too, when we have been so long striving against both, and are now, thanks be to God, in a great measure freed from the danger of either? and is it not the deposing a popish doctrine? and is it not as antichristian for any assembly to put it into practice, as it was for the council of Lateran at first to establish it?

And as for slavery, must not a standing army be necessarily kept up, to maintain a title founded only upon the consent of the fickle and uncertain people, granting that the major part of them are willing? and in such a case must we not be beholden to the goodness and mercy of the prince, rather than the protection of our laws, if an arbitrary and despotic power be not again introduced?

We have, as yet, no law which wholly disables and excludes a popish successor from the throne; and till we have one, which I question not but we shall have soon,

I do

I do not see how we can disannul the king's title, or vacate his regal capacity, howsoever his power may be restrained. Innovations without former precedents are always dangerous, especially those of this nature. It will be much more wise, as well as safe, to bear with some inconveniencies, than bring upon ourselves those mischiefs which such unparalleled proceedings may produce.

The Prince of Orange in his additional declaration hath these words. "We are confident that no persons can have such hard thoughts of us, as to imagine that we have any other design in this undertaking than to procure a settlement of the religion, and of the liberties and properties of the subjects upon so sure a foundation, that there may be no danger of the nation's relapsing into the like miseries at any time hereafter."

How far some persons may extend this clause (that there may be no danger of the nation's relapsing into the like miseries for the future) I cannot tell, but for any one to understand it so, as if his highness meant, that there could be no security against the nation's relapse, if the king be not deposed and he himself put into possession of the throne, is, I am sure, an interpretation very disadvantageous to his honour, and looks more like a jesuitical equivocation, than that candour and Christian sincerity, which hath brightened and rendered illustrious all the actions of his highness, both at home and abroad.

The answerer also to the reflector upon his highness's declaration, will not permit us to harbour any such suspicions, as if a crown was the end of this expedition. "All such (says he, page 23, 24.) as believe the Prince of Orange has brought this army, and intends to make war upon England, and subdue it to his mere will and pleasure, trample all laws both divine and human under feet, dethrone his present majesty, and make himself king, they will stay and fight for him, viz. the king, or at least to the best of their power in some manner assist and help him. On the contrary, such as believe the prince's meaning is nothing of all this, &c."

Here, you see, that this author (who, 'tis to be supposed, was not unacquainted with the prince's intentions) utterly rejects it, as a false imputation, that his highness came to dethrone his present majesty and make himself king. Nay, he thought himself obliged so fully to declare against this scandalous report, that he seems to have encouraged all those who believed it, "To stay and fight for the King, or at least, to the best of their power, in some manner assist and help him." So far was this gentleman from entertaining any such thoughts of the prince's expedition; which some men, nevertheless, do now so industriously labour to make the effect of it.

There is another thing which makes well-meaning men apt to suspect the present management, and withholds them from closing with it so fully, as otherwise it's probable they might do. That paper which goes under the title of *The Prince's third Declaration*, is (as I am credibly informed) none of his, and is disowned by the prince himself. Now this pretended declaration (coming out when the army was in such a dubious condition, and fluctuating betwixt the king and the prince) did more harm to the king's affairs, than all the other papers, I believe, published at that time.

And if this was no real, but a sham declaration, and yet was permitted without contradiction, 'tis plain that sophistry and tricks are made use of, as lawful policies, and that any kind of means are permitted, if they will but do the business, and serve the present turn. This makes plain and honest men, who have no ends to serve but what are just, and are willing to use no kind of means but what are so. This makes them shy and cautious of engaging too far in those designs, which they see carried on by crafty and deceitful artifices, working under a military power and force ready to defend them.

I might mention the great number of papists in the Dutch army, as another dissuative from venturing ourselves in this bottom. We are afraid of papists of all sorts and of all countries, German and Dutch, as well as French and Irish, the constitutions of the one may be  
more

more harmless than of the other, but the principles of both, we know, are equally destructive, and when occasion serves, who knows but that the principle may prevail over the constitution, and the papist get the better of the Dutchman? 'Tis ill trusting popery in any shape. This is a root which, wherever it is planted, can bring forth no good fruit. The bogs of Holland cannot, we think, make it less malignant than those of Ireland.

To come to a conclusion, there remains several things to be cleared, before we can altogether comply with what is now prosecuted with so much zeal.

That the Prince of W is a supposititious child that a league was made by our king with the King of France for the destruction of his protestant subjects, and rooting out our religion, under the notion of the northern heresy: that the late king was poisoned, and the Earl of Essex was murdered. These things we desire may be proved, and then we cannot but agree, that nothing can be too bad for the guilty authors.

These are such damnable villanies, such horrid crimes, that both the principals and accessories ought to be esteemed and treated no better than tories and banditti, men of scared and profligate consciences, forsaken of God, and enemies to mankind.

But then, seeing these are such heavy accusations and grievous charges, they ought certainly to be well proved before they be believed, and produced as arguments against the life, honour, and estate of any person for *si satis esset accusasse*, &c. If it be enough to accuse, where should we find an innocent person?

If these dreadful things can be made out, it would, I believe, not only confirm protestants in their deserved detestation of popery, but create even in the minds of honest papists themselves, an aversion to their own religion, when they shall see it contriving and executing such cruel and unnatural works of darkness.

To see a father setting up a pretended son against the interest of his own undoubted children! to behold a king bargaining for the destruction of his own subjects! to represent

represent to our mind one brother preparing the deadly cup for the other, who yet ventured his crown rather than he would exclude him from the hopes of it in reversion! To look upon the same royal person plotting and managing the assassination of a captive and a helpless peer! These are such dismal fights and melancholic scenes, so full of horror and barbarous cruelty, that they must needs make sad impressions upon the hearts even of the boldest spectators in so much that, if they were proved, they would most effectually prejudice all men against the author of such monstrous barbarities, and go near to extinguish all obligations of duty which otherwise they might owe to his person and authority.

We must therefore call again for the proof of these things, or else we cannot (because we ought not to) believe them upon bare surmise and hearsay. If these accusations be cleared once, who can reverence the person guilty of them, as the father of his country, and not rather avoid and fly from him as the worst of tyrants.

But if these things be still kept in the clouds, and wrapped up in uncertain ambiguities, all wise men will think that it would have been better if they never had been mentioned, because this doth but raise the people's zeal for the present, which (if not kept up by real evidence) will be apt to turn to the other extreme, and commiserate the cause which before it prosecuted with so much violence. The higher men's resentments are raised by objecting the most notorious crimes, the lower will they fall, if truth and plain matter of fact doth not back and maintain them, and this is an advantage which I would not have us give our adversaries in these things, no more than we have done in the matters of dispute betwixt them and us; here we have proved all our charges against their religion, let us therefore prove, or else not eagerly insist upon these accusations brought against their persons.

I shall add nothing further, but my real wishes, that I could (though with the loss of all that's dear to me in this world) contribute to the utter exclusion of popery by all lawful means, and I do, and shall always pray for a blessing

bleffing upon their defigns, who fincerely endeavour to procure a fettlement of the religion, liberties and properties of the fubjects, upon fo fure a foundation, that there may be no danger of the nation's relapfing into the like miferies at any time hereafter.



A SPEECH

## A SPEECH

*In the HOUSE of COMMONS, made on the Bill for Raising  
Monies for the Civil Lists, in the 1st Year of the Reign  
of King WILLIAM III.*

MR. SPEAKER,

WE have provided for the army, we have provided for the navy, and now, at last, a new reckoning is brought us, we must provide likewise for the civil lists. truly, Mr Speaker, it is a sad reflection, that some men should wallow in wealth and places, whilst others pay away in taxes the fourth part of their revenue for the support of the same government. We are not upon equal terms for his Majesty's service the courtiers and great officers charge, as it were, in armour, they feel not the taxes by reason of their places, whilst the country gentlemen are shot through and through by them.

The king is pleased to lay his wants before us, and I am confident expects our advice upon it. we ought therefore to tell him what pensions are too great, what places may be extinguished during the time of the war and public calamity his Majesty is encompassed with. His Majesty sees nothing but coaches and six horses, and great tables, &c. and therefore cannot imagine the want and misery of the rest of his subjects. He is a brave and generous prince, but he is a young king, encompassed and hemmed in by a company of crafty old courtiers, to say no more. Some have places of 3000 l. some of 6000 l. and others 6800 l. *per annum*, and I am told the commissioners of the treasury have 1600 l. *per annum* a piece. Certainly public pensions, whatever they have been formerly, are much too great for the present want and calamity that reigns every where else.

And

And it is a general scandal, that a government, so sick at heart as ours is, should look so well in the face

We must save the king money wherever we can, for I am afraid the war is too great for our purses, if things be not managed with all imaginable thrift. When the people of England see all things are saved that can be saved, that there are no exorbitant pensions, nor unnecessary salaries, and all this applied to the use to which they are given, we shall give, and they shall cheerfully pay whatever his Majesty can want to secure the protestant religion, and to keep out the King of France and King James too, whom (by the way) I have not heard named this session, whether out of fear, discretion, or respect, I cannot tell.

I conclude, Mr. Speaker, let us save the king what we can, and then let us proceed to give him what we are able.



A SPEECH



## A SPEECH

*on the Bill for Disbanding the Army,*  
1699.

I HOPE my behaviour in this House has put me above the censure of one who would obstruct his Majesty's affairs. I was as early in the apprehensions of the power of France as any man: I never stuck at money for fleets, armies, alliances, or whatever expences seem'd to have the preservation of our new-settled government for that end. I am still of the same mind, but that was war and this is peace; and if I shall now differ from some worthy gentlemen who have spoke before me, they will be so just as to believe it is not about the end, but the means we contend.

Some may think England cannot be safe without a standing army of 30000 men, and will tell us the King of France has 200000 in pay, disciplined troops, that all our neighbours are armed in another manner than they were wont to be; that we must not imagine that we can defend ourselves with our ordinary and legal forces.

All this is very material, and would have great weight with me, if England was not an island, accessible only by sea, and in that case, not till they have destroyed our navy, which is, or may be made superior to any force that can be brought against us.

It is very difficult to land forces in an enemy's country; the Spanish Armada was beaten at sea, and never set foot on English ground. His present Majesty, with all the shipping of Holland, could bring over but 14000 or 15000 men, and that so publicly, that nothing but an insatuated prince would have permitted their landing. Our attempts upon Brest shew us, that it is easy with a small force to prevent an assault from t'other side of the water. As we  
are

are capable of being attacked in several places, so it may be urged as a reason for several troops more than our purposes can bear, but if ~~we~~ burthen the people thus far in peace, it may tempt some wish for war again, every change carrying a prospect of better times, and none can make it worse than a standing army (of any number of men) will at present. If we are true to ourselves, 10000 men are enough, and if not, 100000 men too few.



## A SPEECH

*Upon the Vote for bringing in a Bill for Dissolving the  
Parliament, by an Act of the Legislative Power.*

THAT the bill passed the Lords unanimously ought to be no argument for us to pass it; for if any thing was proposed to their diminution, it would find as easy a passage in this House: How fond were we of taking away then *scandalum magnatum*? I remember we lost a very good bill by attempting, and they by refusing it, but they would not then, nor do they now, offer up any thing of their own for the public benefit, there is not one word concerns themselves in this popular bill. We have sat too long, we must never hereafter sit above three years. They would ease the people, but it must be all at the expence of the House of Commons, not a privilege of their own must be shaken. It is urged, we are the people's ambassadors; or attornies, as others say; and they ought to have a power to change us, if they find we act contrary to the nature of the trust reposed in us, or are corrupted to a court-interest, that they are any ways dissatisfied with our prudence or integrity; and therefore be it enacted a new parliament shall be chosen every three years. Truly I cannot see any security for the people against an ill parliament in this act, for a corrupt House of Commons may undo the nation in three years as well as in thirty. For to admit any one parliament to be so far corrupted, as to pass laws to the injury of liberty or property, they can never be repealed but by the act of the king and lords, who, when once they have thought it their interest to procure such laws, will never consent to the repeal of them: For, though the House of Commons will be new every three years, the King and the House of Lords will be still the same in interest, if not personally. So  
that

that one ill parliament, though but of three years continuance, may prove a disease incurable. But men will say, 'tis better the people should choose a new parliament every three years, than that the same representatives should be continued upon them at the king's pleasure, how negligently, how imprudently, how dissatisfactorily soever they perform their duty in the house. This is not to be answered. But we ought to have so much esteem for our prince, as not to think he will long continue such a parliament upon us, and to give him a little latitude in the calling and dissolving part, so as not to tie him strictly to the letter of those laws which, as I told you before, never were observed by any of his predecessors, nor rigorously insisted upon by any of ours. When he shall have made a considerable transgression, it will be then time enough to enter our complaint. But, say some gentlemen on the other side, good laws are never to be obtained but in the reign of a good king, therefore this is the time to press for so good a law as this is, that may keep an ill disposed prince in order. Truly I do not see it provides against any thing, but that an ill prince shall not enslave us by one continued long parliament; but he may do it by a triennial one, whenever he and they can agree about it, nor call these parliaments but when the king has business for them, and has also a strong presumption they will comply for the adjourning, proroguing, and dissolving such parliaments as he dislikes. Thus all will be in his power though this act pass; and even triennial parliaments cannot give us a certain remedy, in case of any invasion upon our liberty and property; for it is the king that must appoint time and place. Though the Houses of Lords and Commons are essential parts of the English government, yet in this political existence they depend upon the will and pleasure of our kings. The people of England are the same, then reasons of choosing the same, and I question not but they will send us the same men, or the same sort of men again. Mr. Speaker, I can by no means approve of this bill at this time but my main exception lies against the clause which requires

the dissolution of this present parliament, by an act of the legislative power. Never was there any such invasion upon the prerogative of a King, never such an indignity offered to any House of Commons in being. The next House may take other measures than we have done, and then what is got by a new parliament? If they take others, you know not what disorders may follow.

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## ANOTHER SPEECH

*Upon the said Bill for Dissolving the Parliament.*

THE long parliament of forty, was indeed declar'd extinguish'd by act of parliament, but all the world saw what they attempted, and what they executed and I hope we shall never pass an act that may couple us in history with that sort of men.

Mr. Speaker, I have seen several parliaments in this house, yet never cou'd observe any great change of proceeding, till the whole nation was alarm'd at the Duke of York's declaring himself a papist, the discovery of the popish plot, and King Charles the Second's being suspected for that religion then there was a change in deed but I hope we have no calamities of that magnitude now to provide against our king is in our interest abroad; he is an utter enemy to France, he is a good Protestant, we are ready with our purses to support him in the defence of liberty, religion and property, we are honest in the main, and I cannot see the nation can be in better hands; however, let us be extinguished in the usual way of parliament, and not pull on ourselves a violent, and, I think, an ignominious death, by an act of the legislative power for our extinction. The long parliament could not be dissolved but by act of parliament for they had obtained an act for their continuance, which  
could

could not be annulled but by an act for their dissolution; and therefore they were of necessity so dealt with.

To conclude, Sir, for these and many other reasons given me by gentlemen who spoke before me, I am against this bill at this time.

'Tis said other gentlemen have a right and a just expectation of sitting in this house in their turns, as well as we that are now here, which this bill will put them in possession of; but that argument supposes this parliament will be continued for ever, if this house of commons be not extinguished by this law at this time, which I can no ways admit of we are all for frequent parliaments, as well those against the bill, as those who are for it, but some of us had rather obtain it from some ordinary act of the king's prerogative, or such occasions, than extort them by a written law, which may be of too stiff a temper to bend or comply with such emergencies of state as may perhaps make the continuance of the same parliament a session longer than the law allows very advantageous, if not altogether necessary. I should have liked this bill better if it had begun in our own house, then it had been a self-denying bill indeed; but now it looks like a surprise upon us from the lords, and brings us under this dilemma, that if we pass it, we throw ourselves immediately out of this house; if we reject this seeming popular bill we hazard our elections into the next parliament, for we are told by such as would have it pass, that the gentlemen who are against this new choice of the people, cannot expect to be elected by them into the next parliament. thus we are to overlook all considerations of state and public concernment, and pass this bill in order to gratify our corporations, that they may choose again.

Truly, Sir, for my part, I renounce those partial measures, and if I cannot be chosen upon the account of general service to the nation, I will never creep into the favour of any sort of men, and vote against my judgment.

## A SPEECH

*Upon the BILL of Ways and Means, &c.*

**I** BELIEVE, Mr. Speaker, when we come to consider of it, we shall find, that it is convenient not only to lessen the officers of the court and state in point of profit, but in point of number too; we have nine commissioners of excise, seven of the admiralty, three of the post-office, six of the customs, I know not why half may not do the business as well. But when I consider all these, or most of them, are members of parliament, my wonder is over; for though it may be a dispute, whether many heads are better than one, it is certainly true, that many votes are better than one; many of these gentlemen have two offices besides their seat in parliament, which require attendance in several places, and abilities of divers natures, but members of parliament, though well principled, have no privileges to be fit for any thing without practice, study or application.

Sir, we are call'd by the king, and sent up by the people, and ought to regard no interests but theirs, which, as I told you before, are always the same, let us therefore proceed accordingly. The late proposals of the courtiers themselves to save the king money, was by applying the profits, salaries and fees of their places that exceed 800 l. *per annum* to the war; thus will the public charge lie easier upon the people, and the present reign be more and more endeared to them. What is necessary we shall cheerfully supply, when we see all men set their shoulders to the burthen, and stand upon an equal footing for our common defence, and that what we give is applied to those uses for which we give, and the a my paid. This offer, Sir, as I remember, began when an observation was made by you of the long accounts, and that a great part of the king's revenue remained in the hands of

of the receivers, to which a worthy member answered, It could not be helped, by reason some receivers were members of parliament, and stood upon their privileges. To which another member answered, That we could not deprive members of their privilege, but that to remedy the like for the future, we were ready to pass a vote, that no member of parliament should be a receiver of the king's revenue. This alarmed the whole body of men in office, so that some stood up, and, to prevent the house from harping any longer upon that string, said, They so little valued their own profit, that they were willing to resign all their fees, salaries, and perquisites exceeding 300*l. per annum*, toward the next year's charge. Thus, if really intended, was very generous; but if it was only a compliment, shift or expedient, to avoid the present we vote were upon, that no member of parliament should be receiver of the revenue, nothing was more disingenuous, nor could a greater abuse be offered to the house, for we proceeded so far as to vote the speaker, judges and some others should not be comprehended. People abroad that received our votes will think strangely of it, if, after all those preparations, we do nothing in it, and suffer ourselves to be thus gulled: But I hope better of the worthy gentlemen, and cannot but think they were in earnest with this house upon so solemn a debate,



A SPEECH



## A SPEECH

*Upon the BILL for Trial, &c.*

MR. SPEAKER,

THE trial by their peers could never be meant peers of the king's appointment. I take the clause in question to be very agreeable to the title of your bill, for it is intitled, "A Bill for the more equal Trial of Persons accused of Treason, or Misprision of Treason." Upon which the Lords have grafted a provision for themselves in that case, and no other, and the provision is, that they shall be tried out of parliament, as they are now sitting in the parliament. This some gentlemen say is a weakening to the government, which they seem to think cannot subsist, unless the government may at any time reduce what lords they please under the power and judgement of the majority of twenty peers, nominated by the lord high steward, which certainly is a very great hardship upon the peerage of England, and puts them in a worse condition, as to their lives and fortunes, than the meanest commoner of England, who may except against three juries, whereas a lord cannot except against one single person of those few that are appointed to try him, though never so profest and so open an enemy to him. Now, instead of this privilege of ours, they desire they may be tried by the whole house, or such of them as will come to the trial. Others again say, If this clause pass, by reason of the mutual relations and affinity between the peers, they will be ready and able to save one another. To that may be answered, That of late the lords do not much intermarry, choosing rather to better their fortunes by marriage into the city, the best composition, and most usual of late, being nobility on one side, with money on the other; nor do those sort of ob-

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ligations last longer than the wedding-clothes. Nor are the Lords so considerable as formerly, when three or four of them in conjunction could shake the crown. Their estates, and consequently interests, are sufficiently decayed since the statute of Henry VII. gave leave to alienate their lands. They were natural, and many of them now but artificial lords, like the catholic bishops, *in partibus infidelium*. This clause is likewise very pursuant to the prince's declaration, where nothing is more complained and abhorred, than the injustice and corruption of the trials in King James's reign, and I hope we shall never be tenacious of those wicked and indirect ways of destroying, by which we have lost many of our best friends; the lords have estates to make them cautious, but not dangerous. Partiality and compliance is ever toward the power in being. The reigns of princes are recommended to posterity by the good laws they pass; and as we have given largely for the supply of the government, we may hope to obtain something for the benefit of those whose money we have been so liberal of: We have as yet past nothing but money bills, or bills of a private nature: 'Tis high time we should do something like a parliament of England, let us not then here, among ourselves, stifle this our public debt, and consequently deprive his Majesty of the glory of passing an act, which most men have in all ages desired, but could never hope to obtain but from so gracious a prince.



## AN ESSAY ON ENTERTAINMENTS.

**M**ARCUS VARRO, in a treatise written of the number of guests, the disposition and order of an elegant supper; the choice, condition and quality of such as are invited; begins with their number, which, he says, ought not to be less than the graces, nor greater than that of the muses, in plain English, not less than three, nor more than nine. They ought not to be many, that every man may have his turn of speaking as well as hearing. A great table is subject to noise and disorder; a number of equals cannot easily be kept within the bounds of decency and respect one to another. Four things are principally required in what he calls an elegant supper. The guests must be men of some quality, well bred, and not ill drest. The place must be well chosen; retired from public view, and the common disturbances of passengers and business, where they may hear no noise but what they make. The time convenient, not too late, nor too early, for an early supper comes too fast upon a late dinner, and a late supper takes too much of the night from our natural rest, and consequently too much of the next day from business. The linen, the room, the servants, and what we now call the buffet, rather clean and neat, than pompous or magnificent: the supper such as some of the invited may give in their turn without hurting themselves. Not all great talkers, nor too silent, but ingenious men, knowing when to speak and when to hear, rather facetious, witty and agreeable, than contentious, rhetorical, or eloquent: Reserve is proper in a great assembly or senate, conversation for the bar or courts of justice, but in a private company a shorter way of expression and a quicker turn of wit is more acceptable. The guests should not be all old, nor all young men; for old men talk of nothing but what was done twenty years ago, and young fellows of  
nothing.

nothing but the amours, the disorders and debauches of last week the old ought to put on as much youth as they can on such occasions, and the young a temporary gravity, that the two extremes may meet in a third point. Stories ought to be sparingly ventured upon, for they impose too long a silence on the rest of the rest of the company, and may offend three ways, either by being tedious, common, or unpleasant. The conversation should not roll or dwell upon state affairs, private business, or matters of interest, which men are apt to dispute with more heat, concern and animosity than is consistent with the good humour and mirth principally intended at such meetings, in which we should rather talk of pleasant, cheerful and delightful subjects, such as beauty, painting, music, poetry, the writers of the past and present age, whereby we may at once improve and refresh our wits; not rack or torture them with knotty, rugged and contradictory disputes, occasioned often by an affectation of superiority, which is the worst effect and greatest proof of self conceit. Such men think themselves in the right, because others will not give themselves the vain trouble of telling them they are in the wrong, which is oftener a tribute paid by modest men to their invincible obstinacy, than an acknowledgment of their superior judgment. Every man ought to be left to his liberty in point of wine as well as meat; for amongst men, as well as horses, some want the curb and some the spur.



THE

## EARL of PEMBROKE'S SPEECH

*In PARLIAMENT, on the debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the King in London, and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty, 1648.*

*The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordship spake as followeth*

MY LORDS,

I THANK God you had no reason to make me your speaker, and truly (all things considered) I have as little reason to be a speaker as any man, and yet I will speak, for I have been learning these seven years how to do it *extrum-pens*; I have helped too to hawl down bishops and scholars, and ministers for dumb dogs, and do you think I'll be a dumb dog too? a halter I will: if I should sit still and say nothing, and let his majesty come to London, that were the way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for myself than a dog. I hope the door is fast, that the citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my mind: what though I do not know my own mind? Yet I'll speak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true Englishman, though I cannot speak good English, and as honest a man too as my Lord Say can make me, and therefore, my lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to die in the house of commons, or else, they say, I shall  
be

be no lord; and so say I to you grafs and hay, my lords, we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the manger

I have been for the city too in my time, when they would pay their money, hear reason, and invite us to dinners. Hang them rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their bellyfuls too, (I pray God they do not hear me) This time twelve month they made a young man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old man they draw me into a new war, and made me wait upon a new speaker, and vote his majesty's coming to London but I was a mad man, I knew not what I did then, for if the army had not had the more mercy, I had been a traitor as well as the rest, for aught I know. Do you think then I'll vote the king home again? no, I warrant you, I am an old bird, and scorn chaff, or to be made a traitor any more for any king in Christendom. I am an old thing made new now: my man Michael tells me, I am an independant. I think I am a good Christian, ay, but citizens and Scots are Jews, and who knows but the personal treaty may be a new name for Popery?

"You may bring in Popery, and break the covenant (if you please, my lords) but I dare not. I am sure we have reason to regard it, for we have gotten well by it; we have gotten the crown-lands, church-lands, the Cavaliers lands, every man's lands too, if we please; and the devil and all and how shall we keep them, if we do not keep the covenant? for my part, I'll keep to my oaths, and rather than part with them, damme, I'll swear down all the personal treaty."

And good reason too, for they say it will undo all that we have been doing these seven years: and for my part I thought all had been undone already, then what need any more undoing by a treaty? my lords, if we must undo, let us undo as the house of commons do, they do something to-day, and undo it to-morrow they vote they would never make any more addresses to the King and made us vote so too, and then they made us un-

vote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard chapter, for I cannot read the meaning of it, but I am sure they do not mean a treaty if they can help it.

I like the way of sending propositions, ay, for I love to go on errands. I am sure it is an honourable employment for an old man to be the state's halfpenny boy, and I am glad the commons will not hear your reasons for the king's coming, before we have signed the three propositions. For observe, my lords, if they should hear reason they might go whistle mistake me not, I mean if they should hear any reason but their own, and I think that is all the reason in the world, for it is a reason of state, or the state's own reason. There I think I hit it; for all other reason is malignant and high-treason. Why then should we treat with the king? for he'll talk malignant reason, and reason of state too, but then here's the matter, my lords, he will not talk the state's reason, and therefore judge ye, whether the state have any reason to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but treason, and by that means, my lords, make you or me, or any of us all traitors to our faces. Trust him that will, for my part, I shall have as little to say to him as any of you all, and yet you see I am a good speaker, according to the state's reason.

I think we never had a good world since we had so much reason. for my part, (I'll speak my mind plainly) I never had any reason of my own, nor will I own ever any but Michael Oldworth, and the state's, and, by the life of Phrydis, I think they are two as reasonable creatures as any in the world. But to this point of reason, I mean to speak more, now I am come to examine your lordships' reasons of state, which the house of commons have voted contrary to the state's reason. for, as I take it, my lords, they are the state, and you know we are all bound to submit to the state, or else we are traitors, I am sure few of us but have been made so for not submitting, and 'as God's mercy, we are not all traitors. However, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but here as well as I can, to the state's reasons, and I advise:

advise your lordships to do so too, for they care not a fig for all your reasons, nor I neither. S'death, I am sure some of you have no reason to the contrary, you know how you were whipped with the black-rod lately, and I can tell you there's a black book at the head quarters; if you'll do reason, ye may, but mark ye, my lords, it's a very dangerous to talk reason, it's the only way to be put in the black-book, and then you know the black rod follows. I am an old man, ay, and some of you are old enough too, but, you see, we are not past whipping, and yet you will not take warning.

However, I shall have a care of one, and in the mean time see what reason you have to venture to talk reason to the state. If you were their fellow-commoners, you might have some reason to make bold to give them reasons, but being as it is, methinks you might know your distance. You say you would not have the three propositions offered to the king before the treaty, first, because the citizens here, and divers counties have petitioned for it. The citizens' 'tis true, they have brought us in a petition here for it. But the more rascals they may go home and say their prayers, for they are not like to be heard here. What, do they pray when they should curse? damme, do they think the state's a camelion, to live upon air, good words, and petitions, and treaties? they were all for a new war, and drew me in too this time twelve-months, and now they are against a new war. Is there any reason in this, when the states have not yet done their business? must they do and undo, as well as the state; and now, by doing nothing, quite undo the state? they shall be hang'd first; damme, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, my lords, because you say 'tis reason; but yet I hope the citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I speak to be spoken on the house-tops, because usually, my lords, I seldom speak but I am o'th' top of the house before I am aware. But this I say, why should they stand for peace and treaties, that first set afoot the war? and now, when we expect they should serve another apprenticeship to



to the state to maintain the war, they meant to leave reformation, like Dun, in the mire, and are become so popish as to cross us with treaties. If they were for a new war this time twelve-months, 'tis all the reason in the world they should be so now. What, tho' the case be not the same, nor the state the same now that it was then? I hope the cause and the state are alive still, and will be as long as the king and the cavaliers live, and outlive them too; for they are the same still, and fitter for another world than the state's world for the state's world runs round, and hath done so their seven years, but the king and the cavaliers are the same still and therefore, my lords, I shall conclude with as good logic as any lawyer can make satisfactory, as long as the king and the cavaliers are the same, the cause must needs be the same, tho' the state be not the same, but mangled, and rent, and patch'd, and new-modelled, and the covenant likewise crack'd all to pieces. And where is your reason now, my lords? Doth it not follow then, That they ought not to take the same course to maintain the war against the king and the cavaliers, and not trouble the state thus with treaties? Especially, seeing Guildhall is the same, the excise, the city bags, and public faith too, are all the very same still, and as full and fluent as ever. And if these fellows that come here to vex the state thus with petitions, will not go home in peace, to forward a new war, and be the same men again that they have been, I hope the army will come and pickle them up in the tower, and serve them the same sauce their fellows had this time twelve-month: For what other end, I pray you, do we keep the army, or the army keep us?

And now, my lords, that I have done with the citizens, I shall fall upon the counties. What have they to do with petitions? They are out of their calling; they should follow the plough, and let the state alone to harvest, and fetch in harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a king, and see us quartered, than endure any more free-quarter; but I think the state-guard quartered them sufficiently, and made drawn cats of them, I mean

mean the Surry men, so that I think they, or the rest, will have but a little stomach again to come to a petitioning. What reason then, my lords, have you to regard what they say for a treaty? They can but talk, you see, and the state can fight, and be ne'er the more traitors for it; but if these fight, they are traitors presently, as soon as we have conquered them. I tell you, my lords, if the state had voted me a soldier, I would have no more mercy upon those fellows than if they were traitors in gingerbread. What tho' they would bite? I have ventured ere now the tenderest member that I have with a blung thing, and lain in a month for it under the surgeon's hands, and I'll venture my tongue with any biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a care of my head for the service of the state; and who knows, whether I may keep it if there be a treaty? But I wonder what good my head would do them. I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true I, for my part, never got any thing by it, and I suppose no body else will. Therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this part of your reason, my lords, I say the counties are as very rascals as the citizens, that would have us pull an old House upon our heads by a personal treaty. They would have a disbanding of their army too, would they? But they shall snap short. For I love the army, damme, I do dearly. Sink me, they would us have disbanded, I think too, and sit longer; but if the army will love us, we'll love the army: for why should the counties be so much against the soldiers, poor wretches! Consider, my lords, an 'twere your own case; for it might have pleased God to have made some of us soldiers. And so, my lords, I think I have manul'd your first reason against the three propositions.

Your second reason is, because his majesty hath often declared, that he will sign nothing till all things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending of those things must

must needs cause delay to the treaty. I would have you to know, my lords, I am not for delays, I hate them, for I think I am as hasty as any man, but yet I care not, if we delay a treaty with God or the king till to-morrow, and that I think is a fair time; for it may be to-morrow, for ought we know. And it is a very fit time, I think, since his majesty will agree to nothing till the conclusion of all things. I wish him well, he was my master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his hand. I can kiss my lady May, and she is my mistress. I care not for kissing of men: I am an old man, and it is not for me to be kissing. But if she be for a personal treaty, then indeed this reason holds good against delay, and I am of your opinion.

Then you say too, It is contrary to the rules of treating, to grant any thing before the treaty. Have we not done what we list all this while, and must we go by rule now? Then it will follow too, that we must let the king rule again. He is in a fine condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am sure my Lord Say rules me as well as ever I would desire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be against the rules of treating, as long as he rules the most, because he says a treaty is out of all rule, and none but unruly fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our honours, my lords, to be unruly. But, damme, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good a disciplined army as any in the world to rule us.

But I say further, That it was the desire of the Scots to have his majesty come to some of his houses near London, and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair correspondence with them. Damme and sink me, my lords, what have we to do with them now? We had occasion to use them a while ago, but now, that they have helped us to conquer the king, we have done with them. We, my lords, must be ruled, but the Scots, you see, are the lords of misrule. For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them, I cannot abide a Scot;

a Scot; for a Scot twitched me once, and cracked my crown with my own hat, the very verge of my lord-chamberlainship; and now they are all coming to twitch you too. They say Hamilton is their general: He is a duke; I cannot abide a duke, because I am not one myself. But do not I look as like a duke as Hamilton? Well, I might have been one, if I had had wit enough to keep that honour which I had. But I had honour, what then had I to do with wit? That's for poor rogues; for wit and honour seldom meet together. I know many men count swearing to be wit; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my oaths at court, and not broke them by playing false with the king, and forswear myself by taking the state's oaths, and the Scots oath, damme, I had been as good a duke before this time as any Scot of them all. But hang dukes, we are princes now, an't please the commons.

As for the king's coming to one of his houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a house: I say they are the state's houses time out of mind, at least these seven years, ever since his majesty was turned out of doors. I am afraid, if he should come to any of his houses, and we not agree with him, nor let him be king again, we shall be turned out of our house, and the commons out of their house; and then we shall not have a house to hide our heads in. Mark ye too, my lords, it must be to some one of his houses near London. How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no houses near London, and ye thought to make bold with his majesty's. Sooth, I thought ye had housed him for that purpose, and will ye now give over house-keeping.

You say likewise, there is more reason to offer a treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at Oxford and Urbridge. Well, my lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the house of commons. I am for the state, ay: But if you will undo yourselves with reason, I cannot help it; you see the cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you will beggar yourselves with it too, and leave me

to keep house here by myself, you may. You know the house of commons and I are all one; and if you leave the house of peers to me and two or three more, the commons' house and ours will soon be all one too. Hang reason then, will you provoke the state, and leave my company for a little reason? You know whither my Lord of Holland is gone for his reason, and what is become of my Lord Francis and the rest, and where his majesty is with all his reason, and where I am that have reason. You talk of treating at Oxford and Uxbridge. 'Tis true, his majesty baffled us with reason. But how hath he prospered after it? I believe it never did any body any good; and I am sure, tho' we had no reason to get the better, yet we got the better with no reason: And therefore because we thrived so well then without reason, I think 'tis wisely done to deal out of all reason ever since. And so, my lords, I think I have tickled you for all your reasons, against our sending of the three propositions before a treaty.

Now, my lords, in the next place, I'll prove the propositions themselves to be so reasonable, that I know you will never trust to your own reasons again. What tho' they are unreasonable, yet they are not so, if I keep to my former distinction, that is, not according to reason of state, but the state's reason; for, seeing a treaty would quite undo the state, sure it is all the reason in the world they should propound things out of reason, on purpose to prevent treating. Therefore I will maintain the first proposition is most reasonable, that the king should recal all proclamations and declarations against us, and well he escapes so too, for I am sure he slandered us sufficiently with a murther of truth, tho' he called us sufficiently with a murther of truth, tho' he called us rebels and traitors? Do I look like one? What, am I a Faux or a Catesby? I am sure I had no hand in this last powder-plot; nor the first neither. I scorn to be a traitor, ay, damme, what! declarations and proclamations to cut off our heads, and not recal them? You may choose whether you will have them recalled or no, but  
sink

Sink me, I will have them recalled. What<sup>1</sup> shall our heads be fitted with an iron cap-case, and set a tunning these dog-days upon the top of the house here, to spoil our complexions<sup>2</sup> Damme, we must all come to it, if we be rebels and traitors. Traitor then in his face, if he will not recal his proclamations, for they will make us traitors, in spite of our teeth, if we do not make them treason against the state. What tho' the house of commons have made us traitors in many things, in spite of our teeth<sup>3</sup> I hope the state may do any thing, and be no treason. Therefore I say these proclamations are treason against the state, and so not to recal them is to be a traitor against the state.

But the cavaliers say, if the king recalls them, then he makes himself and them to be the traitors. And all the reason in the world, believe me, for do what we can we cannot make them traitors; why then should not he make them so to our hands<sup>4</sup> For I am sure we use them like traitors; and one had better be traitors, I think, than used so. But they are stubborn fellows; their shoulders are broad enough to bear any thing, and therefore the state hath reason to make them the traitors. I remember, when they proclaimed my Lord of Essex a traitor, and my Lord Say here a traitor, and all that stuck to them traitors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never the worse traitors for being proclaimed. What's a proclamation<sup>5</sup> I am sure there are some of the state that have torn his majesty's proclamations. How can they be traitors then<sup>6</sup> But I will tell you, my lords, who are the traitors. The king's evil counsellors are the traitors; for they never left him till we shut him up close prisoner, and put them away. We are the king's great council now What, tho' we will not let him come among us, yet I am sure we are his best council, for we save him a great deal of trouble, and dispatch all things for him without a hearing, and so I hope we shall dispatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my lords, whether he had not best recal his proclamations.

Now

Now, for the second proposition for settling of church government, there is all the reason in the world for it. For, I say, every tub ought to stand upon its own bottom. Why then should not the church of England be settled upon a Scotch bottom? Here's such a deal ado about a church and religion! I tell you plainly, my lords, I am an independent; I love it better than presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a tale of a tub. But howsoever, it is an ill tub that hath no bottom. Therefore, my lords, I keep my first saying, the church will never be settled till every tub stands upon its own bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a reformer. The assembly says, we must not reform according to the word of God. For my part, I never trouble myself to read a word of it, and yet you know I am an assembly-man. What need I read the word of God, when I keep a chaplain to read it? Besides, they say the reading of it would spoil my oaths, and I'll not leave one word of my oaths for all the word of God. But I am willing to be rid of the Scotch oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the word of God, and it may be so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard times, and because it keeps the bishops away from us. I cannot abide bishops, they have so much learning and antiquity: I hate surplices too, ever since Mr. Henderson preached it up for the whore of Babylon's smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a bout with her (as Mr. Sedgwick says) now and anon too: But hang the whore of Babylon, she is an old whore, and I am an old man, I thank God, but I cannot abide old whores, nor you neither, my lords, I hope. Therefore judge you, whether his majesty ought not to settle church-government presently, that all old whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third proposition, for the settling of the militia, I know not well what to say to it. This militia is a hard word, and so is public faith, but yet the citizens made a shift to swallow it: The devil's in their guts,  
they

they will down with any thing these hard times, and they will down with militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard word; for we have much ado to make his majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as his majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spite of his teeth. What tho' he will not give it us? We have it already; and we are fools, I think, if we do not keep it. What, take away our arms? Does he think to make the state cross the cudgels, and be popish again? The state shall order Hammond to trip up his heels first, and if he cannot do it, Rolph shall go and make him kick up his heels. He is a member of the state's militia, he may do it, damme, he may, for nobody that I see dares question him. Judge you then, whether his majesty had not as good let us cut his throat with the militia, as without it. And so, my lords, I think the three propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the state with any more reasons against them.

Now, my lords, for the city's petition here before us, I have but one word more to say. I say, their petition is worse than your reasons. They would have a treaty too, and no propositions, but they are not half so manely to the state as your lordships, for you give reasons, but they bring not a word of reason that I can understand, and yet they will have no way to a treaty. Hang them, rascals, it is to save their purses, they had rather save their purses, than themselves or the state. But, Damme, their purses and they are both reprobates, and therefore I say the state must damn them both. It is possible in time the state may hang them for all their services. I do not mean the aldermen in their own chains, for the troopers will find other ware for execution. And well they deserve it. for the poor army hath taken the pains to conquer the kingdom, and them too and yet the churls are so miserable, they never could find in their hearts to give them so much as one meal of thanksgiving, therefore I think, after their cold breakfast before Colchester, they had best come and fall aboard upon the



city, I am sure they have some friends here that will bid them welcome Skippon hath a thousand horse for that purpose, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch recruits out of these dogged fellows of the city, and keep out a personal treaty.

Then mark, my lords, they will have this treaty to be in London, no other place will serve them to have the king in but London I thought they had kings enough at London already But they will have King Charles; that is a malignant word if you put God to it, for it is the cavaliers word, and I am for neither. I hope, my lords, you will be so too, and not turn cavaliers now at last, for, what should we do with King Charles? which of us can look him in the face. Damme, I think you have as little reason to treat with him as I Well, my lord, I have spoken my mind I pray you do not order the printing of my speech, for I would not have every body know my mind before myself I should speak oftener if I might be less in print, for, a speech in print is near kin to learning, and I hate learning I hate a king I hate King Charles. Do you do so too, and let's love one another, and be obedient to the state For, damme, sink me, and ram me nine miles into the bottom of a hedge we are undone, if we do not make slaves of the city, and keep off a personal treaty.



THE  
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT  
OF THE  
EARL OF PEMBROKE.

**I** PHILIP, late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, now knight for the county of Berks, being (as I am told) very weak in body, but of perfect memory, for I remember this time five years I gave the casting voice to dispatch old Canterbury, and this time two years I voted no address to be made to my master, and this time twelve-months saw him brought to the block. Yet, because death doth threaten and stare upon me, who still have obeyed all those that threatened me, I now make my last will and testament

*I desire,* For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are or for whom they are for, God knows, I know not, they tell me now or another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop, then came the Scots, and made me a presbyterian, and since Cromwell entered, I have been an independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one, therefore if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it him that gave it me

*Item,* I give my body, for I cannot keep it, you see the chirurgeon is tearing off my flesh, therefore bury me, (I have church-lands enough) but do not lay me in the church porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where Colonel Pride was born.

*Item,* My will is, that I have no monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, but all my life long I have had too much of them.

*Item,* I give my dogs (the best curs that ever man laid leg over) to be divided among my council of state. Many a fair day have I followed my dogs, and followed the state both night and day; went whither they sent me, sat where they bid me, sometimes with lords, sometimes commons, and now can neither go nor sit. yet, whatever becomes of me, let my poor dogs not want their allowance, nor come within the ordinance of one meal a week.

*Item,* I give two of my best saddle horses, to the Earl of Pembroke; for I fear ere long his own legs will fail him, but the tallest and strongest in all my stables, I give to the academy, for a vaulting-horse for all lovers of virtue. All my other horses I give to the Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and the States take away his commission, his lordship may have some horse to command.

*Item,* I give my hawks to the Earl of Carnarvan; his father was master of the hawks to the king, and he has writ to his father, that I begged his wardship, lest he should have done so by me.

*Item,* I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who will preserve them, because he denied the king a share in his parks.

*Item,* I give my chaplains to the Earl of Stafford, in regard he never told us have any but his son the Lord Grey, who being thus both spiritual and carnal may beget more monsters.

*Item,* I give Nothing to the Lord Say, which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

*Item,* To the countesses (my sister and my wife) I give their leave to enjoy their estates, but my own estate I give to my eldest son, charging him on my blessing to follow the advice of Michael Oldworth, for though I have had 30,000*l.* yet I die not in debt above 30,000*l.*

*Item,* Because I threatened Sir Henry Mildmay, but did not beat him, I give fifty pounds to the footman that corrected him.

*Item,*

*Item*, My will is, that the said Sir Harry shall not meddle with my jewels:—I knew him when he served the Duke of Buckingham; and since, how he handled the crown jewels; for both which reasons I do now name him, The Knave of Diamonds.

*Item*, To Tom May (whose face I broke heretofore at a mask) I give five shillings: I intended him more, but all that have seen his history of the parliament, think five shillings too much.

*Item*, To the author of the libel against ladies, (called News from the Exchange) I give three-pence, for inventing a more obscene way of scribbling than the world yet knew; but, since he throws what is rotten and false on divers names of unblemished honour, I leave his payment to the footman that paid Sir Harry Mildmay's arrears, to teach him the difference 'twixt wit and dirt, and to know ladies that are noble and chaste from downright round-heads.

*Item*, I give back to the assembly of divines those classical, provincial, congregational, national, which words I have kept at my own charge to drive forth vain, but finally find they will never come to good.

*Item*, As I restore other men's words, so I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because I liked so he never kept his own.

*Item*, To all rich citizens of London, to all presbyterians, as well as cavaliers, I give advice to look to their throats, for, by order of the states, the garnison at Whitehall have all got poniards, and for new lights have bought dark lanterns.

*Item*, I give all my printed speeches to those persons following, viz. That speech which I made in my own defence, when the four lords were arrested of high treason, I give to Sergeant Wild, that he may know what is treason, and what is not: And the speech I made *extempore*, to the Oxford scholars, I give to the Earl of Manchester, speaker, ~~at any time~~, to the house of peers, before its reformation, and chancellor, ~~for ever~~, of Cambridge university, since its reformation. But my speech at my election (which is my speech ~~and~~ not an oath) I give to those that take the engagement, because

because no oath hath been able to hold them. All my other speeches (of what colour soever) I give to the academy, to help Sir Balthazar's art of well-speaking. *Item*, I give up the ghost.

*Concordat cum Originali.*

NATHANIEL BRENT.

## CODICIL.

*Before his lordship gave his last legacy, he mentioned other particulars; but his sense and words grew so independent, that they could not make forth into perfect legacies yet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was in hæc verba.*

*Item*, I give-----'s death, I am very sick, and my memory fails me. sink me, if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my mind with things of this world; but who the devil thought death had been so near? ha! what is that? now it is at my bed's feet, all bloody. Murder! murder! call up my men. Ollsworth, where a plague are ye all? I am well holp up, to have such comforters. What, was it but a cat? a pox new ye, do you take a lord for a mouse?-----so ho, so ho, there, there, O brave Jowler! plague on that cur, couple him to Royster.-----Come to bed, sweet heart, come, duck, come-----pox rot ye all, where is my coach? my lord mayor hath staid at Guildhall this two hours---that cock is worth a king's ransom, he runs, he runs, a thousand pounds to a bottle of hay-----rub, rub, rub, a pox rub, a hundred thousand rubs s'death my bowl is bewitched, it has no more bias than a pudding-----I'll to the house, and remove the obstructions for sale of the king's goods---damn, me, there it is again, ha! a man without a head! speak, what art thou? s'death canst speak with.

without a head ? -----and there with lawn sleeves ' comes just upon me, beckons me-----ha ' another yet, all in purple ' my own master ' I beseech your majesty let me kiss your hand-----no, blood ' blood ' oh I am undone - help ' help ' why ' Oldsworth, Oh, where are ye all ' is this a time to stop your noses ? call up my chaplains where is Caldicut ? pray, good Caldicut, pray, pray, plague consume you, why do ye not pray-----

*Conco dat cum Originali.*

NATHANIEL BRENT.



THE





T H E  
O R A T I O N  
O F  
C I C E R O, &c.

---

**T**HIS day has put an end, O ye senators ! to the long silence I kept during our late troubles, a silence which no apprehension of danger, but partly the heaviness of my grief, and partly respects of modesty did oblige me to; and it has at once given me opportunity of expressing my desires and thoughts with the same freedom I was hitherto wont to deliver them in this audience. For so great an instance of gentleness, such a rare and unheard of clemency, that admirable temper, as to all points in conjunction with supreme power, and then so incredible besides, and almost divine wisdom, are things too extraordinary to be overlook'd, and to pass away without any noise or notice.

For



For M Marcellus being thus honourably returned to you, and to the commonwealth, I make full account, that not his only, but my voice and authority is also restored unto both, for I could not choose but grieve, and be extremely troubled, when I saw, that a person of his merit, who had embarked with me in the same interest, did not share alike with me in the same fortune neither could I persuade myself to appear in public, nor did it seem reasonable or graceful, that I alone should carry on our old employment, when he, who had set me as a pattern for imitation, he, the most ingenious, and withal the most affectionate rival of my studies and practice, whom I always look'd upon as a partner and companion therein, was now forcibly torn and divorced from me. You therefore, O Cæsar<sup>1</sup> by clearing the passage to his return, have opened a way too, and both invited me to resume the former course of my life, and given all here a very signal encouragement to hope and believe well of the commonwealth in general. For my part I did plainly perceive, from your dealing with several persons, and more sensibly in my own case, but now of late all men are satisfied thereof, since you released Marcellus at our common instance, to the senate, people, and state of Rome, especially after divers things said and done, which did highly disoblige and offend you. Upon ~~this~~ the whole world was convinced, that you prefer the ~~authority of this house, and the public dignity, before~~ any resentments or suspicions of your own. He, indeed, as well by the unanimous accord of the whole senate, as by your most weighty and most valuable sentence, has ~~to-day~~ received the highest recompence of all his life past, from which doubtless you understand how greatly commendable this action is in you, when the vouchsafement does prove so glorious to him, and certainly he ~~may~~ now pass for a happy man, whose particular safety has conveyed to every one a content and pleasure, little inferior to that which he himself will receive from it: A felicity this to which he had the clearest right that deservedly befel him, and with good reason; for who ~~can~~ pretend

pretend to surpass and outvie him, either as to the nobleness of his blood, or the study of the excellent arts, or the innocence of his carriage, or indeed in any kind of worth and commendation whatsoever. there is no man living hath such a fluency of wit, nobody is master of that forcible and copious eloquence as may enable him, O Cæsar! either by his tongue or pen, I will not say to adorn and set off, but so much as to enumerate and recount your marvellous achievements: yet thus I maintain, and I hope I may say it without offence, that none of them has gotten you a greater reputation, than that which is the purchase of this day. It is a thing very often in my thoughts, and which I make the usual matter of my discourse, that all the famous exploits of our own generals, all the bravest actions of foreign nations, and the most potent states, all those memorable deeds of the most renowned monarchs, are not able to bear the least comparison with yours. And that, either as to the sharpness of the conflict, or the number of the battles, or the variety of climates, or the quickness of dispatch, or the different nature of the wars themselves. Nor indeed could any one travel through the most distant countries with the same speed that you run them over, I will not say by your swift marches, but your numble victories. I should be little better than distracted, not to own such performances as these to be so vast and vigorous, that scarce any man can reach them with the motions of his mind, or the flights of fancy and yet there are other things still which in my opinion do far exceed them, for many make it their business to abate and lessen the reputation which is got in war; they will detract from a captain, and divide part of his praise among common soldiers, that commanders alone may not appropriate the the honour of great services: nor can it be denied that the valour of soldiers, the advantages of place, the assistance of allies, that navies, provisions, and the like, are of huge importance in all military affairs: besides that fortune does step in here also for the largest share, which she challenges as a due; and whatsoever is attended with

those, but in which you were attended with much company, and a mighty train of followers, whereas nothing of that appears here, you being your own leader at once, and retinue also, a guide and companion to your self alone. The thing then I am speaking of is herein highly considerable, and has this eminent advantage, that when the trophies and monuments erected by you shall decline, and hasten to a period (for there is no workmanship of art, or effect of industry, which old age does not impair by degrees, and finally demolish) this justice and lenity of yours shall have a quite contrary fortune, and the more it grows in years, become still the more fresh and flourishing. So that how much soever any length of time may detract from the stateliness of your fabricks, shall certainly be added to the height of your commendation. As for all others that happen'd to be victorious in civil wars, you had formerly outdone them in equity and mercy, and this day was reserv'd for the nobler conquest of your self.

I am afraid my auditors may not so clearly and rightly apprehend what I am going to deliver, as I conceive it in my own thoughts. Now the thing I would express is this, that you seem to have vanquished and worsted even victory itself, since you discharge the obnoxious, and release to exact those forfeitures which a conqueror might fairly pretend to; for when we of the adverse party were but so many dead men, according to the laws of conquest, you have preserved us all by the judgment of your clemency. So that you alone may be well termed Invincible, who have brought into subjection the very state and power of victory. Now, inasmuch as Cæsar has been pleased to pass such a sentence in our favour, let me request the senate to consider what is the natural consequence hereof, and how far it does extend, for as many of us as were driven to take up arms, through I know not what wretched and lamentable fate of the common-wealth, tho' guilty perhaps of some human failings, are acquitted thereby from all imputation of wickedness: for when, upon your intercession, he condescended to spare and

and release Marcellus, he did at the same time restore me to myself, and to the Roman state, and many other honourable persons to themselves and their native soil, without the least intreaty, who now make their appearance in great numbers, and with much splendour at this assembly.

We must not imagine he has brought any into the senate whom he looks upon as enemies; but he rightly supposes that ignorance and misprision, a false and groundless fear, rather than passion and cruelty, did engage most of them to enter into a civil war; during the course of which it was ever my opinion, that we should all hearken to overtures of peace; and I was always troubled to observe, that not only peace itself, but even the discourses of those who did propose and demand it, were still rejected by us; for I never did promote or approve these intestine discords, nor indeed any domestic broils or contests whatsoever. My counsels, it is well known, did incline to quietness, and sided constantly with the gown, but were no friends to the rattling of arms, and the rage of battles. I went over to Pompey, 'tis true, but I was drawn into his camp, rather on a private score of my own particular engagements, than any just consideration of the public interest; when the pure sentiments of gratitude, and an honest remembrance of past kindness had such a prevalence over me, that not only, without any eagerness of desire, but so much as the least hope of advantage or success, I did, as it were, wittingly and knowingly precipitate myself into a wilful overthrow. Which aim and intention of mine was not made a secret; for I had often and earnestly spoke here, and that before ever the war broke out, touching the means of accommodation, and, after things came to extremity, I continued firm in the same mind, though with the manifest hazard of my life by it. So that nobody sure can be so much swayed by prejudice in his estimate of matters, as once to question what was Caesar's inclination and desire in reference to the war, when he presently declared himself in favour of such as had made it their business to compose things, but gave marks of his displeasure against all those who had pushed them on to a final rupture, which proceeding of his would

would then perhaps have been less wondered at, while the event was uncertain, and the chance of war appeared yet to be loose and dubious, but he that, having gotten the victory, shews a real kindness for the known authors of peace, does, methinks, sufficiently evidence he had rather not have fought, than overcome by fighting. And I must do Marcellus that justice, to testify thus much on his behalf, for as our opinions did not differ in the time of peace, so there was the same agreement between us while the war lasted. How often, alas! and with what disorder of mind have I seen him both detest the insolence of certain men, yea, and even dread on that side, the ungovernable spirit of victory itself? so that we, O Cæsar! who have had experience of a quite contrary temper, must needs be the more taken with this your generous and noble usage, for now I shall compare not the causes themselves, but the respective victories. As for yours, we have seen it ended with the decision of the battle. This city has not been terrified so much as with the sight of a naked sword; how many soever of our relations and friends are now missing, it must be imputed to the stress and havock of war alone, not to any heat and outrage of victory; so that there is no question to be made, but that Cæsar, if possible, would raise up many a Pompeian from his grave, seeing he saves every one he can of the remaining army. As for the other party, I shall say no more than what we are all apprehensive of, that their conquest would in all likelihood have proved over sharp and violent, for some of them have been heard to threaten not only their armed adversaries, and the active sticklers against them, but even a l the quiet and peaceable sort, because they sat still without entering into their quarrel; and it was given out as a maxim with these, that no consideration should be had how any man stood affected, but how he disposed of his person in that conjuncture. So that, notwithstanding the immortal powers may have raised this desperate and bloody war, as a punishment of our crimes; yet being either appealed now, or even glut-  
ted

ted at length with the Roman sufferings, they seem to have cast the entire hope of our safety upon the wisdom and clemency of such a conqueror.

Rejoice, therefore, O Cæsar! in that excellent and happy disposition of yours, and, together with the fortune and the glory which wait upon you, enjoy also the benignity of your nature, and the sweetness of your deportment, which bring in the greatest gain, and afford the most exquisite pleasure to a wise man. Upon a survey and remembrance of all your other achievements, tho' frequently your valour may deserve the thanks, yet for the most part they will appear due to your great felicity. But as often as you think of us whom you were pleased to indemnify, and retain with you in the commonwealth, so often shall you think of your own incomparable benefits, then that the ideas and results of a godlike bounty and sublime wisdom occur to you; which I not only reckon to be things of a sovereign excellence, but shall venture to affirm that nothing is good beside, or in comparison with them. For there is that lustre and shining in deserved praise, such a state and majesty does flow from true greatness of mind, and a sage conduct, that these seem to be freely given us by virtue, but other things to be only borrowed of fortune. Let me exhort you then never to be tired out in your care and protection of good men, and such especially as have been subject to slips and deviations, not thro' any perverse or impetuous humour, but from an opinion of duty (which peradventure might have weakness in it, but certainly no malice) and by some little specious appearance of state-interest: For how could you help it, if some undiscerning and mistrustful people were afraid of you? but then, on the contrary, it makes very much for your honour, to have convinc'd them since, that their fears and jealousies were without reason.

I proceed now to that grievous complaint and heavy suspicion of yours; to satisfy and clear which you cannot but be more nearly concerned yourself, than all the citizens of Rome, and we above the rest (who stand indebted to you for our lives) are solicitous and careful to provide

provide against it ; and although I am not without hope, that such a startling surmise may prove false, and without foundation, yet I shall not use any artifice here, to extenuate or disguise the matter, being well assured, that the caution we take for you is the common security of us all. So that if I must unavoidably run into extremes, and there be no way left to escape erring on one side or other, I had much rather (considering the nicety and weightiness of this case) be thought excessively fearful in my fears, than seem the least defective in a due foresight and providence. But who should this so furious aggressor and desperate assassin be ? Is he one of your own creatures ? (and yet who can possibly be more yours, than such as were effectually made so by the unexpected grant of their lives and fortunes.) Of may I suppose him to be one of that number which followed you to the wars ? but then it is highly incredible, that any man should be so void of understanding, or fall into such a fit of distraction, as not to prefer the life of that general before his own, who had raised him to wealth and honour, and the highest dignities and preferments in the Roman state.

However, if your friends and dependents are alike utterly incapable of such a cursed design, let us take care to prevent your enemies from attempting aught of the same barbarous and horrid nature ; what enemies, I beseech you ? Since all of that denomination have either lost their lives through their own obstinacy, or else retain and enjoy them by your grace and favour : so that either you have no enemies at all in being, or else they that survive must needs have the greatest friendship in the world for you.

But, seeing there is that close shelter and safe refuge for villainy in the minds of men, and they have so many ways to conceal or disguise their intentions, let us raise and heighten your suspicion at the present ; for by that means we shall once quicken your diligence, and increase our own. For is there any man living so ignorant of things so much a stranger to our affairs ? or that takes  
so

so little thought, either about his own, or the public safety? as not to perceive and know that his own personal security is involved in yours, and that the lives of us all do depend on your single preservation? when the motions of sensible concern (which presents you continually to my mind, and that with good reason) do work within me, I am apt only to apprehend the usual accidents of humanity, or the uncertain issues of health, or the common frailties of nature, and it very much afflicts to me to consider, that the republick, which was made for immortality, and should last always, has no other present subsistence, but what is drawn from the breath, and lodged in the welfare of one mortal. But now, if beside human casualties, and the ticklish condition of health, we are also liable to the assaults of wicked and treacherous conspirators, what guardian angel, do we think, let him desire it never so much, shall be able to defend and secure the Roman governments? you, O Cæsar! and you only, are to rise and erect all you find ruinous, and which must of necessity have been shattered and broken by the shock and violence of the war itself; you must establish judgment, and restore faith, and restrain licentiousness, and propagate a new offspring, whatsoever has fallen in pieces, or has slipped out of its due place, must be made up, and knit firmly together by severe laws. Amidst our late eager animosities and warm conflicts, and in that vehement clashing as well of inclinations, as of arms, there was no help for it, whoever should get the better, but that the poor shaken republick must infallibly lose, both several ornaments of its honour, and many supports of its strength and firmness; and that the leader of each party should do many things himself in his coat of mail, which he would not have suffered when he wore a crown. Now all these gashes and contusions do expect to be closed and cured by your hand, to which nobody else can apply any healing remedy. Give me leave therefore to declare how uneasy I was to hear you come out with that, however worthy and wise, saying of yours, wherein we are told, that you had even lived long enough already, either  
with



with respect to measures of nature, or the stretch of glory : now, suppose the extent of your life to have been such, if you will needs have it so, as may suffice nature, I shall add likewise, since it is your pleasure to say it, as may have reached the attainment, and satisfied the ends of a glorious reputation, but then, that which is the most considerable point here, it appears little to us who do yet need your assistance, and falls very short still in regard of that charitable relief, and those important services your native country demands from you. Wherefore I must entreat you to lay aside all that philosophic learning and unseasonable sageness in despising death do not resolve to show yourself brave and prudent at our cost, and with the public hazard for I am frequently informed, that you too often discourse after the old strain, and to this effect, that you have lived sufficiently in reference to yourself, and your own concerns. I do verily believe you speak just as you think, but I shall then bear it with greater patience, did you live merely for your own sake, or if you were brought into the world for yourself only, but when the welfare and happiness of each individual Roman, and that of the whole community is included and wrapt up, as it were, within the circle and compass of your actions, you seem to be so far from the due perfection, and signal accomplishment of your mighty works, that you have not yet laid the very foundations you design. Will you then limit and measure out your life, not by the rule and standard of your common good, and a general interest, but by some plausible notions of equity, and the rare moderation of your private sentiments? now, what if all hitherto does not prove sufficient, even for your own glory? which all the wisdom you have cannot possibly extinguish the thirst of, or even force you to disown the passionate desire you have for it. But imagine, say you, I were to die immediately, would any man thank I should leave then but a slight and slender reputation behind me? for others, I grant, there would be a fair inheritance of glory, though many were to share and divide

divide the purchase, but all that treasure of fame would be poor and incompetent for you alone. for let it be ever so vast and extensive, the thing will then seem to be little and scanty, when a larger object appears, and there is somewhat still more ample behind it. But if this, O Cæsar! must be the end and upshot of all you have achieved, and we are to see no further advantage of your immortal deeds, but that, after the defeat of your enemies, the unhappy republic shall be left still in that torn and tottering condition, wherein we now find it, take care, I beseech you, least that undaunted courage and divine virtue of yours may attract perhaps more admiration than glory for true gloiy does import an illustrious and diffusive fame arising from great and numerous obligations, conferred either upon fellow-citizens, or the whole country where we live, or the universal body of mankind.

This therefore is the last honour reserved for you, this is the remaining part you are now to act; herein you must bestir yourself, and proceed vigorously to order and compose things, to fix and rivet the commonwealth, and when it is settled in the first place, you may then take and enjoy your own ease, and repose yourself in the sweetest pleasures of a deep tranquillity after you have quitted all scores with your country, and glutted nature, as it were, with a long and various entertainment of life then, I say, you shall have our free consent to declare, if you be minded, that you have enough of this world, and are even surfeited with living.

But to talk of any long while in describing our continuance here, is a fond and idle impropriety for what is this very length we speak of, which has a close and period? and when that is come, all the foregoing pleasure ought to pass for nothing, because there will be none left to succeed it. Albeit that active and spacious soul of yours could never acquiesce or contain itself within the narrow bounds which nature has prescribed us, but was always inflamed by the love, and big with the conceit of immortality. nor indeed can this deserve to be reckon'd

reckon'd for your life, which depends upon the body, and is kept by a little transient breath that, I say, is your proper substance; that only, O Cæsar<sup>1</sup> is a life worthy of you, which shall flourish in the memory of all ages, which they that come after us will successively cherish and maintain, which eternity itself will have an endless regard to, and shall support for ever.

This is it you must consecrate your labours and travels to, and to this you must evidence what a gallant person you are, how much you are able and willing to do for its sake and service. We discern many things already in the glorious courses we pursue, which excite our wonder, but now we look for such as may deserve commendation. It will be matter of astonishment to all future generations, when they shall read and hear of the charges you have borne, the provinces you have subdued, and what has been done by you in Germany, in the ocean, and in Egypt. the perusal and report, I say, of your battles without number, of your victories above belief, of all your trophies and triumphs, shall questionless amaze and confound posterity. But, unless this imperial city shall, by your authority and contrivance, be immoveably pitch'd upon a solid bottom, your great and formidable name then will only shift and wander about the world, but have no certain abode, nor any settled habitation. And, as we ourselves have been of different minds, so will there be a great dissension among those that shall be born hereafter. when some shall cry up and extol your achievements to to the very skies, while others may perhaps fancy them to be very lame and imperfect, as wanting their chief complement and lustre, if you do not effectually provide, that the late blustering storms may expire at length into a calm of peace, and the settlement of your country so that the former may be thought a kind of fatal necessity, but the latter seem to proceed from design and counsel. Recommend therefore, and approve yourself to those judges, that shall pronounce of your actions a thousand years hence, and, for aught I can tell, may give a more impartial sentence than we do at present; for their judges  
men

ment will be equally void both of favour and prejudice, neither shall envy or hatred have any force to bias and corrupt them and although this remote censure of theirs should not any way touch or affect you then (as some falsely imagine) however it concerns you now at least, so wisely and worthily to demean yourself, and appear one of such a character and credit, that no revolution of time, no forgetfulness of men, no ignorance of any age may ever obliterate or eclipse your praises.

From the very beginning of those unhappy disputes, we Romans had our sentiments apart, and our wits divided, and the little janglings of thought and affection hurried us at length into several camps, and armed differences of each other nor is it much to be wondered we should draw different ways, under such puzzling and perplexed circumstances, while things were so much in the dark, and when a controversy arose between two of the most famous captains in the world.

Many did then deliberate what was absolutely the best, and not a few consider what was best for themselves; some were demurring on the point of decency, and others taken up with the case of conscience.

The republic, in fine, after much struggling, has got herself clear of this so miserable and fatal war, and he prevail'd at last, who would not raise and ruffle his displeasure by success, but rather qualify and soften it by goodness, nor could he value provocations at such a dreadful rate, as to mark out all that should offend him, either for death or banishment.

The matter is now brought unto this issue, that some have laid down their arms of their own accord, and others have been forced to surrender them. Whosoever then, being freely discharged from the guilt and peril of former opposition, does still retain hostility in his heart, is highly chargeable with ingratitude and injustice, and I look upon him to be a much better man, who appeared in the field, and was slain fighting against you, than any one that shall now keep up the quarrel, and spend his last breath in the prosecution of it for that which is thought

meer obstinacy and a stubborn stiffness by some, may pass for brave resolution, and a noble constancy with others.

But, seeing we have been well beaten into some kind of agreement, and all our heats and heart burnings are now totally extinguished by those temperate and cooling applications of the victor's kindness, it remains that every one of us, who hath either a grain of discretion, or even of common sense, should unanimously agree as to your particular. For unless you, O Cæsar<sup>1</sup> do continue safe, and ~~in~~ the same mind (which as well heretofore, as to day especially you have given proof of) we are all utterly undone, and must inevitably perish. All of us therefore, who desire the preservation of this empire, do at once earnestly exhort, and most humbly beseech you to have a care of your life, and to consult your safety. And, forasmuch as you conceive there is some treachery on foot, and a secret mischief designed you, which requires caution, we all here with one consent (for I presume that of others which I mean myself) do not only promise to have a watchful eye, and keep a close guard ~~about~~ your person, but we offer you our own attendance ~~before~~ as ready to interpose betwixt you and danger, and even to hazard our lives for your defence and security.

And now, to close up all with gratulation, as I took my rise from it, we do all, O Cæsar<sup>1</sup> return you our greatest thanks and acknowledgments, with a reservation of greater still than we are able to express, for all here have the same sentiments, as you might easily perceive by the joint supplications and tears of all but because it is no way requisite that every one present should make you his single complement, they were extreme desirous that I at least would undertake it in the name of all, who do now lie under some kind of necessity to perform it, because it is both their pleasure I should, and because, upon your restoring Marcellus to the senate, and the people, and the whole state of Rome, I find myself particularly concerned to discharge that duty: for I observe,

this vouchsafement of yours has given such a public satisfaction, as if men did not rejoice now at the private deliverance of one person alone, but were transported with joy for their own common safety. If, therefore, while there was the least question of his safety, I acted the part of a true friend toward Marcellus (as my affection for him was very well known, wherein I scarce yielded to his dear Cæsar, the best natur'd brother in the world, but no man living besides him) if, I say, that singular kindness of mine did appear then, by the solicitude, and care, and industry I shewed on his behalf, much more undoubtedly, at this time, being newly freed from the weight of those troubles and perplexities, ought I to attest and evidence the good will I bear him.

Wherefore I leave you, O Cæsar! to imagine the deep and lively resentments I feel within me, desiring you would so interpret my thanks as I understand the favour, which I do to such a degree of obligation, that although you have with all tenderness and respect, not only preserved my life, but taken care of my honour, yet by this action of yours (a thing which after that I thought wholly impossible) there is an infinite addition made to the many signal engagements you had bear'd





THE  
PASTORALS  
OF  
VIRGIL.



N 2







T H E

## P R E F A C E.

AS the chief aim of poetry ought to be the copying of 'nature, so the principal design of translation should be the resemblance of its original.

That this may be most nearly and completely taken, 'tis requisite, beside our author's language, to know his utmost meaning and intention, as far as possible the very disposition and frame his mind, and temper of his genius. For authors generally in their works give in some measure an image of themselves; and every one has something in him particularly remarkable and distinguishable from all others.

And, though a too servile or pedantic following is by all means to be avoided, because it necessarily cramps the vigour and gracefulness requir

## THE P R E F A C E.

ed in a good translation; yet a just translator ought by no means farther to deviate in any respect, than that necessity compells him; and whoever has most of the likeness of every particular part with, an equal share of the beauty and force of the whole, undoubtedly shews the noblest skill, and is the most accomplished, and happy in his performance.

How far I have succeeded here, I must leave others to judge.

Yet since an earnest zeal to do some right to this incomparable author has engaged me in this undertaking, I hope the candid and ingenious will forgive me the faults I may have committed, if they are not many or considerable.



THE



T H E  
F I R S T P A S T O R A L.

---

T I T Y R U S, M E L I B O E U S.

M E L I B O E U S.

Y O U, Tyrrus! in the cool refreshing shade  
Of a broad beech, thus negligently laid,  
In your sweet pipe and rural muse delight.  
We forc'd, alas! from our dear country's sight,  
And pleasant fields, in sad distress to fly,  
Are doom'd in woful banishment to lie:  
You, undisturb'd here, sing your am'rous lays,  
And make the groves sound Amaryllis' praise.

## T I T Y R U S.

This leisure 'twas a god bestow'd for he,  
 Oh Melibœus ! shall be such to me,  
 Oft shall his altar with devotion due,  
 The streaming blood of my young lambs imbrue.  
 He suffer'd, as you see, my herds to stray,  
 And will'd that on my pipe I shou'd securely play.

## M E L I B Œ U S.

I envy not thy case, but wonder much,  
 While of our plains the sad distraction's such,  
 See ailing thence, I my she-goats convey.  
 This, Tityrus ! I can hardly drag away,  
 Amidst the hazels, as I came along,  
 She yearning unexpectedly two young;  
 (The hope of my unhappy flock) has left  
 On the hard stone of ev'ry help bereft.  
 This sad mischance, was I not stupid grown ?  
 My blasted oaks had oftentimes made known,  
 And often from a hollow holm the crow  
 Did on the left the coming mischief show :  
 But yet, oh Tityrus ! I pray disclose  
 The god who this distinguish'd favour shews.

## T I T Y R U S.

The city they call Rome, as yet unknown,  
 I thought, oh Melibœus ! like our own,

(Feol

(Fool that I was) whither we us'd to go,  
And oft the young ones of our flock bestow.  
So whelps I had perceiv'd were like their dams,  
And like the mother ewes the tender lambs.  
So little things I did compare with great,  
But other cities this excels in state,  
Rising o'er all, as cypresses exceed  
The creeping osier, or the bending reed.

## M E L I B O E U S.

And what was the prevailing cause that drew  
Your mind this great aspiring Rome to view.

## T I T Y R U S.

'Twas liberty, which, tho' it scarce appear'd  
When the grey hairs were sprinkled in my beard,  
Long look'd for kindly did arrive at last,  
When Galatea's early love was pass'd,  
And Amaryllis did my heart possess  
For dallying with the first, I must confess,  
No hope or liberty, nor care had I  
To increase my store, or gain a fit supply  
To cure my wants; tho' often of the best  
Pass'd from my folds, and store of cheese was press'd.  
Unprofitable to the city sent,  
For what I got, I there profusely spent.

## M E L I B Œ U S.

Oh Amaryllis! little guess I had  
 For whom you pray'd, for whom you was so sad:  
 For what occasion, for whose sake so long  
 Th' ungather'd apples on their branches hung.  
 Tityrus was hence; oh Tityrus! thy lov'd name,  
 The springs, the pines, nay bushes did proclaim.

## T I T Y R U S.

What shou'd I do? what, could I hope to be  
 By other means from lasting service free?  
 Nor cou'd I think to find another, where  
 A fav'ring god so ready to my prayer!  
 Here Melibœus! I beheld him here,  
 The youth for whom our altars twice a year  
 Shall smoke with incense. He (when I address'd,)  
 Kindly and soon, thus answer'd my request.  
 Go, boy! be still on rural works employ'd,  
 And hold whatever you before enjoy'd.

## M E L I B Œ U S.

Oh bless'd old man! thy lands shall then endure,  
 And all possessions still to thee secure,  
 And large enough shall for thyself be found,  
 Tho' stones and reeds o'erspread the nearest ground.  
 Thy flocks from beasts of prey no harm shall find,  
 Nor catch infection from their neighb'ring kind.

Oh fortunate old man! who may abide  
 Thus sweetly by this noted river's side;  
 Here with delight thy leisure time employ,  
 And of these sacred springs the cool enjoy.  
 Here, from the bord'ring hedge, the passing bees  
 Thy ears shall with continual murmurs please,  
 Soft sleep invite, and give thy labours ease.  
 The pruned from the lofty mountain there,  
 With cheerful songs shall chase intruding care:  
 Here thy lov'd pigeons shall delight thy view,  
 There, on sweet elms, the turtles sweetly coo.

}

## T I T Y R U S.

Therefore the stags shall mounting feed in air,  
 And oceans sinking, leave their fishes bare  
 On the dry sands; the Parthians from their home,  
 And hardy Germans shall be forc'd to roam,  
 And to each other's land in exile come,  
 Before the figure of this youth depart,  
 And quit possession of my grateful heart.

}

## M E L I B O E U S.

But we must hence dispers'd and driven go  
 To sultry Afric, and to Scythia's snow,  
 Part must with speed repair to spacious Crete,  
 And near the swift Oas take their seat.  
 Part must on Britain's barb'rous land be hurl'd,  
 Amongst a race divided from the world:

Yet



Yet when a long unhappy time is pass'd,  
 Oh ! ma, I see my country's bounds at last,  
 And pleas'd, and wand'ring, visit once again  
 My poor thatch'd dwelling where I us'd to reign !  
 Shall a vile foldier these neat fields command ?  
 'This harvest bless a wicked bar'rous hand ?  
 Oh fatal strife ! from thee what follows flow ?  
 From thee what ills we wretched people know ?  
 See who the fruits of all our toil possess,  
 Now graft thy pears, fond swain ! thy vineyards dress.  
 Hence ye she-goats ! once prosp'rous and my care,  
 Begone, henceforth, stretch'd on the grass, I ne'er  
 Shall see ye hanging on a rock afar,  
 Henceforth no verses shall I sing, nor more  
 Protect and feed you as I did before.

## T I T Y R U S.

With me this night however choose to stay,  
 Forgetting care, yourself reposing lay  
 On the green leaf, and of our present fare  
 (Curds, chefnuts, apples) take a welcome share,  
 For see, the village tops begin to fume,  
 And vaster shadows from the mountains come.



T H E

## SECOND PASTORAL.

**T**H E fur Alexis was his master's joy,  
 And Coridon lov'd the delicious boy,  
 But, failing of his hope, he daily goes  
 Where beechen boughs a constant shade compose,  
 There to the woods and mountains thus alone,  
 Makes in imperfect strains his fruitless moan.  
 Cruel Alexis ! must my verse and I  
 Be thus disdain'd by thee ? ah ! must I die :  
 Thio' thy unkindness most unhappy made ?  
 Now cattle seek the cool refreshing shade,  
 And Thestylis sweet herbs does mixing beat  
 For weary mowers vex'd with toil and heat ;  
 But while in eager search of thee I run,  
 With me beneath the persecuting sun,  
 The grasshoppers from ev'ry bush bemoan  
 Their case, and grate my ears with a harsh tone ;  
 Had it not better been for me, poor swain,  
 Of peevish Amyrillis to sustain  
 The direful anger and the proud disdain ?

}

better

Better had I Menalcas made my care ?  
 Tho' swarthy he, tho' thou as lilies fair !  
 Oh youth ! tho' blest'd with ev'ry blooming grace,  
 Trust not too much to thy enticing face.  
 White blossoms from the trees neglected fall,  
 The black uncomely berry's fought by all.

Me you despise, Alexis ! nor incline  
 To know what choice and plenteous stores are mine ;  
 A thousand lambs I call my own each day,  
 That scatter'd o'er Sicilian mountains stray ;  
 Plenty of milk in summer fills my pails,  
 Not even in the winter-season fails,  
 Not sweet Amphion fing'ring to his herd,  
 Cou'd be for voice before myself prefer'd..

Nor am I free from grace ; I lately stood,  
 And view'd my image in the briny flood,  
 When not a breath of wind disturb'd the sea,  
 Not Daphnis in his form surpasses me,  
 And him (thyself a judge) I cannot fear,  
 If like ourselves our images appear.

Oh ! that with me, you would these shades admire,  
 And to our humble cottages retire,  
 Pursue the harts, and to the verdant boughs  
 Consent to drive the wanton goats to brouze ;  
 To the delightful groves confine your will,  
 And strive with me, to rival Pan in skill..

Pan first the shepherd's pipe and skill improv'd,  
 By Pan the sheep and shepherds are belov'd,  
 With the melodious pipe thy lip to gall,  
 Gudge not, fair youth ! nor think it harm at all :  
 What, that this pleasing art he might have known,  
 Wou'd not Amyntas willingly have done ?

A pipe of seven unequal reeds I have,  
 That me, of old, Dametas dying gave ;  
 Take this last token of my love, said he,  
 And prosp'rous may it ever prove to thee,  
 The fool Amyntas did with envy see. }  
 Beside, two kids I in a valley found,  
 Their skins ev'n now with white are sprinkled round,  
 A ewe's swollen udders twice they daily drain,  
 And both for thee still carefully remain.  
 Yet Thestylis to gain them often tries, }  
 And she at last may have the hop'd-for prize,  
 Why shou'd she not, since you my gifts despise ?

Come hither, fairest, dearest youth ! and see  
 The lovely presents here in store for thee,  
 Behold the courteous nymphs in baskets bring  
 The choicest beauties of the blooming spring,  
 For thy delight, pale lilies and the blue  
 Soft violets ; the bright ~~marigolds~~ too,  
 To which they heads of ~~many~~ poppies join,  
 And leaves of the sweet smelling anethune.

Then, having nicely cull'd each chosen flow'r,  
 With each most fragrant herb they dress thy bow'r.  
 I joining too will here employ my care,  
 And downy peaches for thy taste prepare,  
 To these I'll add chesnuts the most approv'd,  
 Such as my beauteous Amatyllis lov'd,  
 And waxen plums, a fruit deserving praise  
 Thou myrtle! too I'll crop, and laurel-sprays,  
 So plac'd, that both may grateful scents dispense,  
 And mingling fully, entertain thy sense.

Oh Coridon! thy clownish gifts forbear,  
 For thy mean presents will Alexis care?  
 Or were thy off'rings ne'er so worthy; yet  
 Wou'd Jalous in such case to thee submit?  
 What have I done? in mentioning that name,  
 How is my rash unwary tongue to blame?  
 A southern wind to blast my flow'rs I bring,  
 And plunge the boars into the chrystal spring!  
 Whom fly you! frantic youth? ev'n gods have made  
 With joy their dwellings in the sylvan shade,  
 Here Trojan Paris liv'd. let Pallas go  
 To tow'rs that to her art their structure owe;  
 There let the warrior-goddess proudly rest;  
 The peaceful groves of all things please me best,  
 Fierce lionesses, urg'd by strong desire,  
 Pursue he-wolves to quench their raging fire;  
 The wolves themselves with hungry appetite  
 Pursue the goats; green leaves the goats invite,  
 Thou me, Alexis! all things seek delight.

See, ev'ning comes, from toils the cattle cease,  
And by the setting sun the shades increase,  
Yet does my pain its lasting fury prove ·  
For oh ! what measure can be found in love ?

Ah ! Coridon ! what wretched frenzy's thine ?  
Behold, at home, a tender blooming vine  
Lyes half undress'd, haste thither, and apply  
To useful things, lay fruitless wishes by ;  
If this Alexis scorns you, you may find  
Some other youth to your endeavours kind.



THE



T H E  
THIRD PASTORAL.

---

DAMETAS, MENALCAS, PALÆMON.

M E N A L C A S.

**T**ELL me, Dametas ! whose'n sheep these are :  
Does Melibœus own them ?

D A M E T A S.

No, my care  
Ægon employs ; if you wou'd understand  
They're his late giv'n.

M E N A L C A S.

To an unhappy hand ;  
For while he courts Næra, fearing she  
Disdaining him, shou'd better think of me,  
To bide her favour from his master's store ;  
Twice in an hour he milks the cattle o'er,

And

And thus he drains the moisture from the dams,  
And of their food defrauds the little lambs.

D A M E T A S.

Let softly thus to elders, I know too,  
Pert youngster! who did you know? what with you;  
The rank he-goats appear'd the deed to blame,  
Turning their heads another way for shame,  
I noted well the sacred place and time,  
But th' easy nymphs by laughing pass'd the crime.

M E N A L C A S.

'Twas when they saw this envious hand of mine  
Break Micon's shoots, and cut his tender vine.

D A M E T A S.

Or at th' old bee-hen trees, when you thought fit  
To Daphnis here to set your manly wit,  
Whose broken bow and shaft your malice shew'd,  
For, when you saw them on the boy bestow'd,  
You griev'd, and from that time a grudge you ow'd;  
And if your eye can have not been satisfy'd,  
Ere this, Menalcas! you had surely dy'd.

M E N A L C A S.

What shall we masters do, when varlets we  
Audacious find to such a high degree?

Did



Did I myself not see you ' thou, most vile !  
 (Lacifca, barking greatly all the while,) '  
 Attempt a goat of Damon's to betray,  
 And sily from the flock to bear away ?  
 And when I cry'd ho ! where now flies he to ?  
 Tityrus ! take care, observe your cattle ! you  
 Did close behind the hedges sneaking lie.

## D A M E T A S.

Pray, can you tell me, strict accuser ! why,  
 When he in singing was by me out-done,  
 He shou'd not yield the goat I fairly won ?  
 The goat you saw was mine (if you must know)  
 Damon himself confess'd it to be so,  
 But did deny he cou'd the due bestow.

## M E N A L C A S.

You him in singing ! such a wond'rous deed !  
~~Was you e'er master of a wardenwood ?~~  
 You, ignominus ! who on the highways  
 Did use to squander miserable lays,  
 And with a tuneless pipe and senseless song  
 Suit the dull fancy of the gaping throng.

## D A M E T A S.

Then will you, that we present trial make  
 Of both our skills ? this halber, here I stake,  
 Lest you refuse, and think the prize too mean ;

Know

Know in a day twice at the pail she's seen,  
Two young besides the nurses. stripling' say  
What wager now with me you choose to lay?

M E N A L C A S.

As at this time my circumstances are,  
To wager from the flock I do not dare,  
I have at home a father, whom I fear,  
And a step-mother that is too severe,  
Twice in a day my charge they numb'ring see,  
Both the grown cattle, and the young ones he,  
But since the mad-man your resolv'd to play,  
What you yourself shall worthier own, I'll lay  
A beechen cup, with curious carving grac'd,  
By spreading vines and ivy 'round embrac'd,  
Two figures in the midst are neatly plac'd.  
Conon, and what's his name? the man that drew  
The world and all its various people shew,  
The tuncs when harvest shou'd begin and end;  
And when the ploughman at his task shou'd bend;  
The work's divine Alcimidon's I keep  
This up, as yet untouch'd by mortal lip.

D A M E T A S.

And this Alcimedon whom you have nam'd,  
Two cups for me has in like manner fram'd  
The rims Acanthus twining does embrace,  
The middle part Orpheus appears to grace,  
And following woods, the forest's shade

These too, like you, with care I hidden keep,  
 Nor to their edges yet have laid my lip,  
 Nevertheless, you'll small occasion find  
 To praise the cup, if you the heifer mind.

## M E N A L C A S.

No where shall you escape this live-long day,  
 Where'er you slip, I'll follow straight away,  
 Our diff'ence now let any fairly try;  
 Let any man be judge who passes by.  
 See there, Palæmon, from this time I shall  
 Teach your bold tongue more humble words to all.

## D A M E T A S.

Come on, pretender ! and your utmost try,  
 I'm ready, and the worst you can defy,  
 Nor ever do I any basely fly.  
 But, friend Palæmon ! ponder well withal  
 Our present cause ; the matter is not small.

## P A L Æ M O N.

Then let your skill be mutually express'd,  
 While here upon the tender gra's we rest,  
 The trees now bloom, and each delightful field  
 Does now its choicest sights and odours yield ;  
 Leaves crown the woods, and in its beauty's prime  
 The year now reigns ; most lovely is the time.

Begin, Dametas ' and Menalcas ' you  
 Shall in alternate strains his steps pursue,  
 Alternate verses please the muses too.

## D A M E T A S.

Be your first off'ring, Oh ye muses ' Jove's,  
 Jove fills the world, and ev'ry thing improves;  
 He gives us plenty, and my verses loves.

## M E N A L C A S.

And me his favour bright Apollo shows,  
 His gift the laurel ever with me grows,  
 He the sweet ruddy hyacinth bestows.

## D A M E T A S.

A wanton lass, brisk Galatea, me  
 With fruit allures; then passes swiftly the  
 And hudes: yet wishes that I first should see.

## M E N A L C A S.

But scarce from me will kind Amymone go,  
 Who freely comes and leaves my dwelling so,  
 That not our dogs now Dædalus better know.

## D A M E T A S.

My Venus soon shall have a gift; for I  
 Lately a pigeon's nest observ'd on high,  
 I mark'd the place, and have it in my eye.

## M E N A L C A S.

Ten wildings I have sent my lovely friend,  
'Twas what I cou'd; yet further I intend  
Ten more to-morrow carefully to send.

## D A M E T A S.

How oft has Galatea blest'd my ear !  
What has she said ? ye gentle breezes ! bear  
Some part to heav'n, that all the gods may hear !

## M E N A L C A S.

Small is thy valu'd kindness in this case,  
Amyntas ! while the savage boar you chase,  
I hold the nets, nor view thy comely face.

## D A M E T A S.

Hither (for this is my birth's joyful day)  
Send Phillis, Jolas ! and when I slay  
A heifer for my fruits, come thou thyself away.

## M E N A L C A S.

Of all my loves, fair Phillis is the head,  
She tears at my departure kindly shed,  
And oh ! a long farewell, fair Jolas ! she said.

## D A M E T A S.

'To folds the wolf, winds to the tender tree,  
 Show'rs to ripe fruits most dreadful ever be,  
 And Amaryllis when enrag'd to me.

}

## M E N A L C A S.

The mouldur's lov'd by grain that's newly sown,  
 Wean'd kids to shrubs, young are to swallows prone,  
 Amyntas is my choice, and he alone.

}

## D A M E T A S.

Pollio the ditties of my rural feed,  
 My verse tho' humble condescends to heed,  
 A hater, mules' for your reader feed.

}

## M E N A L C A S.

And verses freely flow from Pollio's hand,  
 Pollio himself the mules does command.  
 From a fierce bull that butts and spurns the sand.

}

## D A M E T A S.

Whom Pollio loves, may he all pleasures know,  
 Each where to him let plenteous honey flow,  
 And prickly thorns, Arabian sweets bestow.

}

## M E N A L C A S,

Who Ticko's empty verse imagines fine ;  
 Oh, lib'ral Maurus! may be pleas'd with thine,  
 The same may milk he-goats and foxes join.

}

## D A M E T A S.

Ho, ye rash boys! who here so heedless pry,  
 For Strawberries and flowers hence quickly fly :  
 Lo ! a fell snake hid in the grass does lie.

}

## M E N A L C A S.

My sheep! forbear approaching, I advise,  
 Who comes too near the bark, not safely tries ;  
 For see the ram his fleece this instant dries.

}

## D A M E T A S.

My goats, oh, Tityrus! from the river bring,  
 When time shall make it a convenient thing,  
 I'll wash them all in yonder chrystal spring.

}

## M E N A L C A S.

Boys ! drive the sheep to some protecting shade,  
 Left, for thy milk, vain trial thou'd be made ;  
 (Dry'd up thro' heat) and we as late betray'd.

}

D A.

## D A M E T A S.

How lean a bull in a fat field I view?  
 Thus love, alas! does mortal things undo,  
 Ruins the herd, the wretched herdsman too.

## M E N A L C A S

These tender lambs! their misery ne'er sprung  
 From love, their skins scarce on the bones are hung,  
 What evil eye has thus bewitch'd my young.

## D A M E T A S.

Say in what land the heav'n's open lie  
 Three ells alone? (to the observing eye,)  
 And for thy skill with great Apollo vie.

## M E N A L C A S.

Say in what land? if thou hast found, declare  
 Where growing flow'rs the names of monarchs wear,  
 And from all rivals lovely Phillis bear.

## P A L A M O N.

Me for a judge, But ill do you provide  
 A cause of so great moment to decide,  
 The heifer both deserves, and all who fear  
 A love that's kind, or prove I too fervent;  
 Now let the river's running be restrain'd;  
 Enough, my boys! this time the matter's determin'd.





T H E

## FOURTH PASTORAL.

SICILIAN, ~~hence~~ yet a ~~higher~~ strain,  
 Let's sing mean shrubs and bushes on the plain  
 Delight not all, arise, and try to prove  
 The woods deserving of a consul's love.

Now ! now ! ~~the left suspicious crimes~~ behold,  
 By the Cumæan's sacred verse foretold,  
 A glorious race of ages is begun,  
 And now springs forth successively to run ;  
 The virgin now returns, and Saturn's reign  
 Is to the joyful world restor'd again.

See a new gracious progeny descends,  
 From the high heav'ns ! at whose appearance ends  
 This

This iron age, and a new golden race,  
With ev'ry virtue crown'd, assumes its place.  
Oh, chaste Lucina ! speed the glorious birth,  
For now thy own Apollo reigns on earth.

And thou, transcendent infant ! shall be born  
In Pollio's rule ! his consulship adorn !  
Thence shall the wond'rous time its date begin,  
And thou our guide, if of our former sin  
Some print remains, they shall be rais'd by thee,  
And earth from dread of future guilt set free.

He shall a god's exalted life reserve,  
And like the gods and mingled heroes live,  
Viewing and view'd by each, and man's vile race,  
Shall sway and alter with paternal grace.

Thou, child ! when born from the neglected earth  
Choice herbs and flowers shall derive their birth ;  
With voluntary speed, she-goats shall come,  
Their udders stretch'd with milk undriven home,  
And wand'ring herds (no careful keepers near)  
Securely feed, nor the grown lions fear.

To thee the field its blooming useful store  
Shall offer, baneful herbs shall be no more,  
No more the lurking fiery serpent's sting  
Shall sudden and severe destruction bring,  
In common ways Assyrian sweets shall spring.

}

But, when advanc'd in years, thyself shall read  
 Of heroes' fame, and each paternal deed,  
 Extracting thence their virtue's hopeful seed,  
 By soft degrees the yellow-waving corn  
 Arising, shall th' extended plains adorn ;  
 On hedges purple grapes in clusters grow,  
 And from hard oaks delicious honey flow.

}

Yet still of antient fraud there shall remain  
 Some signs, and bold and greedy men for gain  
 Shall tempt the billows of the raging main.  
 Cities shall be with walls begirt around,  
 And the sharp plough in furrows tear the ground.  
 Another vent'rous Typhis shall appear,  
 An Argo its elected heroes bear,  
 New wars and sieges shall mankind annoy,  
 And great Achilles shall again to Troy.

}

But when at full-grown manhood thou shall be,  
 The most successful shall renounce the sea,  
 The ships shall fail for mutual wars no more,  
 But all things shall abound on ev'ry shore,  
 No plough shall vex the ground, nor hook the vine,  
 The lab'ring cattle shall the yoke decline,  
 Nor more forc'd painful servitude shall know,  
 Nor wool its various dyes dissembling show ;

But lordly rams shall in the flow'ry mead  
 In robes of native purple proudly tread,

And

And sweat beneath unborrow'd state, the lamb  
 Shall, gaily prancing to its bleating dam,  
 Repair in crimson that the lib'ral field  
 To grace the wanton shall unfought for yield.

The Parcæ shall with joint consent agree  
 To keep thy ages thread from mixture free,  
 And when they have the happy clue begun,  
 Shall bid it smoothly and securely run.

Advance! advance! thy time is now at hand,  
 Receive thy honours and supreme command,  
 Thou precious offspring of the gods above!  
 Thou blest'd and vast munificence of Jove!  
 Behold the world by sinful weight oppress'd,  
 Inclines to yield, earth, sea, and heav'n distress'd  
 Require thy help Lo! nature lifts her voice,  
 And all things at the approaching age rejoice!

Oh, wou'd my life endure! 'cou'd I but raise  
 My skill to suit thy due, thy lofty praise;  
 Tho' Thracian Orpheus did with me contend,  
 Not Thracian Orpheus shou'd in verse transcend,  
 Nor Linus in sublimer raptures fly,  
 Tho' each had his illustrious parent by.

Orpheus Caliope to grace is song,  
 Linus Apollo ever fair and young!  
 Shou'd Pan ev'n in Arcadia vie with me,  
 Ev'n in Arcadia Pan shou'd vanquish'd be!

Begin, oh little boy ! with smiles to know  
Thy mother , this small recompence bestow  
On her, who has ten tedious months so late,  
With nauseous illness born thy growing weight  
Begin, oh little boy ! with gracious mind,  
Who smile not on their parents, ne'er shall find  
A courteous god at board, in bed a goddess kind.



**T H E**



T H E  
F I F T H P A S T O R A L.

---

M O P S U S, M E N A L C A S.

M E N A L C A S.

O H, Mopsus! since thus luckily we meet,  
Thou good to pipe, I verses to repeat ·  
Why fit we not in this delightful shade,  
Which hazles mix'd with lofty elms have made?

M O P S U S.

As you exceed in years and worth, to you  
I must, Menalcas! give precedence due,  
Whither a lovely seat we choose to take,  
Where wanton zephyrs waving shadows make,  
Or in yon cave round which the clasping vine,  
Loaden with purple grapes does gracefully twine.

## M E N A L C A S.

Amyntas only, of our mountain swains,  
 Presumes to equal thy delicious strains.

## M O P S U S.

And what if that bold swain presume to do  
 Yet more, and equal great Apollo too ?

## M E N A L C A S.

Mopfus' begin, if either Alcon's praise,  
 Or loves of Phillis have employ'd thy lays.  
 Or wou'd you the disputes of Codrus try ?  
 Begin, thy goats shall brouze securely by,  
 And Tityrus guard them with a watchful eye.

## M O P S U S.

No, but the verses that I lately made,  
 And on the bark of a green beech display'd,  
 And nicely measur'd, and exactly weigh'd,  
 I'll try; then let Amyntas, if he dare,  
 The skill you boast he has with mine compare.

## M E N A L C A S.

As much as shrubs in sight and value yield  
 To the pale olives that adorn the field;  
 As the mean swallow that neglected grows  
 Ascent and beauty to the blushing rose.

(If I may claim a proper judge to be)  
So much Amyntas must submit to thee.

## M O P S U S.

But now, my boy ! thy commendation wave,  
For see already we've approach'd the cave.

The pitying nymphs thro' ev'ry grove and plain,  
Bewail'd th' untimely fate of Daphnis slain,  
Did vast regret and lamentation show,  
Ye hazles, and ye streams, confess'd thoir woe !  
When his dear mother (most of all distress'd)  
His bleeding corps in strict embraces press'd,  
She did (with rage and sorrow fill'd) exclaim,  
And all the gods and stars severely blame;  
In those sad days no lab'ring swain for drink  
Drove his fed ox to the cool river's brink :  
The brooks were then by cattle's feet unstain'd ;  
And hungry herds their needful food disdain'd ;  
That furious lions, Daphnis ! mourn'd thy fate,  
The woods and unfrequented hills relate.

By Daphnis taught, Armenian tygers drew  
The peaceful chariot ; Daphnis did renew  
The rights of Bacchus and religious cheer,  
And deck'd with ivy wreaths the trembling spear.

As spreading vines o'er other trees have place  
In goodly show, as them their product grace :



As lusty bulls the lowing herds adorn,  
 And fields are beautify'd by standing corn,  
 Thou wert the grace of thine in sorrow due  
 To thy sad fate, ev'n from the plains withdrew,  
 Pales herself with great Apollo too.

}

Whereof the golden grain we us'd to strow,  
 Wild oats and darnel now insulting grow,  
 Where once the soft blue violet appear'd,  
 And once its head the daffodilly rear'd,  
 With mingled scent and beauty sweetly grew,  
 Now burs and bristly thistles vex the view.

Let earth be strow'd with leaves, and let a shade  
 Be o'er the brooks and murm'ring fountains made,  
 Ye shepherds ! thus Daphnis himself commands,  
 And claims the service from your grateful hands;  
 Then to his facied memory with care  
 Erect a tomb, and place these verses there,  
 " I, Daphnis, known hence to the starry sky,  
 " Kept a fair flock, but fairer much was I."

### M E N A L C A S.

Oh, bard divine ! thy verses charm me so,  
 Not they a more delicious pleasure know,  
 Who rest on tender grass their weary limbs,  
 Or quench their raging thirsts in running streams.  
 Thy master's skill thou hast not only gain'd  
 With warbling pipe, but with thy voice obtain'd.

Oh, glorious youth ! each way completely blest'd,  
 Equal to him thou shalt be now confest'd !  
 Such as they are I'll now repeat my lays  
 To thee, and Daphnis to the stars we'll raise :  
 Daphnis we'll place among the stars, for he  
 Good will and favour also bore to me.

MOPSUS.

Than such a gift, what wou'd I rather chuse  
 The youth was worthy of the choicest muse  
 And Stumicon much my desire has rais'd,  
 Who to me lately these thy verses prais'd.

MENALCAS.

The candid Daphnis th'unacustom'd seat  
 Of heav'n surveys, and far beneath his feet  
 Beholds the passing clouds with vast surprise,  
 And num'rous stars that glitt'ring grace the skies ;  
 Therefore a mighty transport fills the plains,  
 Pan and the rural nymphs, and rustick swains,  
 And gen'rous mirth each where unbounded reigns, }  
 Now prouling wolves neglect their rage and wiles,  
 The net no more the tim'rous deer beguiles ;  
 All hatred, fraud, and fierce contention cease,  
 Daphnis loves leisure and the joys of peace.

The high rough hills to heav'n their voices raise,  
 The hollow rocks rejoicing sound his praise.

The

The very shrubs advance his name on high,  
 And, oh Menalcas! he's a god, they cry.  
 Then to thy own, oh ' kind and gracious be,  
 Four goodly altars here erected see,  
 Receive, oh Daphnis ' adoration due,  
 Two altars are thy right, Apollo's two ;  
 Two bowls of milk will I before thee lay,  
 And two of oil a yearly off'ring pay,  
 And being fist with gallant cheer supply'd  
 In cooling shades, in summer's sultry tide,  
 In winter's season by the fire's side !  
 New wine in plenteous streams I'll pour to thee,  
 That like the liquor of the gods shall be,  
 Dametas then a chearful lay shall sing,  
 And Lictrus Egon make the vallies ring :  
 Alphisibæus too shall featly trip  
 In antic jigs, and like a satyr skip.

These things shall to thy honour e'er be paid.  
 When to the nymphs our solemn vows are made,  
 And when of rural gods we crave the usual aid.

While boars on mountains' tops delight to stray,  
 While in the silver streams the fishes play,  
 While grasshoppers are fed with morning dew,  
 And bees their toils in flow'ry fields pursue.  
 Thy honour, name, and praise with ev'ry swain,  
 Shall in request eternally remain.

As still to Bacchus and to Ceres we  
 Offer our vows ; the husbandman to thee,  
 The same with zeal shall yearly give, and thou  
 Shall claim th' observance of each offer'd vow.

## M O P S U S.

What for such lines, what gift shall I bestow  
 On thee, that my esteem may fitly show ?  
 For not the coming of a southern breeze,  
 That softly stealing whistles thro' the trees,  
 Cou'd with its rustling noise delight me more,  
 Nor billows striking on the sounding shore,  
 Nor streams that trickle from a steepy hill,  
 And stony vallies with their murmurs fill.

## M E N A L C A S.

But let me first a grateful present make,  
 This pipe in token of my friendship take.  
 Two strains thus taught me ; Coridon the fair  
 Alexis lov'd, his lord's delicious care.  
 And tell Dametas ! whose'n sheep these are ?

}

## M O P S U S.

Take thou this crook that from me oft in vain  
 Antigones, tho' lovely, strove to gain,  
 Deserving not Menalcas ! to be scorn'd,  
 With equal knots and shining brags adorn'd.



THE

## SIXTH PASTORAL.

MY muse first sported with Sicilian strains,  
 Nor blush'd Thalia in the woods and plains  
 To dwell, when aiming at sublimer things,  
 War's wasteful fury, and the deeds of kings.

Apollo gently whisper'd in my ear,  
 And thus he said, rash Tityrus ! beware,  
 Sheep and low strains best suit the shepherd's care.  
 Thus, while, Oh Varus ! other bards proceed  
 To sing thy fame, and tell each dreadful deed,  
 Inferior aims provoke my muse's lays,  
 And yet not wholly she despairs of praise,  
 While she engraves on ev'ry tree thy name,  
 While Varus ! thee ev'n lowly shrubs proclaim ;  
 For he whose lines thy worthy mention bear,  
 Is sure of Phoebus the peculiar care.

Proceed, ye muses, in his usual guise  
 Chromus and Masylus by chance surprise

Silenus,

Silenus, in a cave to sleep compos'd,  
 With fumes of yester's wine the god was doz'd:  
 High hung his pitcher old and in decay,  
 And fall'n far off his rosy garland lay;  
 With joy (for oft the fire in vain believ'd,  
 Had both the youths with promis'd verse deceiv'd.)  
 Approaching softly, they secure his hands,  
 With his own wreath transform'd to sudden bands.  
 Himself to these the beauteous Ægle join'd  
 A nymph! the fairest of the wat'ry kind;  
 And as awak'd he casts around his eyes,  
 With mulb'ry's juice his front and temples dyes.

He smil'd at their design; for what, he said,  
 For what offence am I your pris'ner made?  
 Loose me, presumpt'ous boys! without delay,  
 The promis'd verses instantly I'll pay  
 To you, the nymph I'll please another way.

He then began, and from the woods and lawns,  
 A num'rous croud of satyrs and of fawns  
 Rejoicing come, ev'n savage beasts attend,  
 And stubborn oaks their lofty branches bend.  
 Parnassus ne'er more joyfully restor'd  
 The sounding strains of its harmonious lord,  
 Nor Rhodope, nor Ismarus before  
 At Orpheus' wond'rous skill were ravish'd more;  
 Than all things here united, did admire  
 The high exalted strains of this experienc'd sire.

He sung, how, when thro' the vast void compell'd,  
 The seeds of earth, sea, fire, and spirits held,  
 Their usual way, productive as they flew,  
 All things from these then forms and beings drew,  
 And hence the world's delightful order grew !  
 Then earth appear'd, and hard'ning by degrees,  
 Rear'd its fair head above surrounding seas,  
 With a young offspring grac'd, the glorious sun  
 Then his ethereal course began to run,  
 And clouds exalted o'er the land to pour  
 The fruitful blessing ~~the~~ <sup>plenteous</sup> show'r ;  
 Then woods arose, and beasts a lonely way  
 (Few yet and strangers) o'er the mountains stray ;  
 Then Saturn's happy reign the song pursu'd,  
 And how man's race was in the world renew'd.  
 Prometheus' theft and punishment it nam'd,  
 And how the parting mariners exclaim'd  
 'For lovely Hylas, in the fountain drown'd,  
 While Hylas ! Hylas ! all the rocks resound.

And thou, Pasiphae ! who a happy queen  
 Might have been fill'd, if herds had never been,  
 A snowy bullock here thy care does prove,  
 And has the gift of thy unnatural love.

Ah ! wretched dame ! in thee what madness reigns !  
 The Prætides, who roving fill'd the plains  
 With feigned lowings, never did require  
 Such mates, nor burn'd with such a foul desire,  
 'Ho' each for horns explor'd her tender brow,  
 And fear'd the yoke ~~and~~ labour of the plough.

Ah !

Ah ! wretched dame ! thou dost the mountains pass  
In fruitless search, while on the springing grass  
Heedless he feeds, or else perchance is lay'd  
Beneath a spreading oak's refreshing shade,  
Or follows some fair heifer of the herd,  
Who is before unhappy thee preferr'd.

Oh, all ye nymphs ! of ev'ry stream and grove,  
Bound, bound his course, restrain his roving love,  
With all your might the careless wand'rer stay,  
And to her longing eyes the fugitive convey.

The fire then sung, the swiftly-running maid  
Stopp'd in her speed, by golden fruit betray'd,  
The song did then the sister's fate display  
Of him, who rashly aim'd to rule the day,  
Mourning his lot, them sudden barks inclose,  
And each with speed a weeping alder grows.

He sung how Gallus by a muse convey'd  
A grateful journey to Parnassus made,  
Rising to whom the sacred choir express'd  
A full respect, and Linus thus address'd,  
Receive this pipe, delicious bard ! he said,  
On which before th' Ascræan shepherd play'd,  
Who did the rage of savage beasts restrain,  
And charm the mountain ashes to the plain ;  
This the Grynæan groves, arise, shall tell,  
That Phœbus most may there delight to dwell.



Why shou'd I either Sylla's tale relate,  
Or taught by fame declare the latter's state?  
Who in the sea a lovely maid is plac'd,  
But barking monsters rave beneath her waste,  
'That cause in passing mariners such dread,  
And often on their broken limbs are fed.  
How Tereus chang'd the various song, express'd  
The rape of Philomel the horrid feast;  
How since in woods sad Philomel complain'd,  
Progne (her breast with filial blood yet stain'd)  
Now hovers o'er the palace where she reign'd.

Whate'er the god of verse divinely thought,  
Eurotas heard, and to the laurels taught.  
Silenus sings, the vallies all around  
In echos to the skies convey the sound,  
Nor did the length'ned song receive its end,  
'Till driven sheep did to the cottage tend,  
And slow unwilling night from heav'n descend.





T H E

SEVENTH PASTORAL.

---

DAPHNIS by chance his feat reposing took  
 Beneath the covert of a spreading oak,  
 And Coridon and Thyrsis thither led  
 Their flocks, that joining now together fed :  
 She-goats fair fruitful Coridon did keep,  
 The charge of Thyrsis was his bleating sheep,  
 Both in their prime ' and both Arcadian swains  
 Both apt and ready at alternate strains.

Now, while I for my tender myrtles made  
 A Fence from cold, unhappily had stray'd  
 My goat the husband of the flock, and I  
 seeking th' unlucky truant, Daphnis spy,  
 When me again he had rejoicing spy'd,  
 Hither, oh Melibœus ! haste, he cry'd,  
 Safe be thy goats ' and, if affairs permit,  
 In this cool shade a while, I prithee, sit,

Hither

Hither will come thy bullocks thro' the meads  
 To drink, and here behold, with waving reeds  
 The river Menci'us' oozy banks are crown'd,  
 And from the sacred oak the mumm'ring bees resound.

What shou'd I do in this uncertainty ?  
 I had not Phillis, nor Aleippe nigh,  
 Who from the call of their inviting dams,  
 Might now secure at home my weaned lambs,  
 And numbers on the crowded plain appear,  
 These youthful shepherds fam'd dispute to hear ;  
 I idly too prefer their light affairs  
 Before my business, and more serious cares.

The shepherds then began to try their skill  
 In strains alternate, which the muses will  
 I should remember, thus his art each shows,  
 These Coridon recites, and Thyrsis those.

### C O R I D O N.

Ye lovely muses ? my delight ! incline  
 To grant my lays a harmony divine ;  
 Like those of charming Codrus, let them be,  
 Who is in worth, Apollo ! next to thee,  
 Or if my prayer unkindly is deny'd,  
 My pipe shall on this sacred oak abide.

### T H Y R S I S.

Arcadian swains ! around my temples place  
 An ivy wreath, that Codrus in disgrace,

May buist with spite, or if malicious praise  
 From his ill tongue too high my value raise :  
 With Baccar bind my brows (a sacred charm)  
 Youn growing poet to secure from harm.

## C O R I D O N.

This ough boar's head with favour, Delia ! see  
 That little Micon now devotes to thee,  
 Who does with this submissively impart  
 The bianchy horns of a long living hart,  
 If this proves well, thou shalt be wholly plac'd  
 Of smooth Punicean stone, with buskins grac'd.

## T H Y R S I S.

This bowl of milk and cakes, Priapus ! take,  
 A slender present that I yearly make.  
 Thy care, my garden is a little spot,  
 A marble statue therefore's now thy lot,  
 But if thy blessing shall increase my fold,  
 Thy marble statue shall be chang'd to gold.

## C O R I D O N.

Oh, Galatea ! sweeter far to me,  
 Than honey of the choice Hyblæan bee,  
 Whiter than swans that swim the chrystal streams,  
 And fairer than the clasping ivy seems ;  
 If thou for Coridon hast kind concern,  
 Come ! come ! whenever my fed bulls return.

## T H Y R S I S.

May I to thee more bitter seem than rue,  
 More course than furze, than sea-weed abject too,  
 If this one day does not to me appear  
 (To weary me) more tedious than a year.  
 Not yet suffic'd, what, will ye ever feed ?  
 Hence, ye gorg'd bullocks ! home, for shame, with speed.

## C O R I D O N.

Ye murm'ring fountains ! and thou tender glade !  
 More soft than sleep, thou sweet refreshing shade !  
 By you protected, let my cattle shun  
 The summer's heat that is ev'n now begun :  
 Lo ! warmth ev'n now is in th' increasing year,  
 And budding gems upon the vines appear.

## T H Y R S I S.

Here store of fuel does the flames provoke,  
 The posts are blacken'd by continual smoke ;  
 Here we the rage of Boreas safely mock,  
 As wolves despise the number of the flock ;  
 Or, as the rapid stream impetuous force  
 The useless bank that wou'd obstruct its course.

## C O R I D O N.

Here stands the juniper ! rough chestnut grows,  
 And apples fallen from their loaded boughs  
 Each where appear, the fields with joy are crown'd,  
 And mirth and pleasure are dispens'd around ;

But

But from these mountains shou'd Alexis go,  
Even the rivers wou'd refuse to flow.

T H Y R S I S.

The sun with scorching beams the meadows fires,  
Thro' blasting air the verdure all expires,  
Ev'n Bacchus to his own demes his aid,  
Nor yields the gen'rous vine a needful shade.  
When Phillis comes will bloom the trees and flow'rs,  
And rain descend in joyful plenteous show'rs.

C O R I D O N.

The poplar to Alcides grateful proves,  
The curling vine gay youthful Bacchus loves,  
The myrtle pleases well love's beauteous queen.  
Apollo likes his laurel ever green;  
But while the hazel, Phillis' is thy care,  
None than the hazel shall be thought more rare.

T H Y R S I S.

The ash in woods does ever faintest seem,  
The pine in gardens, poplars by the stream;  
The fir of lofty mountains is the pride:  
But wou'd'st, thou, charming Lycidas! abide  
More often here, thy grace, my boy! wou'd be  
Far more conspicuous than the fairest tree.

Thus Thyrsis did contend, but all in vain,  
Vanquish'd by Coridon, who, on the plain,  
Is since that time our most applauded swain.



T H E

## EIGHTH PASTORAL.

DAMON, ALPHISIBÆUS.

SAD Damon's and Alphisibæus' muse,  
 At which the herd, admiring, did refuse  
 Their needful food, amaz'd the Lynxes flood,  
 And the chang'd river stop'd its rapid flood,  
 The melancholy and the magic strains  
 Of these we'll sing, that charm'd the wond'ring plains.

And thou who dost our rough Timavus awe,  
 Or o'er th' Illyrian seas extend thy law,  
 Shall ever come that day's auspicious date,  
 When I thy glorious actions shall relate ?  
 It shall, and I o'er all the world disperse  
 Thy praise, fit only for the tragic verse

Of

Of Sophocles, take from my willing hand  
 What now derives its birth from thy command,  
 And 'round thy temples let thy ivy twine,  
 And there with thy victorious laurels join,  
 For first and last my labours shall be thine.  
 Now scarcely from the dawning skies withdrew  
 'The shades of night, and left expos'd to view  
 'The tender grass o'erspread with grateful dew  
 When, on a blasted olive as reclin'd,  
 Thus Damon utter'd his despairing mind.

## DAMON.

Haste, Lucifer ! the ling'ring day constrain,  
 While of false Nisa injur'd I complain,  
 And call the gods to testify my woe ;  
 And, tho' in vain my rage and grief I show,  
 Unhelp'd, yet must I to my latest hour  
 Invoke them still, and blame love's cruel pow'r.

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft Menalian strain.

Menalus has its groves and speaking pipes,  
 It ever to the lover's moans inclines ;  
 The shepherds kindly hears, great Pan is there,  
 Who makes the tuneful pipe his constant care.

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft Menalian strain.

Nisa to Mopsus is in wedlock join'd,  
 What may not lovers now expect to find ?



Now mares may match with griffins void of fear,  
 And in succeeding ages shall appear  
 Mingling to drink, the hound and tim'rous deer.  
 Haste, Mopsus ! haste, and with officious care,  
 Oh happy man ! the marriage rites prepare,  
 Scatter the nuts, thy bride is present, see,  
 And th' evening star does *Ætna* quit for thee.

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft *Menalian* strain.

Of what a worthy man art thou the bride ?  
 Proud maid ! so full of scorn for all beside,  
 Who hate my pipe and goats, and so are scar'd  
 At my rough lip, and this long bristly beard.  
 And think the gods thy business will allow,  
 Nor more regard each mortal thing than thou ?

Begin with me while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft *Menalian* strain.

I call to mind once with your mother you  
 Came to our orchard, there I first did view  
 Thy growing charms, ~~was your conductor~~ too.  
 Then twelve Years old ! my tender arms cou'd stretch  
 Up to the boughs, and nearest apples reach,  
 I gaz'd and dy'd ! what error did betray  
 My soul, and steal me from myself away ?

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft *Menalian* strain.

Now

Now know I what is love, the rugged north  
 In mountains, rocks, or desarts brought him forth ;  
 Or Ismarus or Eodope, fure, fed  
 Him young, or farthest Garamentes bred :  
 His birth or breeding here he cou'd not find ;  
 Nor is he of our blood or gentle kind.

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft Menalian strain.

Oh savage love ! by thy instruction led,  
 Her own dear children's blood a mother shed ;  
 This in the mother was a cruel deed,  
 And impious love the cruelty decreed,  
 Which of the two did most pernicious prove ?  
 Was she more cruel, or more impious love ?  
 Impious was love, the mother cruel too,  
 Each in extreme, and neither did outdo !

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful flute ! a soft Menalian strain.

From sheep let wolves now fly possess'd with fear,  
 Let oranges on rugged oaks appear,  
 And ev'ry alder the narcissus bear. }  
 Let from mean shrubs the choicest honey flow,  
 And hideous owls of swans the rivals grow ;  
 Let rustic 'Ityrus, Orpheus ' change to thee ; }  
 Let ev'ry wood in him an Orpheus see,  
 And let him with the dolphins an orion be. }

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
My mournful flute ' a soft Menalian strain.

O'er all things let th' unbounded ocean flow :  
Adieu, ye woods ' with sudden speed I'll go,  
And from some mountain plunge into the sea ;  
Take thou this last and dying legacy.

Now cease with me, for I no more complain,  
Cease, my sad flute ' thy soft Menalian strain.  
'Thus Damon his unhappy fortune mourn'd,  
And what Alphisibæus then return'd,  
Ye muses ' to my memory recal ;  
For all things cannot be perform'd by all.

#### ALPHISIBÆUS.

Bring water forth, and 'round this alter twine  
Green ivy, and the tender springing vine,  
To these male frankincense and vervine join,  
That my lost husband I by magic skill  
May gain, and turn his senses to my will,  
Reduce the wand'rer to his nuptial vow,  
All needful things but charms are present now.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

" The mighty force of magic charms can make  
Ev'n the Moon her heav'nly sphere forsake ;  
Circe by charms transform'd Ulysses' friends,  
Their force the deadly snake to pieces rends.

Bring

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

This ribbon of three divers hues I wind  
Three times about, then to thee first thus bind,  
And 'round this altar thence this image bear ,  
Odd numbers to the god delightful are.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

Make, Amaryllis ! make immediately,  
Three knots of various colours each, and say,  
I th' everlasting bonds of Venus tie.

}

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

As now by one and the same fire this clay  
Grows harder, and this wax dissolves away,  
Such thorough me let perjur'd Daphnis prove,  
So let him harden and dissolve with love ,  
Besprinkle meal, and then with brimstone fire  
These laurel leaves, as magic rites require ,  
Daphnis inflames my soul, and in return  
Against false Daphnis I this laurel burn.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms,  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

As a stray bullock thro' the woods does go  
Weary and wand'ring, and oppress'd with woe ;

At last in vain attempting many ways,  
 Himself despairing on the grass he lays,  
 By frequent lowings mourns his lost estate,  
 Not knowing whither to return, tho' late.  
 Let wand'ring Daphnis such distress endure,  
 Nor from my hands obtain a needful cure.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
 Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

These garments (sometimes worn) perfidious he  
 (Deaf pledges of himself) bequeath'd to me,  
 These now beneath this threshold I bestow  
 In thee, oh earth ! these pledges Daphnis owe.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
 Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

This poison, and these herbs that vastly grow  
 In Pontus, Mæris did on me bestow ;  
 By such a wolf i've seen him oft become,  
 Then hide in woods, and from the dismal tomb  
 The ghastly Spectre often make appear,  
 And often fields of corn with fury rear,  
 And into other fields transplanting bear.

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
 Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

Bring ashes, Amaryllis ! forth with speed,  
 Then mark which way the flowing stream does lead,  
 And with it backwards cast them o'er thy head.

Look

Look not behind, thus Daphnis I'll surprize,  
He scorns the gods, and all my charms defies !

Bring from the town my mighty magic charms !  
Bring Daphnis home to my forsaken arms.

See, of their own accord (while I delay  
To bear them hence) the coals new flames display,  
Which trembling from the altar now ascend,  
It should, I think, some prosp'rous thing portend :  
I know not certainly the meaning, hark !  
Our Hylax at the doo! begins to bark .  
Do we, vain lovers, but ourselves deceive  
By dream, or may I what I wish believe ?

Now cease ! now cease ! my mighty magic charms !  
Daphnis returns to my desiring arms.





T H E  
N I N T H P A S T O R A L.

---

L Y C I D A S, M Æ R I S.

L Y C I D A S.

**W**HITHER away, my friend ! ho ! Mæris ! ho !  
This leads to town, say, whither dost thou go ?

M Æ R I S.

Oh, Lycidas ! how are our hopes deceiv'd ?  
Things are that once we could not have believ'd ;  
All is my own, the rugged soldier says,  
Hence, ancient rustics ! march with speed your ways.

Forc'd to submit, yet with a heavy heart  
(For fate and force change all things) we depart,  
And these two kids t'appease his furious mood  
Now send ; and may they never do him good.

L Y C I.

LYCIDAS.

I'm sure I heard from where these hills ascend,  
And their mean summits gently sloping bend,  
As far as thence the passing eye can reach,  
Ev'n to the water and the broken beach,  
All you Menalcas had secur'd from wrong,  
And safely guarded by his charming song.

MÆRIS.

'Twas so reported, but, alas ! what charms  
Have veses, Lycidas ! for martial arms ?  
Here all the muses gentle graces fail,  
As doves must fly when furious hawks assail ;  
And, had not from a hollow holm, the crow  
On the left hand forewain'd me to forego  
All new debates, not Mæris on this plain  
Had been, and our Menalcas had been slain.

LYCIDAS.

How ? cou'd in any so much baseness be ?  
Were all our comforts almost lost with thee ?  
Thou, dear Menalcas ! who the nymphs shou'd sing ?  
Who strow the ground with blooming herbs, or bring  
Delightful shadows o'er the chrystal spring ?  
What verses lately did I slyly view,  
And softly read, as little heeding you  
Near to my darling Amaryllis drew.



" Oh, Tityrus ! going hence a little way,  
 " Let not my goats 'till my returning stray,  
 " But feed them near this gentle river's brink,  
 " When fed, then drive them to the flood to drink,  
 " And driving them along yourself take care,  
 " And of the rough he-goat who butts beware."

## M Æ R I S.

Ay ! or what he to Varus did repeat,  
 (Which, tho' imperfect) I remember yet.  
 Varus ! if Mantua keeps from ruin clear ;  
 " (Mantua to sad Cremona, ah ! too near)  
 " The swain's sweet voices shall declare thy fame,  
 " And to the stars exalt thy glorious name "

## L Y C I D A S.

So may thy bees from harmful yews be freed,  
 So may thy cows within the flow'ry mead  
 Their udders fill, and ever safely feed. }  
 If thou hast ought, begin, the muse has shown  
 Ev'n me some favour, I some verses own :  
 The shepherds call me poet, but I know  
 I merit not the title they bestow ,  
 Aim not at Varus, nor at Cienna's car,  
 But like a gabbling goose among the swans appear.

## MÆRIS.

'Tis Lycidas ! what now employs my mind,  
 And I am aiming secretly to find,  
 Which, if I can remember, I'll rehearse,  
 Nor is it worthless or ignoble verse.

“ Haste hither, Galatea ! what delight  
 “ Can in the raging deep thy stay invite ?  
 “ Here blooms the purple spring in all its pride,  
 “ And sweetly by the curling river's side .  
 “ The bounteous earth distributes various flow'rs  
 “ Here woven, compose delicious bow'rs,  
 “ The poplar too, in lovely green array'd,  
 “ Yields to the cave both gracefulness and shade.  
 “ Haste hither ! let the billows vainly roar,  
 “ And madly beat on the resounding shore.”

## LYCIDAS.

Say what I heard you sing one night alone,  
 The tune I yet retain, the words are flown.

## MÆRIS.

“ Daphnis ! regard not any ancient sign,  
 “ Lo ! Cæsar's star does now proceeding shine ;  
 “ This shall to corn and fruits perfection give,  
 “ And make the luscious grape its purple hue rev

“ Now Daphnis ! on thy fruits employ thy care,  
 “ Thy children’s children shall the blessing share.

Time, conqu’ring all things, does our minds destroy,  
 I well remember when I was a boy  
 My voice at my command wou’d sweetly run,  
 And oft sing down a ling’ring summer’s fun ;  
 Now I forget, my voice, as it has been,  
 Is nothing too, wolves first have Mæris seen ,  
 But all these things and more than I forget  
 Menalcas to thee often will repeat.

## L Y C I D A S.

You by excuse, by my desire increase,  
 And lo ! to thee, now ocean’s murmurs cease,  
 And ev’ry wind is gently hush’d to peace. }  
 We’re now half way, for lo ! before our eyes,  
 Bianor’s sepulchre begins to rise.  
 Let’s sit and sing in this refreshing shade,  
 That with green boughs the lab’ring hands have made,  
 Let us, I prithee, rest awhile, lay down  
 Thy kids, we’ll yet be time enough at town ;  
 Or if you fear ere night the coming rain,  
 Let’s go together singing o’er the plain,  
 ’Twill seem by far more short and easy way,  
 As thus we spend the time, and that we way

Go thus together singing on the road,  
I'll lend my help to ease thee of thy load.

## MÆRIS.

Cease now, my boy ' and our affair let's mind,  
Whene'er he comes plenty of songs we'll find.





## T H E

## TENTH PASTORAL.

OH Arcthusa' this my last work aid,  
 Some verses for my Gallus must be made,  
 And what Lycoris may herself peruse,  
 Who for the sake of Gallus can refuse  
 His proper right, the tribute of a muse?

}

So may the stream beneath Sicania's sea  
 In everlasting ease and safety be,  
 Nor Doris mix her briny waves with thee.

}

Then let's begin, and while my goats (my care)  
 Securely feed; oh! Gallus! we'll declare  
 Thy anxious love, we sing not quite in vain,  
 The groves shall answer to the mournful strain.

Ye wat'ry nymphs ! what woods or mountains strove }  
 To check your help, when Gallus thus did prove }  
 The fatal victim of unworthy love ?  
 Parnassus never had your course withstood !  
 Nor Pindus high ! nor Aganippe's flood !  
 Ev'n from the laurels trickling tears distill'd,  
 And flowing grief the shrubs and bushes fill'd,  
 Pine-bearing Menalus compassion felt, \*  
 And stones of cold Lycæus seem'd to melt,  
 As stretch'd beneath a lonely rock he lay,  
 The straggling sheep around their master stray.

Oh bard divine ! think it not shame to keep,  
 Like us, on humble plains the fleecy sheep,  
 His snowy flocks the fair Adonis fed,  
 And unrepining to the river led.

Uplio and the neat-herds thither drew,  
 And smear'd with winter-mast Menalus too,  
 All shew'd concern, and whence arose thy flame,  
 With pity ask'd, to thee Apollo came.  
 Gallus ! what madness fills thy mind, (he cries)  
 Thy false Lycoris with another flies  
 To distant realms, and unrelenting goes  
 Thro' horrid wars and everlasting snows !  
 Sylvanus came, and on his head was fixt  
 A fennel wreath and quiv'ring lilies mixt.  
 Pan came, Arcadus's god, (by us deserv'd)  
 His cheeks and temples were with crimson dy'd,

Says

Says he, what measure can in love be shown ?  
 Not love as yet has any measure known !  
 Fierce love to flowing grief no bounds allows,  
 As goats are ne'er suffic'd with verdent boughs !  
 As bees are ne'er suffic'd with store of flow'rs,  
 Or rising grafs with streams of frequent show'rs.

He, mourning, thus reply'd, Arcadian swains  
 Record my fate in your melodious strains,  
 'Tis let your hills rebound, your songs alone  
 Are fit to make the dying's sorrow known !  
 How wou'd my bones enjoy more perfect rest,  
 If by your pipes my passion was express'd ?  
 And oh ! that fate had you like me decreed  
 To dress the vines, or bleating flocks to feed ;  
 That I had been on the delightful plain,  
 A chearful shepherd of your tuneful train :  
 To Phillis, or Amyntas made my court,  
 Or any other of the rural sort,  
 Tho' brown or black, they yet might yield delight,  
 Not violets, nor berries please the sight !  
 Among the fallows and the vines we'd lay'd  
 Our careless limbs, and innocently play'd,  
 Phillis had crown'd my head with wreaths of flow'rs,  
 With pleasing songs Amyntas blest'd the hours.

By these cool fountains ! in these shady groves !  
 The proper joyful scene of mutual loves)

In these soft meadows so profusely gay !  
 With thee, Lycoris ! cou'd I choose to stay,  
 And well-delighted pass an age away !

Now frantic love keeps me in hoind arms,  
 Expos'd to war's fierce rage and hostile aims,  
 While most unkindly and peeverfely you  
 (Nor am I willing to believe it true)  
 Over the lofty Alps' perpetual snow  
 To Rhenus' coasts and dreary regions go  
 Ye bleaky winds ! your wonted rigour spare,  
 Ah ! hurt not, vex not the too vent'rous fair,  
 And thou, sharp ice ! her tender limbs forbear.

}

I'll go, and with the Cicilian pipe rehearse  
 My once compos'd, yet long neglected verse,  
 Amidst the dens of savage beasts I'll be,  
 And carve my flame on ev'ry tender tree,  
 The lonely wilds my hopeless love shall know,  
 And as the trees increase the love shall grow.

Then, Menalus, I'll tread with eager pace,  
 And, mixing with the nymphs, pursue the chase,  
 Or hunt wild boars, nor sharpest colds shall stay  
 My steps, as 'round Parthenian hills I stray.

And now, methinks, with op'ning hounds I fly  
 Thro' sounding woods that echo in their cry ;

Over



Over Coydonia's plains and mountains go,  
 Rush thro' the brakes, and bend the Parthian bow, ■  
 As if such toils cou'd cure my painful mind,  
 Or any chosen way the means cou'd find,  
 Oh rigid pow'rs of love ! to claim thy rage,  
 Or human ills thy fierceness cou'd assuage.

And now my thoughts (averse to all of these)  
 Not nymphs, nor woods, nor charming strains can please :  
 The cruel god our labours cannot change,  
 Nor tho' o'er Thracia's bleak realms we range,  
 To Heber's frozen waters shiv'ring go,  
 In depth of winter press Sithonia's snow ;  
 Or when the sun does to the scales incline,  
 Drive our scorch'd flocks beneath the tropic line.

The world is with his pow'r and presence fill'd,  
 Love conquers all, and we to love must yield !  
 Here cease, ye sacred muses ! nor prolong  
 Beyond due limits the devoted song,  
 These mournful verses, shall to Gallus prove  
 A grateful token of my zealous love,  
 My love to Gallus ! that does hourly show  
 Increasing force as springing alders grow.

Now let's arise ! for often by the shade,  
 The finger's voice is hoarse or feeble made ;

The shades of junipers unwholsome are,  
Shades hurt the fruits, 'tis ev'ning, leave youi fare,  
Ye fill'd she-goats, and to your home repair.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.













